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JULY-DEC.



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Kansas Magazine

volume ,

2

July-December

1909



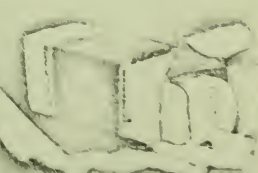
KANSAS MAGAZINE

JULY

1939

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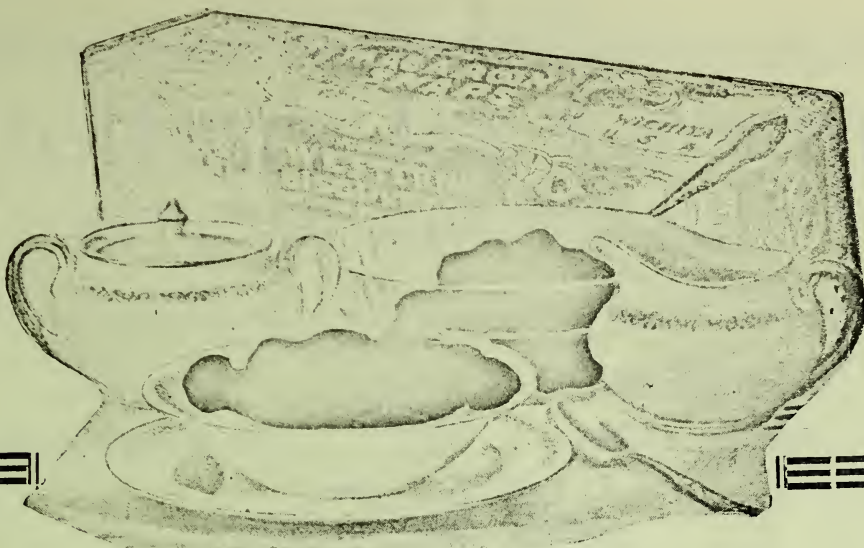
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PEARL P M



ENTS KANSAS MAGAZINE \$1.50 TW



Missing pages.
September 55-58



When Your Stomach Rebels

Against heavy meals, against starchy foods, against soggy pastries,
what is a more delicious, wholesome and nutritious
combination for Summer Days than

Macaroon Snaps and Strawberries

The purest, cleanest and most palatable of all Hot Weather Delicacies! Macaroon Snaps are made in the finest, brightest and most inviting factory in the Southwest.
.....They're made for YOU!.....

Ask Your Grocer

For a package of these light, crisp and delightful creations. Try them for dessert in place of soggy white flour short cake and other pastries. "An ideal dainty!"

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Western Biscuit Company

WICHITA, U. S. A.

Steffen's Ice Cream

A STANDARD PRODUCT IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST
FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

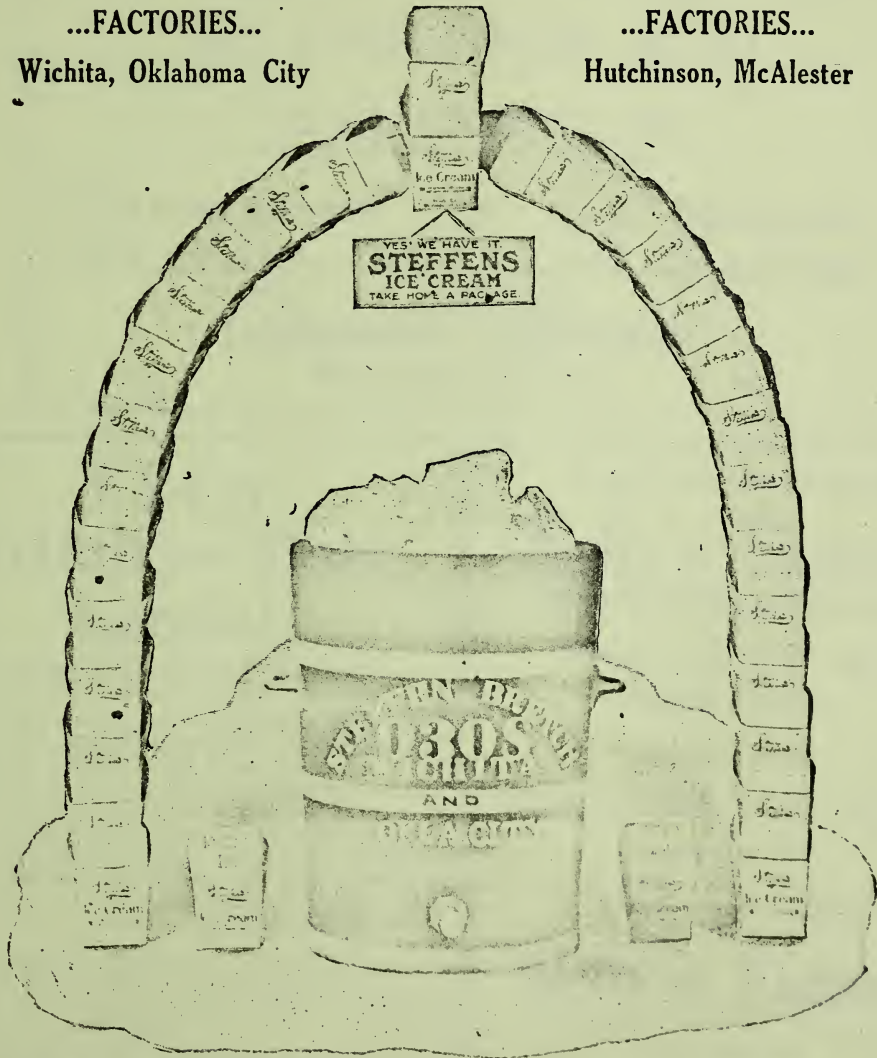
We have these SUCCESSFUL YEARS of Operation to offer as a guarantee for patronage we respectfully solicit.

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Wichita, Oklahoma City

...FACTORIES...

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SIX PAIRS FOR \$1.50

The product of years of experience in making Hosiery Made of the
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Guaranteed by the Makers
SIX PAIR WEAR SIX MONTHS

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Finney County, Kansas

We sell the choicest of Pawnee River bottom lands. None finer or more productive in the state. \$12.00 to \$15.00 per acre.

Superb Alfalfa and Beet Lands in the great IRRIGATED DISTRICT where you always raise crops; situated around the immense \$1,000,000 sugar factory at Garden City, Kansas. \$30.00 per acre and upwards.

Write us at once and arrange to go with us on our next trip. Expenses paid to purchasers.

We also sell Wichita city property and excellent bottom farms surrounding Wichita. Prices upon request.

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ISREAL BROS.

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125 NORTH MARKET ST.

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You do not know what
GOOD Flour is

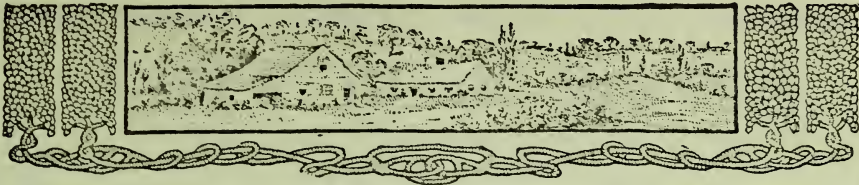
YOUR DEALER CAN GET IT

Insist upon having

"Kelly's Famous"

The Wm. Kelly Milling Co.

Hutchinson, Kansas



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

These Classified Advertisements are read by over 100,000 active, wide-awake buying people. Rates 30c a line, minimum number of lines accepted, five; maximum, ten. Cash must accompany every order.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE OLD ROUTINE? Can you speak English? Are you alive to the fact that your opportunity is still at hand? We know that if you can read and write English that you can learn to speak, read and write Spanish, and in a comparatively short time. Why not improve your spare hours? Why not send for our Three Months' Course in Spanish? There is a growing demand for Spanish speaking Americans in New Mexico, Cuba, Panama, Central and South America and the Philippines. Our students are successful. Don't waste your time, energy and chances of success when there are positions at salaries ranging from \$1800 to \$5000 per year awaiting men and women who are prepared. Send for our interesting booklet—"Spanish in Three Months"—it's FREE! Write us today—RIGHT NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Address: The Deses School of Spanish, Alberto H. Deses, President, Sedgwick Building, Wichita, Kansas.

MAKE \$250 TO \$500 PER MONTH. I WILL teach you the real estate business by mail and appoint you my Special Representative. I handle Real Estate on the Co-operative Plan and need you, no matter where you are located or what business you are located in. A splendid opportunity for men without capital to become independent. Let me send you my FREE BOOK. Address: Herbert Hurd, President, Gray Realty Co., 233 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

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MORE MONEY MADE IN CHOICE LANDS along new line Orient Railway than anywhere else. Write for free Land Bulletin. F. A. Hornbeck, Land Commissioner, K. C. M. & O. Ry., Kansas City, Missouri.

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PRINTED OFFICE STATIONERY OUR SPECIALTY: 1,000 Printed Bond Letter Heads, \$1.50; 1,000 Envelopes, heavy XXX, \$1.50; 1,000 Business Cards, \$1.50; 1,000 Blank Notes or Receipts, \$1.50. These prices are for first-class stock and printing. **ALL OTHER KINDS OF PRINTING EQUALLY CHEAP.** Send for Samples and Estimates. Engravings made to order. Fifty years in the printing business. Address, W. W. Warner & Co., R. D. Box No. 31, Mount Vernon, N. H.

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EDUCATIONAL

SPANISH SPEAKING AMERICANS ARE everywhere in demand. In Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, the Philippines, Central and South America Opportunities are unlimited. American energy with a business education in Spanish brings more "live wires" to the front than any other means. Our Method in a Three Months Course will perfect you so that you are in line for something BETTER! We give every student personal instruction through our correspondence course. We know the advantages to which our students are entitled and a graduate of our course will be on a higher plane and can be more successful in procuring positions at salaries ranging from \$1800 to \$5000 a year. **WE CAN PROVE IT!** Write today for our interesting booklet—"Spanish in Three Months"—it's FREE. Address, The Deses School of Spanish, Alberto H. Deses, President, Sedgwick Building, Wichita, Kansas.

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HIGH CLASS BROMIDE ENLARGING FROM your negatives—in black and white sepia or water colors. Mounted on card or stretcher, ready to frame. Send one of your best negatives and 25 cents to cover cost of mailing and get the best black and white print ever. F. R. Pennell, Abilene, Kansas.

TYPEWRITERS.

FOR SALE:—ONE NEW STYLE 5, LATEST model, visible Oliver typewriter. In perfect condition. We purchased this machine at a discount from regular price and offer it at a saving of \$30.00. Complete with case. Address at once, KANSAS MAGAZINE CO., (Dept. X) Wichita, Kansas.

REAL ESTATE.

FARM FOR SALE:—"THE HERMITAGE," containing 123 acres of highly improved land, all new buildings, not a foot of waste land, good orchard, meadow and timber, abundance of good water, on rural mail and telephone line, good neighborhood, well fenced, 46 miles from Boston and nine miles from Massachusetts State line. In the hands of a good farmer is capable of turning off a thousand dollars a year besides maintaining family. For particulars address, William W. Warner, R. D. Box No. 31, Mount Vernon, N. H.

FOR A GOOD HOME IN A DESIRABLE locality in city or country, communicate with W. R. Adams, the Pioneer Real Estate Agent, 1873-1909. Larned, Pawnee County, Kansas. Our price list will prove interesting to you.

GOOD FARMS NEAR GEUDA SPRINGS, KANSAS, Twenty-five to Fifty dollars per acre. A splendid list of desirable city property in Geuda Springs. address: W. W. Spencer, Geuda Springs, Kansas.

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Denver & Rio Grande

"Scenic Line of the World."

Alaska. Youkon-Pacific Exposition Seattle, Wash., June 1 to October 16th, 1909

Benevolent and Protective

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Los Angeles, California, July 11th to 17th, 1909

National Encampment

Grand Army of the Republic

Salt Lake City, Utah August 9th to 14th, 1909

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Spokane Washington August 9th to 14th, 1909

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars (service a la carte.) **OPEN TOP OBSERVATION CARS** through the canons during the summer months, seats free. Call on your nearest agent, or write

**S. K. HOOPER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent
DENVER, COLORADO**

Colorado Springs, Col.

Is the recognized playground of our entire republic

Why? Because the Pike's Peak region of which Colorado Springs is the capital, enjoys 317 clear days annually and 220 absolutely cloudless days. Such a statement staggers the average reader, if he has never visited the wonderful city of the Rockies, which holds through nature's liberality, a monopoly on pure air and almost perpetual sunshine.

It is not an exaggeration, but a statement of fact, easily verified, that for thirty days one may ride or drive (and there is never mud) to the many places of scenic interest in and about Colorado Springs, and each day of the thirty take an entirely new route.

SIDE TRIPS

By trolley ride, twenty-five minutes from the heart of the city, one reaches the healing springs of Manitou. From there one ascends the greatest monument on the Continent—Pike's Peak. A ride of twenty minutes in another direction brings the visitor to the canons, caves, caverns and mountain waterfalls of great grandeur. The trips by mountain railways are not excelled in beauty of scenery in all Europe. This wonderful unique region is connected with the Atlantic and Pacific Seaboards by seven trunk lines. It has a wonderful Winter climate.

Colorado Springs has some of the best hotels in the West
For further information address

**Wm. S. Dunning, Mgr. ANTLERS HOTEL
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO**

The Satisfactory Hotel

The Albany

In the very heart
of D E N V E R

Five Magnificent Restaurants

The Vineyard

Colonial Cafe

Orange Room

Italian Garden

Bohemian Grille

Musical Attractions of Unusual Merit

*Very popular with Tourists
and Commercial Travelers*

Where a very popular tariff prevails
SAM. F. DUTTON A. M. EPSTEIN

Thomas Moran Sketching at Grand Canyon of Arizona

A large painting of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, by Thomas Moran, N. A., hangs in the National Capitol at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Moran was the first American artist of note to visit this world's wonder. He still frequently goes there to get new impressions. In his summer home at Easthampton or in his New York City studio, usually may be seen several canyon canvases under way.

Quoting from Chas. F. Lummis, in a recent issue of *Out West* magazine: "He (Moran) has come nearer to doing the Impossible than any other meddler with paint and canvas in the Southwest."

Other eminent artists also have visited the titan of chasms. They all admit it to be "the despair of the painter."

You, too, may view this scenic marvel as a side trip on the luxurious and newly-equipped

California Limited

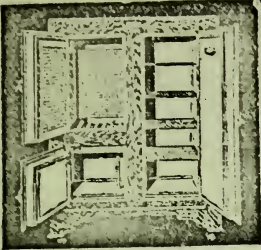
en route to or from sunshiny California this winter.

Only two days from Chicago, three days from New York, and one day from Los Angeles. A \$250,000 hotel, El Tovar, managed by Fred Harvey, will care for you in country-club style. Round-trip side ride from Williams, Ariz., \$6.50.

Yosemite also can be reached in winter from Merced, Cal., nearly all the way by rail.

J. M. CONNELL
General Passenger Agent
TOPEKA, KANSAS

Write for our illustrated booklets: "Titan of Chasms" and "El Tovar."



**YOU
NEED
A**

Viking Refrigerator

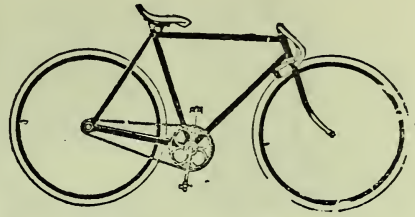
High grade, sanitary, cold, dry, odorless. Heavy walls with 20 per cent greater efficiency of insulation than any northern made refrigerator. This with the "Viking" circulation system means better results from the least amount of ice. Sold under an

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE

**Viking Refrigerator
& Mfg. Co.**

Office and Factory
KANSAS CITY, KANS.

Salesroom
KANSAS CITY, MO.



Get Our Prices

If you're contemplating the purchase of a Bicycle, you cannot afford to not have our prices. Every wheel we sell must come up to the highest standard of perfection.

If you have experimented and have found other so-called "factory prices" and products unsatisfactory we can easily tell you why. Write for prices.

Central Cycle Co.

"Quality Highest—Prices Lowest."

135 N. Market St.

WICHITA, KAN.

TOPEKA
Capitol City of Kansas
Population 55,000



The National Hotel

In the very heart of "The Business District." The latest Large Tourist and Commercial Hotel. Strictly first-class.

Altogether Modern. Thirty Large Sample Parlors

EUROPEAN—\$1.00 to \$3.00 Per Day

ROOF GARDEN TURKISH BATHS 150 ROOMS

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Anything Anywhere

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FINISHING

L. G. WHITTIER

Commercial Photographer
"PHOTOS OF QUALITY"

PHONES { Bell 459
Ind. 1968

Opposite Post Office
WICHITA

"GOLDEN GATE" FLOUR

Milled from Kansas Wheat

Buhler Mill & Elev. Co.

BUHLER, KANSAS

"WORLD'S BEST" FLOUR

\$3,000 to \$10,000 PER YEAR In the REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

The Real Estate Business offers greater opportunities to the man without capital than any other line. The field is unlimited and there is plenty of room for you. I will teach you the business by mail and appoint you my Special Representative and I will give you splendid chances to make money from the start. You can work all or part of your time. One of our representatives made \$600 in one month, another

\$2400 IN TWO MONTHS.

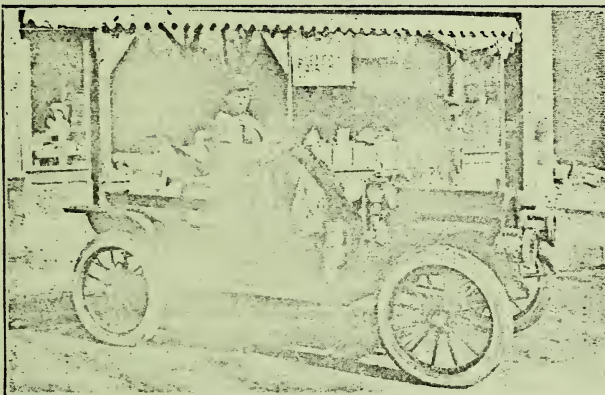
Both were inexperienced before joining us a few months ago. My company is constantly handling some of the best real estate propositions in America and no matter what you are doing now, I can help you make money if you will join my big co-operative force. This is the greatest real estate organization in the world, and if you would like to know all about our splendid plan, write me for my book, which tells how you can start a successful real estate business. This book is absolutely free. Write me today.

Address HERBERT HURD, Pres. GRAY REALTY COMPANY, 307 Reliance Building. KANSAS CITY, MO.



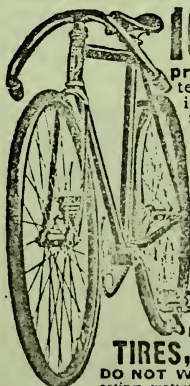
KANSAS REAL ESTATE!

FREDERICK HERMAN & CO., Reese Building, NEWTON, KANSAS
REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS



We have unequaled facilities for securing improved and unimproved lands at prices that make desirable investments. INVESTMENTS MADE and looked after for non-residents. Absolute satisfaction Guaranteed.

Highest rate of interest guaranteed on all Loans and Investments made by us. It will be a pleasure to hear from you. It will save you time and money to hear from us.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight

prepaid to any place in the United States without a cent deposit in advance, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES

We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1909 Ranger Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the wonderfully low prices and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1000 sample going to your town. Write at once for our special offer. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS: you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

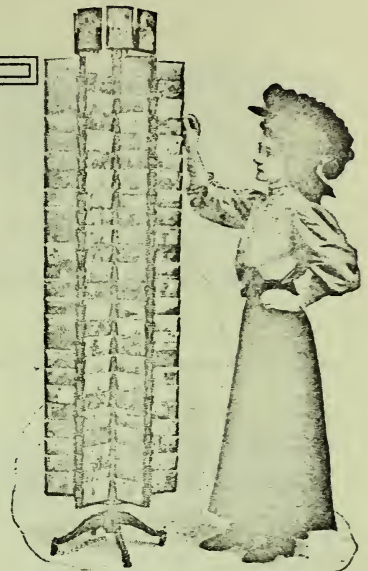
SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be sold out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices. DO NOT WAIT but write today for our Large catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. B-249 CHICAGO, ILL.

A Straight Road to More Dollars for You, Mr. Mer-chant!.....

Are you looking for a line that produces more profit for you at a less amount invested than any other article on the market? Do you know that your more progressive competitors are increasing their business at a tremendous rate? Let us tell you why you should investigate our offer today—RIGHT NOW, while it is on your mind!



A WINNER IN THE RACK LINE!—SPECIFICATIONS

Height 6 feet 2 inches. Floor space required 22x22 inches. Net weight about 40 lbs. Gross shipping weight 65 lbs. Number double arms 6. Number pockets 300. Capacity, 300 displayed, and two to three dozen to a pocket—10,000 cards to rack. Ball bearing body, ball bearing casters, black enamel finish.

All weight is carried on the ball bearing wheel, and the arms rest directly in the sockets in the wheel. Center rod is heavy pipe, giving maximum strength and stiffness for its weight. Occupies LESS SPACE than any other for amount of cards displayed. Follows the regular arm design, of which we have made and sold more racks than all other kinds put together. REASON, they are stronger weight for weight, and display more cards for size and cost.

THE ONLY TOOL YOU NEED WHEN YOU SET IT UP IS ONE TO OPEN THE BOX.—Price \$8, F. O. B. WICHITA

POST CARDS SELL THEMSELVES

The ever-increasing demand for souvenir Post Cards has been the means of more added profits than any other line on the market today. A few dollars judiciously spent for a trial line of handsome post cards will in a short time prove the most valuable commodity in your business. Your patrons will buy them, strangers and transients will want some—in fact there is no limit as to the possibility of sales.

THIS BEAUTIFUL RACK FREE!

We give you one of these beautiful Display Racks as shown above, FREE with an assortment order for \$35.00 worth of Post Cards. This assortment consists of 100 Different Series of which you can re-order on any single series at any time. These Post Cards net you 100 per cent PROFIT. Write us for samples.

IMPORTANT! We are the largest exclusive dealers in the West on Art Goods, Emblems, Souvenirs, Relics, Gift Calendars, Toys, Games and Novelties, Curios, Premium Merchandise, Leather Belts, Hand Bags, Purses, Pocket Books, Novelty Pillows, etc., etc. We have what you want and at surprisingly low prices.

WRITE US, PHONE US, TELEGRAPH US OR SEE US



The Oriental Novelty & Souvenir Company

“BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST”

Barnes Building

Wichita, Kansas

Everybody Likes It, Who's Tried It!

The Largest and Best Equipped Plant in the State of Kansas
Out-of-Town Orders Promptly Attended to



Panama Hats Cleaned, Blocked, Restuffed and Made to
Look Like New. Prices range from 75c to \$1.25

WHAT? The Dry Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and
Hat Work Done by the

The PEOPLE'S Cleaning and Dye Works

IND. PHONE 178

BELL PHONE 175

131 NORTH LAWRENCE AVE.

Wichita - - - Kansas



I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.
C. W. RANSOM, 270 RELIANCE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

NEXT MONDAY WE WANT 50 MORE YOUNG PEOPLE

Good Money--Good Positions--We Furnish the Positions
Free--Do you want to be Private Secretary, Stenographer, Book keeper, Banker, Clerk, Penman, Court Reporter, or a College Instructor? You can win money, influence and rapid advancement. Young people come from fifteen states. Many new ones enroll every Monday. We will send full information and one of the best pens made free. We have the largest Business College in Kansas. Haus-am's School of Penmanship (one of the finest in the world) and our free employment bureau in connection.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

The Salt City Business College, Hutchinson, Kansas.
Name.....
P. O.
State.....
Age.....
Send me free a pen

G. L. WOODY, Pres.

**NOT THE BEST
BUT
THE WORST**

One book of rhymes
One look betimes
One smile, one frown
The while

One Brown

THIS BOOK is so bad that it is amusing. The proof sheets were carefully revised by the author. Somehow the corrections were not made. The result is funny.

When the writer's name goes thundering down the ages of time, or over-time, the value of this volume probably will be quoted in the department stores at \$0.98. Meanwhile, as long as they last: **ONE DOLLAR.**

Stephen H. Brown

2021 North Tremont Street

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS



**BEST
BY
TEST**



**Peerless Princess
FLOUR**

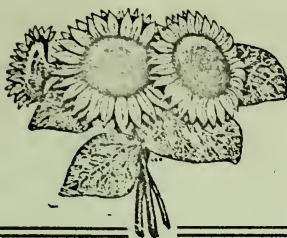
Meets Every Requirement for Perfect Baking. Bread, Cake, Biscuits and Pastry from Our Flour Have No superiors. Try a Sack.



**HOWARD
MILLS
CO.**

Wichita, Kans





More About Kansas!

From "Those Who Know."

From B. L. Winchell, president of the Rock Island system:

The word "Kansas" gives me several thoughts: one is of the happy days spent in Atchison, engaged in hard work, which never hurts a young chap, such as I was at that time. It reminds me of those days, of a country but sparsely settled with happy and cheerful people. They were hopeful, and the development of the last thirty years has shown that they were warranted in having hope. Of late years, I confess that the word "Kansas" is more or less associated in my mind with a rich state, much more densely populated, where a lot of the inhabitants realize that they have been blessed above the average with this world's goods, and, in material progress in every direction; but, where some of the people believe that some of the politicians are warranted in stating that the people are oppressed by the corporations, and that the prosperity which they have enjoyed must, therefore, be only apparent. Ordinarily, it is a fearful thing to be oppressed, but for a man who lived in Kansas thirty years ago, and now views the situation with friendly eyes from afar, the thought of oppression is hard to understand. The word "Kansas" also makes me feel that in the very near future there is going to be a more complete and perfect understanding between the business men and farmers of that state, and those who have invested their money in railroad properties therein; that they are going to pull together to make the state bigger, and richer, and happier, than ever before, and that those who have attempted to come in between the real makers of wealth, and have profited politically thereby, are going to be forced to assume a different attitude—or take a back seat.

B. L. WINCHELL.

From Ida M. Tarbell:

What comes to my mind first when I hear the word "Kansas?" Sky! You have more sky in Kansas than I have ever seen anywhere else in the world; not even at sea is it so high, so down-reaching. I always have to be brought back to earth when I go to Kansas by sticking in the mud, or having my eyes blinded with the dust, so intent am I with looking at the sky. If you see a symbol in this, why all right. I am inclined to think there is one myself.

Very sincerely yours,
IDA M. TARBELL.

New York.

From Leigh Mitchell Hodges, of the Philadelphia North American:

I well remember when it was Bleeding Kansas! And now it's leading Kansas, and feeding Kansas, and everything but needing Kansas. May it never recede from this enviable position. When Kansas is mentioned, I see in my mind's eye the playground of prosperity spread out in front of the great Rocky steps that lead up to God's blue house. I see real men and women doing real work, and getting good out of life by being what they are in spite of what anyone else is, or was, or might be. I see a stretch of fertile lands, where the Creator seems to have set His gold seal of wheat and corn, so the world need never go hungry; a succession of rolling plains that are not humping themselves for no cause; but are just bursting with pregnant riches. When Kansas is mentioned, I always say, "Yes, I've been there," with about the same emphasis the town Croesus used to apply to his, "When I was in Europe." I'm proud of Kansas, because she grows more thinkers than any other state. I'm proud of her because of her cranks. It will be a big day for this land when every American is a Kansan in spirit, and a Kansan in enthusiasm and effort. God bless her cranks, and corn and courage.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.
Of the Philadelphia North American.

This is a vintage advertisement for 'Wichita's Best' flour. The central focus is a black and white illustration of a young child with curly hair, smiling and holding a large, rectangular loaf of bread with both hands. The child is framed by a decorative, dotted border. In the four corners of the advertisement, there are illustrations of flour bags. Each bag is labeled 'KANSAS MILLING & WICHITA-KANSAS' at the top and 'WICHITA'S BEST' in a large, bold font in the center. Below the brand name on the bags, it says 'HIGHEST PATENT'. The background of the advertisement is a light, textured surface.

There's
Satisfaction
in
Every Loaf

KANSAS
MILLING
COMPANY
WICHITA
KANSAS

KANSAS MILLING & WICHITA-KANSAS
WICHITA'S BEST
HIGHEST PATENT

KANSAS MILLING & WICHITA-KANSAS
WICHITA'S BEST
HIGHEST PATENT

KANSAS MILLING & WICHITA-KANSAS
WICHITA'S BEST
HIGHEST PATENT

KANSAS MILLING & WICHITA-KANSAS
WICHITA'S BEST
HIGHEST PATENT

OUR ART AND FICTION

NUMBER

Have you read the comments of the Kansas Press on our June number? "Better than the Eastern magazines" is the opinion of the leading editors of the state. We believe that our July number shows a decided improvement over the previous one, and we're in dead earnest when we declare that our August issue will surpass all previous numbers in its quality of literature and display of art. It will be devoted almost entirely to stories and especially illustrated sketches.

The Millet of the Prairies

It is with great pride that we announce a special feature sketch of George M. Stone, the Millet of the Prairies. Every student of art in our country is familiar with the name of George M. Stone. His paintings are on display in some of our most noted galleries. His famous sketch, "The Haymaker," will adorn our cover page and a number of his most attractive paintings will be reproduced. This feature alone will be worth the price of a single issue.

Noted Writers of Fiction

George Warburton Lewis, author of "The Whip Hand" and "The Ruling Passion," will contribute a charming bit of modern fiction entitled, "My Friend the Enemy's Sister." It is a romance of the Philippine insurrection. An "incomparable daughter of Old Castile" plays an attractive part in this delightful story. If you want to take a trip to Old Manila, that far away city of the Orient Isle, redolent with sweet perfume, read this thrilling romance.

Ma-An-Yah, a Wyandotte Romance

This is a tender romance of the forest, true in all particulars. The author, Mrs. N. H. Harris, has written this narrative carefully in every detail.

The Jilted Count

By Walter W. Reed

A happy contrast, indeed, from our usual run of Western sketches. It carries us to the heart of the great city, where we witness a tragedy that proves very satisfying in the end to the loyal citizen of the United States. This story will be very elaborately illustrated by Winfield Fazel. Mr. Fazel's illustrations are eagerly sought after by many larger publications of the West.

Sequel to Yaquinola

Judge J. E. Torrance will write the sequel to his delightful romance of Old Mexico. Both of these excellent stories will win friends for THE KANSAS MAGAZINE we are sure.

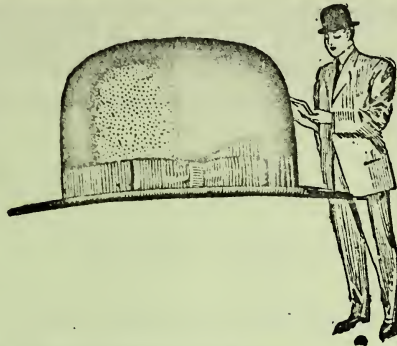
The Unlighted Cigarette

By Arthur R. Andre

A weird tale, but horribly true to facts.

Aside from these excellent contributions, our August number will introduce many other short sketches, as well as a liberal amount of good poetry by Kansas bards.

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KANSAS MAGAZINE



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THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS



(HERE'S HOW THE PREMIUM JARS STACK UP)

\$100 in Cash to Housewives!

The Premium Glass Company of Coffeyville, Kansas, sole manufacturers of the PREMIUM Jar are offering readers of the KANSAS MAGAZINE \$100.00 in cash prizes on the following conditions:

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Everyone Gets A Prize!

Every lady entering this contest will receive our beautiful 1910 Art Souvenir which is a splendid reproduction of one of Vernon's famous paintings. Tell your friends about this interesting contest—have them write for particulars. Just as soon as you finish reading this advertisement we want you to write us at once asking for complete particulars. They will be sent by return mail.

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WRITE US TODAY—RIGHT NOW, WHILE YOU ARE THINKING OF IT! A POSTAL WILL DO.

The Premium Glass Company

COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS

The Patriot's Prayer

BY ALAN LAMM

*My country! O my country!
Long may she ever stand,
The teacher and the prophet
Of every foreign land.*

*Long may her laws and precepts
Be known throughout the earth;
Till sullen, untaught peoples
Aspire to higher worth.*

*Let every shot, and every shell,
From her hoarse-throated guns,
Break off some tyrant shackle
That fetters freedom's sons.*

*Then proudly shall Old Glory wave
Above our sacred sod,
Till 'round her splendid folds shall leap
The judgment fires of God.*

Prominent Kansans



John L. Powell, president of the Southwestern Shippers Traffic Association.



J. E. House, the man who enlivens the editorial page of the Topeka Capital with his very pungent paragraphs "On Second Thought."



Hon. John C. Nicholson, state agent at Washington, D. C., who saved Kansas a half million dollars from Civil War claims.



John H. Graham, the first mayor of Wichita to put on the "lid."

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

JULY 1909.

NO. 1.

William Allen White--Kansan

BY F. L. PINET

SOME one has sagely remarked that this is a world where there are all sorts and conditions of men. To be impressed with the truth of this truism you need but to go down the main street of your home town any pleasant day of the week and look about you. You will wonder that you never before saw so much in this pageantry of faces. For here they are—all sorts and conditions of men. From the respectable druggist with a Falstaffian paunch to the anaemic little undertaker, who, were it not for his bone colored mustache, would remind you of the melancholy Jacques, they afford an endless variety. Here is one with the mouth of Gargantua. Here is Caliban, and there Ariel. Here they are—lean men, fat men, short men, tall men, burly men, foppish men, rough men, sleek men, ordinary men, extraordinary men, men with brains and men without brains, and men with wives at home who think they have

brains. "All sorts and conditions of men"—how true!

But now there comes a doubt. Dig beneath the surface, and are not these "all sorts and conditions of men" much alike, after all? Put them to the test and will they not all act in about the same way? After all is said and done, is it not true that they all think about the same thoughts, and do about the same things. Indeed, the more we think of this, the more we feel that a unique personality is rare, and that most of us are but repetitions of one another with a distinguishing touch added here or there to relieve the monotony.

But if there is any spot where individuality thrives, it is Kansas. So true is this that we are known west and east, south and north as the "crank state."



William Allen White.

John Brown, whose soul goes marching on and Jim Lane, who "in the full clutch of circumstance" was still the "master of his fate," were es-

entially Kansans by every test. And of late years have we not had Jerry of the nude feet, Mary who was averse to raising corn, Carrie who insisted on carrying the hatchet, and a host of others?

So in Kansas we are not so much interested in the type as in the individual. We like the man who is different. We encourage originality. We applaud the fellow who "does things," and does them in his own way. And, all this, explains much concerning the popularity of that exponent of the Kansas idea—William Allen White.

To the average admirer of Mr. White's literary work, his personal appearance would prove disappointing. For, to read "Stratagems and Spoils" or "In our Town," and then to see the man who wrote them is a splendid anticlimax. Indeed, here is a case where Addison's advice concerning the desirability of knowing the author's complexion, his personality, his figure, and so forth is of a doubtful value. A faithful portrait of Goldsmith does not enhance our appreciation of the "Vicar of Wakefield," nor do we wonder

why so few copies of "Adam Bede" are embellished with a likeness of the author. So with White and his books. Personally White is the most unattractive man in Emporia—and that is saying much! You see him as he comes rolling down the street on his way to the "Gazette" office, and you wonder that he ever did anything but sit in the shade of a tree, and drink lemonade. His clothes look as if they had been planned and cut out by the town tinner. His hat is the most impossible structure in the world. The face is the ordinary fat man's face, and is usually covered with a short stubble of sandy beard, and a sheepish smile. There is a half suppressed twinkle in the eye that suggests an overgrown boy, and a certain lazy air about his whole being that brings to your mind a well fed youngster whose chief aim in life is to make three pieces of apple pie grow where only one grew before. Altogether, you would say that the man was made of putty, were it not for a certain firmness about the jaw indicating that there is steel beneath this flabby exterior, and plenty of it, too. And yet,



Residence of William Allen White, Emporia, Kansas.



this man, so unattractive in appearance, has won through no efforts but his own the friendship and confidence of two presidents, and is today the most noted man in Kansas.

White is a mixture of simplicity and rare shrewdness. He is at once conventional and eccentric. His tastes are simple and his habits abstemious. He believes in raising his own "garden truck," and in driving his own family horse. He likes to loaf on Main Street, and pass small talk with Colonel Whitley and Mit Wilhite. He is pleasant to the Normal "yaps" when he meets them in the "Corner Book Store." Sometimes he attends their Bible class which meets over the Gazette office. Occasionally he goes out to the Presbyterian college to make a chapel talk, which is always a sad penance to all parties concerned. But, for all this simple life, White is himself the very soul of inconsistency. One can never tell what he will do or say next. That which he praises today, he is likely to condemn tomorrow. On one occasion he instructed a cub reporter to report an amateur theatrical. "I want you," said White, "to tell things just as you see them, just as they are. If the 'leading lady' forgets her lines and has to be prompted every ten minutes, I want you to say so. If the fellow that plays 'Hamlet' has flannel in his mouth, and ought to be home helping 'Dad' put in the corn, I want you to say that. Give us the story just as it is, without any whitewash, whatever. Let's treat the Gazette readers with a real story this time." The young man obeyed his instructions to the letter.



The "Gazette" Office.

The "leading lady" was as graceful as a cow, and he said so. "Hamlet" read his lines with all the fervor and feeling of a steam calliope, and was so reported. The young man felt he had turned out a good piece of realism, and so he had. But, imagine his chagrin the next day when his chief called him in and said: "Young man, this is a good story—only I don't see any use in kicking a man out into the alley after you've knocked him down with your fist. Try to see the brighter side of things today, and don't eat so many crab apples for supper." In politics, White is always in hot water. He is an asset of both the Republicans and the Democrats, and they know it. His friends of today are his foes of tomorrow. In a certain local campaign in Emporia, a State Normal School professor and a popular house painter

were the rival candidates. White had, only a few months before, written and published in the Gazette an article on the painter pointing him out as a model citizen. In the campaign White wrote article after article attacking the painter, showing that while he was a model citizen and all that, it would not do at all for Emporia to elect as mayor a mere house painter and paper hanger. Needless to say the Normal School man was elected. And as one reads White's editorials in the Gazette, he wonders if, after all, there is not a method in his madness. For, though White's editorial page suggests a combined haberdashery and art store, in that in one column is likely to be found an appreciative article on William Morris or George Meredith, and in another a profound discussion on "Garden Sass" or a trenchant screed showing why Bill Kretsinger shouldn't be sent to the state senate again, yet it is this very editorial page that is so eagerly scanned by Emporia people, even though they know the rest of the paper is a false alarm so far as real news is concerned. For it is worth noting that no rival daily has ever been able to secure a foothold in Emporia since the day White came into his own, though there have been numerous attempts to run him out of business by oversanguine gentlemen who did not hesitate to rush in where the seraphs would have feared to tread. The only result has been that these credulous gentlemen have fallen into the hands of an "unmerciful disaster, which followed fast and followed faster:" while White has looked on complacently, knowing his subscription list was growing steadily and that in his case, at least, every knock was a boost. So it is an open question whether White is not purposely inconsistent, and whether, back of this irresponsible genius, there is not the shrewd business man who believes in advertising, and enjoys being his own press agent.

But the more one studies White, the more he is impressed with the thought that behind all these eccentricities and idiosyncrasies there is the real man,

stalwart in the cause of right, honest to the very core, and blameless in honor and conduct. For, whatever else White is or is not, he is large hearted and strong hearted. No man in the public eye today has larger human sympathy than White. Though there is in his nature something of that Calvinistic strain that is quick to condemn the faults of others, yet there is in him nothing of the uncharitable Pharisee. If at times he seems to take it upon himself to be a sort of public conscience, it is because he holds himself to stern standards, and would have in others what he demands of himself. The White that delights in laying bare the foibles and follies of society is the White whose heart beats warm with the love of man for man. He is especially kind and generous to young men, and many of the younger newspaper men of Kansas who have made a success of their work, owe that success in large part to the kindly counsel and encouragement given them by the editor of the Gazette. So if there is one thing that especially distinguishes White from other men, it is the degree in which he possesses what we call "the human touch." Nothing that is human is foreign to him. And with men who lack this quality which he himself possesses to such a remarkable degree White has small patience. To a friend, speaking of such men, he said: "Why, they are not flesh and blood. Cut them open any place, and under their leathery hides, you'll find nothing but tendon, gristle, and bone." And surely this is a criticism that could never be justly applied to White, whatever else might be said with regard to his sins.

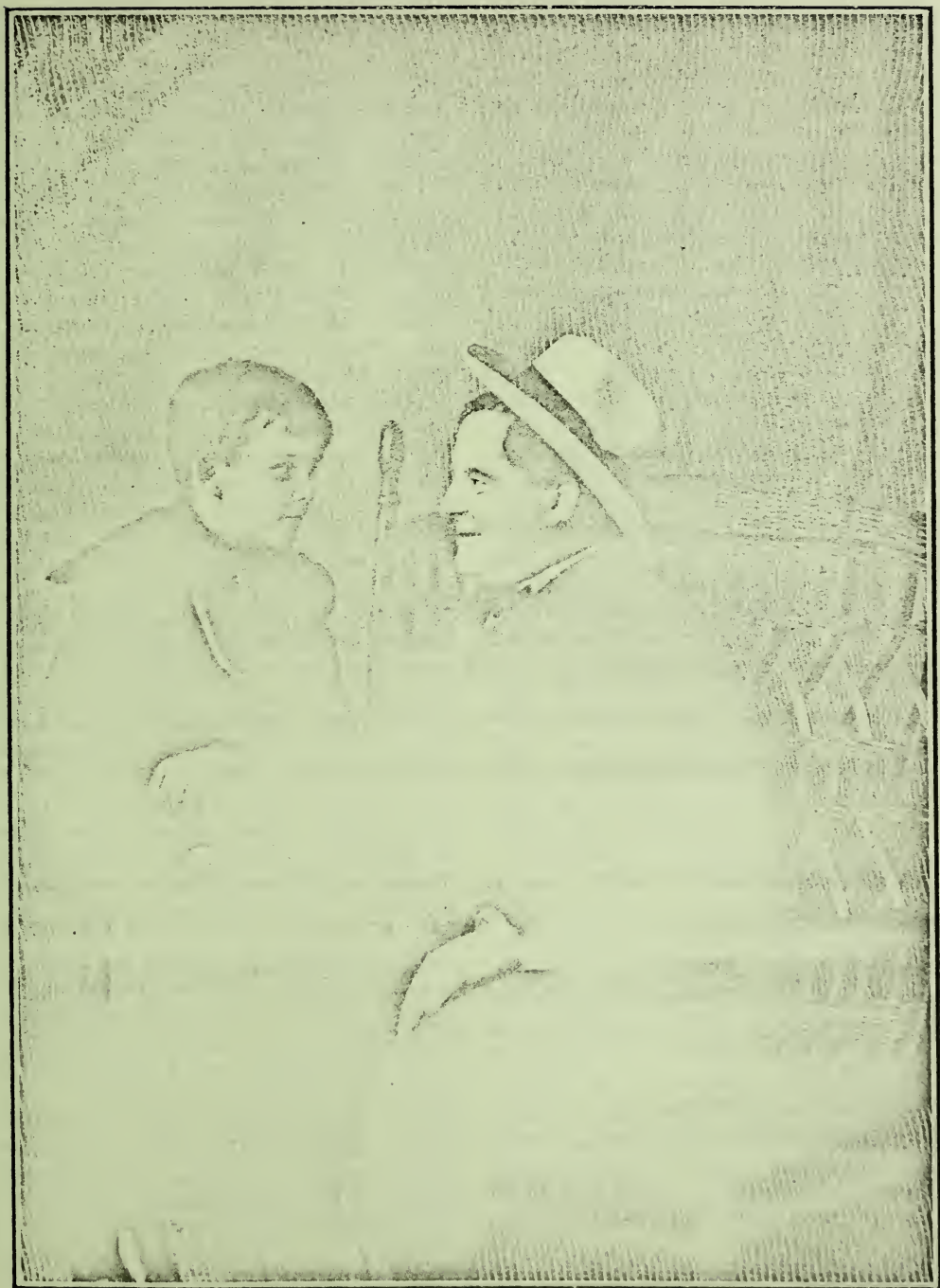
But no man who has "done things" should ever be disassociated from his work. For, in a certain sense, the man and the work are one. A glance at White's work brings this home to us with striking conviction. We read the man's character on every page of the record. The Emporia that is today proud to be called "Bill White's town" was forty-one years ago the town of his birth. The town of his boyhood days,

however, was Eldorado, which is the "Willow Creek" of his earlier stories. Here it was, doubtless that he met Colonel Hucks and the other folks that illumine the pages of "The Real Issue." And insofar as a work that lies largely within the province of the imagination can be said to have time and place, it is probable that Eldorado was the "Boyville" where White as "Piggy Pennington" first met "Jamie Sears, a naughty person," white livered "Mealy Jones," and that mythical but golden maid whom we know as "Heart's Desire." Eldorado is today in spite of its poetic name, one of the most hum-drum and commonplace towns in Kansas, and we wonder how White ever made so much copy out of it. It is thoroughly prosaic, in spite of all that Bent Murdock can say or do. For notwithstanding the metropolitan air of "Bun" Adams's palatial bank on the corner and the raucous scream of the nickelodeon close by the "Delmonico" hotel, Eldorado is essentially a pioneer town. And one cannot help feeling that it has not changed much since the days when White was "Piggy Penning-

ton," and went about holding up two fingers in his eagerness to find some one who would go with him to the old swimming hole under the willows. The old, false front, one story wooden buildings are still there. The country folks come into town on horseback and in lumber wagons, just as they used to do thirty years ago. It was here, then, that White did his first newspaper work, taking a position with the Eldorado Weekly Advocate, where he learned to set type, run a job press, and write trifling country newspaper items. He left this work to go to Lawrence and enter the university there as a student. While attending the university, he did some work for the local papers there. He left the university without completing his course in order to take up newspaper work again with the Eldorado Republican. From here he went to the Kansas City Journal, and from that paper to its rival, The Star. In 1895, hungering for a paper all his own which he could have the fun of running to suit himself, he left the Star to buy the Emporia Gazette. This was an undertaking that



William Allen White and William Dean Howells.



Old "Bill" and Young "Bill."

required much grit and courage, for the paper had started on a down hill slide and the state was in the hands of the Populists. Referring to this step, White recently said to a friend: "Oh, I've done fairly well. When I landed here after I bought the Gazette, I had a wife to support and only two dollars and forty cents in my pocket, and I have managed somehow to keep the wolf off the front porch." But while he had been grinding away at newspaper work, White had found a little spare time in which to do a few things of a more purely literary nature. He had turned out some acceptable magazine articles, and had tried his hand at verse writing. In 1893, there had appeared bearing the imprint of a Fort Scott publishing company a slender volume entitled "Rhymes by Two Friends," the work of White and his friend, Albert Bigelow Paine. This proved a case of snipe hunting in which White starred the part of the sack holder, for Paine pocketed the profits (it is to be doubted that they were large), and left to White the fame. The friendship between White and Paine immediately experienced a chill which continues to this day, and Paine soon left for New York to seek greener pastures and younger lambs. As for the book itself, it was merely a volume of indifferent verse, which White doesn't care to have mentioned now. About a year after White took charge of the Gazette, he became so disgusted with the Populists and their calamity propaganda that he sought relief by giving vent to his feelings in a scathing editorial, "What's the Matter With Kansas." It proved a lucky hit that took not only the state but the entire nation by storm. The editorial was copied far and wide, and the country awoke to the fact that Kansas had a writer that was worth reading. Fortunately

for White, he had in press at this time his first book of stories, "The Real Issue," and it was a decided success from the start. Since that time White's work has grown rapidly in public favor. His articles on Platt, Cleveland, and other public men, which were published in McClure's Magazine, created a sensation in political circles. In 1899 his "Court of Boyville," quite as good as a study of boy life and character as "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn," appeared, and was well received. In 1902 appeared a book of political stories, "Stratagems and Spoils." A year or two ago, the life studies of the character of a country town which had been appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, came out in book form under the title of "In Our Town," and met with a gracious welcome by the reading public of the country. At the present time, White has the satisfaction of knowing that his first novel is in the hands of the publishers, and will see print early next fall, being published simultaneously in New York and London. The book will bear the title, "A Certain Rich Man," and is said by those who have been permitted to read it in manuscript form to be distinctly the best thing White has ever done.

This then, is William Allen White of Kansas. "Bill" White of the Gazette, "Old Bill White," or "Piggy Pennington" that was, as you please. We may laugh at his whims and his oddities as certainly he does at ours, but we are all proud that we live in his state. For if Emporia is "Bill White's town," Kansas is as surely "Bill White's state" to the folks "way back East." And in spite of the proverb that every idol has feet of clay, we know that Kansas is richer and better for White and his work and influence.

Love and Song

BY IDA AHLBORN WEEKS

I

Who against true love is sinner,
Vainly shall he strive for song;
Hush, but oh! the spirit inner
He has done to death by wrong:
He shall hark
In the dark
To the nightingale's outpouring
That at morning he may tell
In the words of self-adoring
How the music rose and fell.

He shall read some lyric rapture,
Soul of poet throbbing through—
Desert wastes, they cannot capture
From the clouds the gift of dew.
He shall praise—
Lurid phrase!
Or grow wild in base detraction;
Still betraying to the wise
That he lives the slave of faction
Where no melodies arise.

And forever self-betraying,
He shall spend his rage and wrath
On the faithless lover straying
Lust-bewildered from love's path;
And the crowd
Cheering loud
Still must be his compensation,
While the wise in pity moan
That a soul in desperation
Sits upon the faker's throne.

II

Turn we to the loyal lover:
He shall know the hidden spot
Where the lark her young doth hover,
He shall know, betraying not.
Every note
From each throat
Brings to him distinctive meaning;
He will tarry long and hark
While for song he goes a-gleaning
Through the daylight and the dark.

And the poet comes unbidden,
Of his welcome ever sure;
And he shows the pattern hidden
In the web of metric lure.
Men shall guess
In their stress
Of acquiring and achieving
That the lover feels and knows
All the poet's high conceiving
In his rapture and his throes.

Ah! the lover true and tender,
He shall sigh for them who stray
From the fire upon the fender
To the glamour of decay.
He shall draw
As by law
Men to deep and fine devotion,
That abides when sea and sun
Lose the power of rhythmic motion
In a universe undone.

A Grant County Exodus

BY A. B. LEIGH

A SEEKER for the unique and novel would have found his desire in Grant County, Kansas, during the months of January, February and March of the present year when the citizens of Ulysses moved their buildings and belongings from the old townsite to a new location to escape an unjust debt hanging over the old town—a debt created in the years of the big boom when Ulysses was the best town in southwestern Kansas. When Israel left Egypt it was to escape Pharaoh's hard rule and to enter into the joy of being masters and not slaves. When the early boomers of Ulysses heaped up a debt for future citizens to pay they were creating a hard master that for years kept a people in bondage—until at last weary of the burden

when cities sprang into existence over night, flourished a brief while and melted into nothingness. As one early settler said commenting on the building of Cincinnati, "At night nothing in sight, in the morning a good sized town looming up across the flats." Like the wonderland pictures of the mirage that quiver along the horizon were these



Main Street, before the exodus.

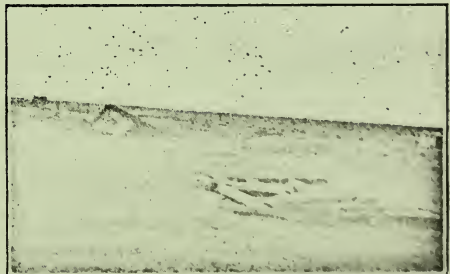
they followed the precedent established by the virile sons of Israel and made a modern "exodus" from the place over which this master ruled. Unhappily the Pharaoh in this case has not perished but the people are free. In their removal from a bond laden townsite these people of the new exodus took not only their personal belongings with them, but also their homes; dwellings, stores, banks, hotels, in fact everything that could be moved, was moved, and the story thereof is interesting. It goes back into "ancient history" into the boom period, to a time of feverish unrest and uncertainty. It was a time



Looking south over Main Street; a cellar in the foreground; a present view.

boom towns, flourishing a while, full of life and excitement, only to vanish and with nothing remaining to mark the site of their former greatness.

Ulysses was a boom town, located in the geographical center of the county of Grant, a town fighting for the coun-



A view of the general desolation since the moving.

ty seat. She was a city of about twelve hundred inhabitants, with fifteen stores, six saloons, three banks, three big hotels, several restaurants, three livery barns, and real estate offices galore. There were also two

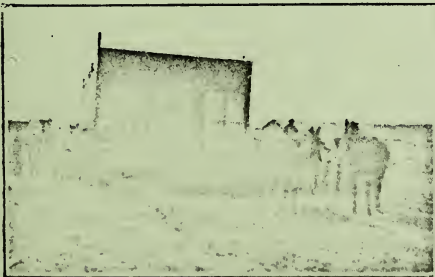
newspapers published in the town. About her site the yuccas grew thick and luxuriant and the water in the town wells was strong with alkali. Mingled with the whiskey of her six saloons it doubtless had something to do with the aggressive spirit of her early citizens. Cincinnati, her rival,



Court House, Ulysses, Kansas.

was also a flourishing little city, boasting of having nearly the same number of people. She made an attractive appearance on her higher and better location.

In 1888 when the struggle for the county seat took place both towns were in war paint and feathers and the feeling between the citizens thereof was intensely bitter. In both towns money was lavishly used for the sole purpose of buying votes for the county seat. Ulysses hired professional voters who came into the county and stayed the statutory length of time that they might vote for the location of the coun-



The postoffice building ready for the start.

ty capital. Cincinnati did the same but Ulysses knew better how to raise money and was able to buy more "professional" votes. It required a residence of thirty days to qualify a man's vote. The town paid for his board and lodging. And there were many of these

men who qualified to vote for Ulysses. On the day of election these men were paid for their votes as they left the polls, ten dollars being the usual price. The city council issued warrants to defray the necessary expenses. Old timers tell how the voting was done; how the "professionals" were herded into the building, voted and paid, as one local historian has said, "shamelessly and above board." The council had decided that Ulysses must win in the big fight for county seat; there was a future for the town that won and Ulysses must win. Money would win and with the thought that the end justifies the means, the money was found easily, readily and the future mortgaged heavily to meet the debts of war. On election day "professional" shooters were imported to terrify and intimidate



Section of Hotel Riverside; Court House on the left.

those who should express a preference for Cincinnati; the rival town made a good fight, she was a worthy antagonist, but when the battle was over it was Ulysses victorious!—a victory won by money and stuffed ballots and "shooters." Ulysses was the county seat of Grant County, a glory and distinction dearly won as subsequent years have proven.

Cincinnati died; the boom town rapidly faded away. Today nothing marks the site of the once thrifty city; her one time streets and avenues pasture herds of cattle. Nothing remains but some scattered bricks, and old cellars with crumbling walls.

After the excitement had subsided the people of Ulysses awoke to the fact that the winning of the county seat had cost them dearly. The city council

had issued \$36,000 in bonds and warrants on the city. This was spent with the sole purpose of securing the county seat—not a cent was used in permanent improvements. A school house was erected at a cost of \$13,000. School district bonds were issued to cover the amount. A court house was built that cost \$8,000.

Today conservative minded people would hesitate to burden the city and county with debts half the size of these; then it was thought they could stand such indebtedness; the town had 1,200 inhabitants, was county seat of a good county and had vast prospects before it. The city council, the county officers and school district officials who made such an indebtedness on city and county had the fever of speculation and felt that Ulysses was soon destined to be-



A store building on trucks.

come a great inland city and that the bonds could easily be paid. In twenty years what might not happen—they looked away to a bright future—to a county threaded with railroads and settled with prosperous farmers. Crops of immense yield would be an annual thing and money would be plentiful.

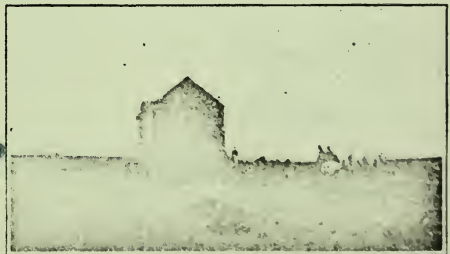
The early city fathers were not prophets. The year of 1893 came and with it the great money panic of that period. During these years crops in Grant County failed; banks closed their doors; cattle depreciated in value, and money grew scarce. The population of Ulysses fell from twelve hundred to four hundred. With the opening of the Strip in Oklahoma in the fall of '93 the town lost all but forty of her former inhabitants. Her dream was over; shorn of her people and her strength Ulysses sat bankrupt and forlorn. Sev-

eral years passed and all the while buildings were moved out of the town and the number of people decreased. But little real estate changed hands; the stores let their stock of goods run down. But few people came to town except on Saturdays when the farmers and ranchmen came to get supplies;



Office of 'The Grant County Republican' on wheels.

most of these were bought at Lakin, Syracuse and Garden City, and but little business was transacted in the once busy town of Ulysses. Then came a change. People began coming into the County and land went up. Ulysses felt a stir of life again. Several new buildings were erected, old ones repaired and painted. The Grant County State Bank took out a charter, put up a neat building and began business. Some new merchants put in generous stocks



Part of Hotel Riverside.

of supplies and much of the old trade came back to the county seat. A Bachelor Club gave the county a boom and brought it before the world in a unique way. Interest in the place revived and everything looked prosperous. Then the bondholders wanted their money. The bonds fell due in

1908; on city and school district they amounted to more than \$84,000, principal and accrued interest. Not over one hundred people remained in the old county seat and of these only two or three who had passed through the



Residence of the Register of Deeds, ready to start for the new town.

county seat fight of 1888. The question before them was to pay or not to pay. They had reaped no benefits from the expenditures made in '88, nevertheless the bonds were due and it was up to the citizens to decide what to do with them. They met the question with a determination and judgment that appeared to them just right. It was a decision which few towns make, to move the town off the old site



A "dugout" lifted from the excavation and ready for moving.

and out of the bonded district to a new location. Many buildings had been moved from the town since the early days, but enough were left to make the moving of the town a gigantic task. There were several stores, a bank, printing office, numerous cottages and the Hotel Riverside—the name a misnomer, however—of thirty-five rooms. That seemed the biggest job for the movers. A disturbed ant hill presents no livelier an appearance than did the little town when the moving began.

Two house moving outfits, one from Garden City and the other from St. John were imported to haul out the larger and heavier buildings and while they were getting teams engaged and the buildings pried up, local outfits worked on the smaller buildings. There was no shirking, neighbor helped neighbor and everything was done on the most improved cooperative plan. A barn was the first building moved out; off across the Lakin Draw it marked



Hotel Riverside "dissected" for moving.

the new location showing that the flitting people had selected a good site for the New Ulysses. In comparison with the old townsite it was indeed "a city set upon a hill." Then a cottage was hauled out. The third building to follow was a real estate office; various accidents prevented a swift trip out. Skids broke, wheels crushed, men got excited and horses balked; several times the building was jarred enough



A Cottage of five rooms on the way out.

to break plaster and damage was done to it otherwise which served to show that the moving was no "picnic" and that the job before the people was real work. The Grant County Bank was the next building moved. The vault of this building had to be torn out and while

in transit and undergoing repairs the banking business was done in a little building ten by fourteen. The floor of this building was not strong enough to support the bank safe and it was left outside and for several weeks remained sitting in the street the cause of much comment. Many were the jokes about the open air bank and the honesty of the good people of Grant County.

The stores kept up their trade while being moved, for the country people came to town to see the moving and how everything was progressing and to talk it over with one another. Several times came rumors that the bond holders had gotten wind of the affair and were going "to do something." Once came threats of an injunction. With the stores torn up, the hotel in sections, the outfit working on it was ready to "throw up" their job, and the weather cold and threatening it was the dark hour of the period. It spurred the workers to redouble their efforts and extra teams and men were put to work. An onlooker viewing the affair would have seen houses slowly moving over the improvised roadways, picked out to avoid rough places and clumps of yuccas; many wagons piled high with household goods following the main thoroughfare; buggies and carriages and automobiles frequently loaded with books, papers and "house plants."

Nothing came of the threats of the bondholders. The weather moderated again and the work went busily on. On the hill the newly placed buildings were rapidly making the new town. When the last section of the big hotel left the old foundation where it had stood for over twenty years it began to look indeed bare and desolate in the old town and the great square structure added the needed touch of "bigness" to the new city. Only the oldest settlers could remember Ulysses without the old hotel.

Not a family was left in the town. Save for a few old outbuildings everything was moved away; homes, busi-

ness houses and belongings. Once a cyclone struck Ulysses and for many days she wore a battered up air, but it was nothing to the general appearance of the town when the moving was well under way. One who passed through the county seat struggle and remembered the rival towns in their noisy glory would now see the sites of both rival cities shorn of everything that once added to their pride and importance. The new town is almost an equal distance between the old rival town Cincinnati and the dead Ulysses; it has a good location, a town company that is working for a good town that shall be free from debt; and energetic citizens that have the welfare of their town at heart. They feel that in the new location they can improve their town without the heavy burden of an unjust tax being levied against it to pay judgments rendered for vast debts piled up in the days when men were "speculation mad." The last levy for judgments haunts them yet—twenty-two mills.

While the New Ulysses is fast growing to be a good business center the old town is fast assuming the appearance of its former days when the eager settler found it a level stretch of prairie thickly sown with the yucca. Forlorn and deserted, shorn of everything but the desolate twins of her early glory, the court house and school house, the old town sinks into nothingness. Heaps of rubbish mark the site of former habitations, and her roads and streets are fast drifting level with sand. Its ruin is the fruits of the mistakes made twenty years ago by the early boomers. The old school house is condemned and not worth the moving, the court house should be moved to the new town and that place be made the county seat. In the meantime the county business is transacted in the old town and the officials look out over the ruins of the town "that was." Until the county seat is moved the county has the unique distinction of having a county seat without buildings and without inhabitants.

The Freight Rate Problem

BY JOHN L. POWELL

KANSAS, and the states lying west and south, tributary to the Gulf of Mexico, have always been handicapped in their efforts for development and advancement by high transportation rates, entirely out of proportion to the rates enjoyed by states lying to the eastward.

From the early development of our country until the present time, transportation service has been dominated by the railway lines emanating from the Atlantic seaboard so that the original basis for the building of rates has been from the east to the west. As the country developed to the westward, the original rates were extended, new basing points being established as circumstances demanded. Thus we came to have the Mississippi and Missouri river basing points that have enjoyed exceedingly low rates and that were the outcome of the demands made by the important cities in these territories.

Points farther west and south that were not able to organize sufficient strength to combat this fictitious manner of arbitrarily adjusting rates, have been compelled to accept high and unreasonably discriminatory rates; all rates into Kansas and west of the Missouri river being based on the through rate up to that point plus a high local rate to destination. This local rate, for a distance of two hundred miles into Kansas being about one-third of the rate from the Atlantic seaboard to the Missouri river, a distance about seven times as great.

That Kansas and this southwestern country have prospered up to this time is entirely due to the fact that the natural resources of the country have been going through the period of first development, which has afforded the usual favorable opportunity for material development to all new countries.

As the time is approaching, however, when these resources will attain the

maximum development, that will necessitate doing business on a more narrow margin of profit, it is becoming more and more apparent to the careful observer that the farmer who sells the product of his farm, the merchant who sells at retail, and the manufacturer and jobber who distribute their merchandise over this section, must obtain a more favorable rate for the transportation of the things they have to sell and buy, if they are to successfully compete with the people who are enjoying more favorable rates in states to the eastward.

This relief cannot primarily be obtained from transportation lines originating at the Atlantic seaboard, for the reason, as stated, that the making of rates from the east into Kansas and the southwest is controlled by the large cities lying along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

We must first seek the avenue that nature has provided for the people of this southwestern country, which, if utilized, can bring the more adequate and satisfying relief; this is the outlet offered by the Gulf of Mexico, lying to the south.

Heretofore, transportation lines emanating from the east, have had sufficient power to control rates via gulf points to the interior, throughout the southwest, so as to maintain these rates at a parity with all rail or water and rail rates across country from the Atlantic seaboard.

They have ignored the justice and logic of building rates via gulf points, on an equitable basis, for reasons purely beneficial to themselves; although it is a well known fact that it costs no more to carry freight from New York via water to gulf points, and inland by rail as far north as central Kansas, than it costs by all rail from New York to Missouri river points; and yet, the Missouri river points enjoy much the lower rate. The same discrimination applies

to the shipment of grain and other commodities out of this country.

The principle of the relative cost of transportation, as stated, as well as the right of the southwest to rely on the gulf outlet for relief, has been fully recognized by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the case of the Johnston & Larimer Dry Goods Company, of Wichita, against certain railway lines, the commission handed down a decision in April, 1908, in which they made the following statement: "The complainants contend that the rate via the gulf to Wichita ought not to exceed that to Kansas City from the east, nor is this proposition so absurd as the defendants would make it appear. It is true that the distance from New York to Wichita via Galveston is 3,000 miles, twice as great as that to Kansas City, but it must be remembered that of this 3,000 miles, 2,300 is by water, and that transportation by water over long distances is not so expensive as by rail. If, therefore, the rate were to be measured by the expense of the service, it is probable that Wichita would, today enjoy as low a rate as the Missouri River." And if this is true of Wichita, it is equally true of other points in Kansas and of all of the states farther west and south near the gulf.

And yet, even after the logic of our contention is so well recognized, there are powerful interests that will fight to prevent any readjustment of rates that would bring us the benefits desired. Shippers in the larger cities along the favored basing lines at the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers will exert every effort to prevent any change in the present basis of rates. These cities have grown rapidly in wealth, and population, by virtue of the fact that they have enjoyed undeservedly favorable rates, which have enabled them largely to control and dominate the business of the southwest in all lines. These favorable rates have enabled these cities to drive out competition to a large extent at points to the west and southwest, less favored. It has cost the farmer, the live stock dealer, the grain and flour men, the

merchant, the jobber and manufacturer, throughout Kansas and the southwest, a considerable portion of their legitimate profits, for the reason that they have been denied the favorable rates that they are justly entitled to, by virtue of their location near the gulf.

Adequate relief from these adverse conditions may be obtained if the shippers of Kansas and the southwest can effectively organize, and present sufficient strength, to combat the powerful cities and communities to the east that desire to prevent any readjustment of the rate situation.

If the coastwise traffic, operating along the Atlantic seaboard to ports on the Gulf of Mexico, can be placed under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as are the railway lines throughout the country, the commission would be in a position to control through rates via water and rail; and under such conditions, it is generally believed that the Interstate Commerce Commission would feel inclined to grant to Kansas, and the other states south and west, near the Gulf of Mexico, a readjustment of rates that would adequately afford the relief that they have long desired.

These results cannot be obtained, however, unless practical cooperation of all southwestern shipping interests can be secured. Realizing this necessity, a movement has recently been inaugurated, by some of the principal shipping centers of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado, to obtain a sufficiently powerful organization for this purpose. This has resulted in an amalgamation of shipping interests in these states into an organization known as the Southwestern Shippers Traffic Association.

This association was organized in Oklahoma City, April 5, 1909, and the following declaration of principles announced:

Whereas, The freight rate situation of the west and southwest was originally built up when the trend of traffic was practically via all rail through the Mississippi and Missouri River gateways, and that, as a natural result of this condition, the rates to and from

Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Oklahoma, are on a very high plane; and,

Whereas, The settlement of this vast territory and its consequent growth and development have created entirely new conditions, necessitating new facilities for the movement of traffic in and out of this section; and,

Whereas, The United States government has recognized this new condition by the establishment and improvement of great ports on the Gulf of Mexico for the purpose of affording the people of this section a logical and economical avenue for the movement of their traffic; and,

Whereas, The great benefits that should be derived from the improvement of these ports have been to a large extent nullified by the persistent refusal of the all rail carriers to make reasonable rates to and from these new ports, and by their ability, through ownership and other means, to control the charge for water transportation beyond these ports; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the representatives of the shippers of the Southwest, now assembled, That this organization is formed for the purpose of first uniting all of the shipping interests of the West and Southwest in a movement to secure reasonable freight rates to and from gulf ports. And, second, to bring under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission the coastwise traffic of our domestic lines, so as to prevent combinations, which will hinder the free movement of traffic, through natural channels. Third, to secure reasonable through rates, based upon fair rates to and from gulf ports.

The following officers were selected at that time: John L. Powell, Wichita, Kansas, president; J. H. Johnston, general manager of the Oklahoma Traffic Association, Oklahoma City, vice president; H. H. Haines, secretary of the Galveston Chamber of Commerce, of Galveston, secretary and treasurer.

In addition to the above, the following directors were named: R. O. McCormick, secretary of the Freight Bureau of Fort Worth; L. F. Moore, commissioner of the Wichita Traffic Bureau; J. S. George, chairman of the Hutchinson Shippers Association; A. J. Zint, traffic manager, Colorado Manufacturers Association, Denver; O. Owen, secretary Port Arthur Board of Trade, Port Arthur, Texas; E. T. Tucker, secretary Commercial Club, Tulsa, Oklahoma; R. D. Sangster, secretary of

the Muskogee Traffic Bureau, Muskogee, Oklahoma; R. F. Bell, secretary of the Merchants Association, Weatherford, Texas; C. B. Bee, counsel for the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Oklahoma, Guthrie, Oklahoma; G. W. Kanavel, representing the Kansas Board of Railroad Commissioners; P. A. Gray, manager Pueblo Traffic Association, Pueblo, Colorado; H. S. Engle, Commercial Club, El Reno, Oklahoma; Lon D. Marrs, Commercial Club, Amarillo, Texas; H. G. Spaulding, Commercial Club, Ardmore, Oklahoma; M. E. Williams, Shippers Bureau, McAlester, Oklahoma; J. J. Cunningham, Enid Chamber of Commerce, Enid, Oklahoma; C. C. Oden, Business League, Houston, Texas; A. H. Halff, Business Men's Club, San Antonio, Texas; A. W. Reeves, Chamber of Commerce, El Paso, Texas; O. H. Bevis, Commercial Club, Winfield, Kansas; A. S. Nuckolls, Chamber of Commerce, Shawnee, Oklahoma; T. W. Larkin, Chamber of Commerce, Beaumont, Texas.

The smaller cities throughout Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas, are rapidly naming representatives as associate members of this organization, and it is expected that, at least 1000 towns throughout the southwest will be behind this movement by September first, 1909.

Under fair and equitable rates, cities can be built up all over Kansas and the southwest that can afford as good markets as now exist in eastern cities, and that will save to producers on our farms, and to the business men in our cities much in freight charges, both on what they sell and what they buy; markets that will bring greater values to our southwestern lands, by reason of the close proximity of a large population of consumers in these cities, the most valuable asset to a farmer, who has something to sell, that can be obtained.

The Southwestern Shippers Traffic Association proposes to make a determined effort to obtain these fair and equitable rates for the people of the southwest. It is the most power-

ful and comprehensive organization that has ever undertaken the solution of the freight rate problem for this section, and, if the people throughout the states interested, will loyally support the association in its efforts,

they can, in a comparatively short period of time, obtain the favorable rates that they have a right to enjoy, and which will insure the more rapid development and prosperity of Kansas and the southwest.

My Claim Jumper

BY LAURA A RITTER

I HAD the best claim in the county, and one of the best in the fair state of Kansas. As the land was getting pretty well picked over, I worried during my long absence, fearing claim jumpers. I had a good little sod home, built by myself, with chunks of buffalo sod cut out in squares, and hauled in a sled to the spot selected for the house. I "lived next the ground" in those days, my floor was the bare earth hammered down until it was hard as bone. The roof was made of fodder from a drouth scorched crop of corn, tied on with rope and wire, but it was "home, sweet home" to me. When it was finished I would stand and look with pride upon my handiwork; with appreciation of its picturesque beauty. The rough dark sod walls, the corn-stalk roof, burnt to a deep yellow by the drouth; the limitless plain of golden brown grass, and the deep blue sky, all presented a glorious picture that I shall never forget. I never dreamed then of the mansion I would build upon this same spot some day, but I don't feel any prouder of this comfortable modern residence now, than I did of "my little sod house upon the plain."

I had filed on my claim early in the spring, and went to work breaking sod for a crop of corn, camping in my covered wagon. The drouth came and parched my corn when it was "in the nubbin" but I decided I would not be a quitter, but would try wheat next year. The drouth did not come on until after

the wheat would be harvested. I built my house and made some other improvements, then my funds ran short. There was nothing to do but leave my claim for a while and go back to the older settlements where I could hire out on a farm. I tied my door latch with a string to keep the coyotes from working it open, and, after hiding away some bacon and meat that I had left, I hitched "Bill" and "Chief," my companions in exile, to the old covered wagon and drove away from my new home, not without misgivings.

I was gone nearly three months and then returned. When about five miles from home on my return trip, I met a neighbor and his first words were: "Hello, partner! It's sure time you're getting back. I came by your place just now and I noticed that it was inhabited. Claim jumpers, I guess; there has been a good deal of that going on over the country this fall." As he drove on he called back, over his shoulder: "Hope you'll not get into trouble, you can depend on us boys standing by you, though." The claim jumper was just what I had been fearing. I had known of homesteaders losing out that way. Possession was sure enough nine-tenths of the law in those days. I drove fast with the grim determination of fighting for my rights. When I came in sight of my place I saw an old rickety covered wagon standing by the door, and two bronchos hobbled out on the grass. I stopped and hauled out my gun to

make sure that it was in good working order. Then I drove on, alert and ready for a hot reception. I stopped a little way off, and getting out of the wagon, walked up to the house on its "blind side." As I circled round the house to the door I heard children's voices, I stepped in front of the door, gun in hand, and looked in. A thin, sad looking, hollow eyed man stood over my little stove stirring corn meal mush in a kettle. Four tow headed, sunburned children clambered around him in a half famished fashion, evidently so hungry that they did not want to wait until the mush was cooked. I had him covered with my gun, but my heart was so touched by the action of the children, that I stood motionless and watched them. Stories that I had heard about the destitute condition of some of the settlers came flashing into my mind. The man turned and seeing me looked startled. When I saw he was not going to show fight, I lowered my gun and walked in and said: "Hello, stranger, contesting this claim?" The hungry children had let loose of him and stood staring at me with big round eyes. He stretched one arm over them and said: "No, my children are starving." The sad dignity of that gesture, and the hopeless despairing tone of voice brought a lump to my throat and I could not speak for a moment. Then I said: "I'll bring in some grub from my wagon." I went back to the wagon and drove up to the house, and hurried in with my arms full of provisions that I had brought with me. I set the table with what dishes and

panes I had and we fed the children. When their wants were satisfied we ate our supper, and when the tired little ones had fallen asleep we went out and sat on the doorstep and he told me his story. He had taken up a claim three years before, and brought his family out, depending on his crops for support, but he had nothing but bad luck, short crops and sickness in his family. That year his crop had been a total failure, burnt up by the hot winds. Then his wife took sick, and died from lack of medical attention and want of proper nourishment. He decided to take his children to his mother in Missouri, and they were about out of rations when they started out, but he depended on being able to reach some place where he could get help before starvation overtook them. He drove his horses too hard and one of them got sick, and they were out on the plain two days without food. When they reached my claim he supposed it had been abandoned, and felt free to help himself. When he had finished his story he sat very quiet, with his hands clasped around his knees. The lonesome bark of a coyote rang out in the distance. The moon was just dipping the horizon, that horizon line that is a circle out here; and a very small circle it seemed in the fading light. I leaned my head back against the door frame, and as the warm fall wind fanned my brow, I thought of the girl I was working to build a home for, and I decided that I would not take her from the shelter of her father's house, until I was well enough off to be secure from the danger of a similar fate.



Hendrick Friesen's Homestead

BY CORNELIUS M. ENNS

CHAPTER X.—NEWSPAPER LIZZIE.

IT SHOULD have been remarked before that in the village Friedensfeld it was not customary to knock at the door. If you or anybody came to a door and by rising the latch or pressing the knob could open it, you were welcome to enter. If you could not open it, the door was evidently barred or locked, and you were not expected to enter.

Early the next day the front door opened, and Friesen in the large room was still wondering who could call so early, when the inner door cautiously opened, and a thin, pointed nose appeared from behind the door. As the mayor looked unusually somber and black-browed this morning, the nose withdrew, as if frightened, but reappeared in a moment, followed by a little wrinkled woman in a large shawl.

"Good morning, mayor. Good morning, Anna," she shrieked while she slipped out of her shawl into a chair, and taking a half finished stocking out of her work basket began to knit furiously, talking all the while. "Do you know it is pretty cold this morning. I have to wrap up very well nowadays to protect my old bones. Do you know, when a person gets old, it is so hard to keep warm, there are so many ailments. Oh, it is frightful!" She applied her blue, yellow edged apron to her eyes, without, however, stopping her talk. "When one has so much to run around as I do, one has to be very careful. Do you know, I used to be young?"

"Indeed?" Friesen managed to interpolate.

"Why, of course, mayor, I was young and pretty. The young men all said I was a nice girl and came to see me."

"Did they find you at home?" Friesen put in.

"Gracious, mayor, can't a person say

a word in peace. Do you know, in those days I did not have to go out so much. I just staid at home and received the attentions of young men and their fathers. Do you know I had suitors, any number of them." She triumphantly smacked her lips.

"How many of them?" Friesen ventured.

"My gracious, mayor, can't a woman say a word? How many of them? One at a time, one at a time, and a great many, one after another, I assure you. But I was such a haughty, wanton thing, and do you know, I did not accept any of them, always looking for something higher and better. My dear father begged me not always to refuse, telling me that some day I might bitterly regret it. How truly he has spoken! Here I am, alone, alone!" Lizzie hid her face in her blue, yellow edged apron and ceased to talk for the first time.

"Don't cry, Lizzie," growled the mayor, "some time a pleasant old widower, like myself, may stumble on you."

The blue apron fell, and as sweet a smile appeared as ever comes from a wrinkled old maid and a few monumental nags called front teeth.

As Lizzie had finished her fiction column, she now prepared her news column. Fixing her little gray eyes on Anna, she burst out laughing.

"What is it?" Anna asked, much bothered.

"Ah, don't you think I saw Willem's Peter and his gray stallion sweeping down the street. Ha! ha!"

"Lizzie," said the mayor, severely, "what is there so funny about Peter's ride on the street?"

"Why, mayor, don't get warm. Don't you know there was a basket dangling from the horse's tail?"

"A basket!" exclaimed Friesen and Anna, looking at each other with amazement.

"Why, yes, a basket," said Lizzie, who began to feel uncomfortable. "I am on my way to Willems's, and passing here I thought I would drop in just a moment. I must now go to Willems's. She will be terribly disappointed, Mrs. Willems will be. Do you know, she had everything ready for her boy's marriage. Thirty nice linen shirts all made. But now I must be going, indeed I must," she screamed, frightened by Friesen's gloomy expression.

"Keep your seat," ordered the mayor, and Lizzie did not dare disobey.

"Have you talked to other people about this matter?" he asked.

"About what? About the basket? No, I have not had time yet," replied the frightened woman.

"Lizzie," continued Friesen, resigning himself to be pleasant with her. "I expect to have a great many pigs this spring. You always admired my pigs so."

"Indeed I did," she cried very much pleased with so agreeable a change of subjects.

"Now look here, Lizzie. If you will hold your tongue and not mention that affair you shall have the nicest pig of the lot, that is, two months from now, and provided you have remained quiet. Consider the nicest pig I may have."

"You would indeed give me a nice pig!" Lizzie cried with enthusiasm.

"I promise you," replied Friesen.

"Oh, you are the best, dearest man in the world!"

"And you will not talk?"

"Not a word, mayor. not a word."

"Not a word," repeated the mayor sternly, rising from his seat, and as his expressions became so very gloomy again, she slipped into her shawl and back to the door. "Don't fear, mayor. I will keep my promise. Good-bye." With these words she backed through the door, her thin, pointer nose following her.

Straightway she passed into the yard, where she stopped a moment to take a long breath and to think. "There is no use going to Willems's and the other places now if I cannot talk about Peter's suit. It is too bad, too bad,"

she said regrettingly, finding all her plans for the day broken up. The vision of a sweet grunting pig, however, rose before her and comforted her, and with her gladdest smile she started home. By noon she had completed a new program of visits and topics for the rest of the day, the topic of Peter's suit being omitted in this late issue of her "newspaper." The censors would hardly have permitted a local newspaper. So Lizzie had given herself up to the gratuitous collection and distribution of local news.

When Friesen subsidized the press he had relied on the good sense of the Willems to keep rumors down. In this he was entirely mistaken, as the Willems had already cast themselves on their country for their grievances.

Pauls in the afternoon of Peter's suit took comfort in reclining his round person on the resting bench of his large room, and in watching the liberal smoke circles rising from his pipe. Now and then he raised himself with a groan to look out of the windows; for there was unusual stir and activity at Willems's. He had heard the hoofs of a fast running horse. He had distinguished Peter's loud voice, also some fiery speeches of Mrs. Willems, punctuated by the "yes, yes," of the old man.

"I wonder," murmured Pauls, "what those people do there. I hope they do not receive a refusal with demonstrations like that." He was about to get up to step over, but sank back with a groan. "Oh, well, I suppose, Willems will soon be here to tell the news."

In that he was not mistaken. The door opened, and in stalked lean Willems, and walking up and down the room in great agitation, he panted. "Pauls—yes Pauls, refused—yes refused, more than that, insulted—yes, insulted."

Pauls, with a master effort and a heavy groan now raised himself into the erect posture and fixed his keen eyes on the raving neighbor. "What is the matter with you, Willems? They have not touched your purse, have

they? There, sit down and give me an account."

Willems became cooler and related: "Well, Pauls, here Peter comes home on his stallion—yes, the stallion running at full speed—yes, and the poor boy jumping down, roaring—yes. Why my wife thinks he had a hair breadth's escape—yes, and when we looked at the frightened horse, then we saw, just think of it—yes, just think of it, Pauls."

"What?" said Pauls, much interested.

"A basket tied to the tail!" cried Willems with returning passion. "Just think of it, just think of it!"

And Pauls did think of it, and while he thought of it, so many of his own earlier tricks and jokes came to his mind that he burst out laughing and threw himself back on his lounge. "A basket attached, indeed! Well I thought I knew a trick or two, but this is new to me. Capital! Who originated it, Willems?"

"What! What!" wailed Willems. "is that the way to talk to an injured man? And you—yes you, call yourself my friend!" With these angry words Willems left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Pauls ceased laughing. "He left angry. Too bad, too bad! Oh, well, he will get over it. Ha, ha! Basket tied to the suitor's horse! Capital! I must meet the perpetrator of that joke, I must. Surely the dignified mayor and his dignified daughter could never have risen to anything like that!"

To return to Friesen. When the newspaper had left, he turned to his daughter with the words. "I suppose, this is one of Odarka's jokes."

"I am afraid so," said Anna, who felt much vexed.

Odarka having been called in. Friesen asked her gravely. "Why did you undertake that joke with the basket?" Odarka had intended to deny all connection with the affair, but her master's severe look and abrupt question confused her. Her restless dark eyes wandered from the mayor to Anna, and from Anna to the mayor.

"Did you want to make trouble for Anna and me?" Friesen asked.

"No, indeed, master, no indeed. Believe me, I meant no harm. Really I did not!" protested the demonstrative girl.

"Did you not think it might become necessary that I discharge you to escape future trouble?"

"Don't, don't," the girl sobbed clasping his hands and looking up to Anna for help.

"And you want help from her whom you injured? Are you not ashamed?" was Friesen's severe reproach. "Go out of my sight, girl. Go, go."

Odarka ran out of the room into the yard. Seizing a hoe, she ran on without ever looking back until she got to the potato field in the farthest corner of the garden, and there set to hoeing desperately, as though for dear life's sake, now and then casting a timid look toward the house.

Friesen said to his daughter. "I will go to the Willems and have a talk with them. It will be best for them and for all to suppress the disgraceful affair."

"Please, do not go today," his daughter begged. "you are vexed, and the Willemses will doubtless be in bad humor. Nothing good could come of it now. Might it not be well for us to acquaint Elder Lehmann with the facts and ask him to make an explanation for us?"

"Perhaps," yielded the father. "I will see that proper explanation is made."

When in the evening Anna stepped into the back hall she was suddenly caught in two warm round arms, many kisses fell on her hands and cheeks, and an excited voice cried, "Please, don't be angry with me, please don't!"

"Odarka," said Anna. "I am not angry with you; I am only sorry you should have done such a thing."

"Shall I run and explain everything to the Willemses?" asked the penitent maid, anxious to conciliate her mistress.

"Do not go now, Odarka," Anna answered gently, "but be ready to do so

when we ask you, and I think all may be well yet."

But before night old Johann Schniek sneaked into the mayor's office, and his communications, made in smooth, subdued tone, convinced the mayor that the village had been well informed. Much dissatisfied, Friesen long walked up and down his office, and when he had thought over all the incidents of Peter's suit he lapsed into deep melancholy and decided to let things take their own course.

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER MAYOR.

A lane ran through the village Friedensfeld from north to south, crossing the two main streets and the canal and passing between hedges of wild olive and rows of poplars and by the school house and the village church. Continuing as a road outside the village, it led to the cemetery on the north side, and to the windmill on the south side.

This lane known as Middle Street, was on pleasant Sundays the favorite resort of the Russian hired men and maids. This very Sunday afternoon a vivacious company of fifteen or more little Russian girls enlivened the narrow bridge, which carried foot passengers across the canal from one green bank to the other. Restless like the sparrows on the thatch roof, they are always in motion, running up and running down, chatting and waving twigs of poplar to some approaching Little Russian young men.

It is therefore, very difficult to count the many strings of glittering beads that decorate their necks and breasts, or to distinguish whether the yellow crosses on their bosoms and their yellow earrings are of brass or of gold, or to examine the exquisite needle work with which their own hands have embroidered the sleeves and edges of their snow-white shifts, although their sleeveless jackets and their short skirts deliberately expose those sleeves and edges to public view. So much is certain: they favor bright colors in their jackets, and bright ribbons at the ends of their two long hanging braids

of hair, and the glimmer above their busy feet comes from extremely white stockings.

"Girls, let us go south under the poplars," cried one of the Little Russian young men, the wearers of wide linen trousers that flow into heavy tarred boots. The girls noisily started in the indicated direction, forming in lines, three or four abreast, and singing with ringing voices a slow Little Russian song.

Under the poplars the Mordvins had settled, adorning the new green grass with their white and red shirts, worn above their tight trousers and loosely gathered by a string around the waist. They were engaged in lively talk and a game of cards, and paid no attention to the passing singers, excepting one Mordvin, who could not resist a temptation to hail them. "My pigeons, my little sunbeams," he flattered, "will you not tarry a moment and entertain the poor Mordvins who had to leave their sweethearts in the far North. Ah, Odarka, little witch, you are nice enough for any Mordvin. Come on, my pigeon, and walk with me."

A slender Little Russian with a great deal of partiality for Odarka, asked the Mordvin not to meddle with Little Russian affairs.

"Ah, you Mazeppa, keep still, or I will teach you a lesson," was the angry reply.

To be called Mazeppa was a great insult, and so the slender Little Russian, who loved peace, now felt it his duty to mumble some defiant words, slowly retreating to avoid a contact. But the pugilistic Mordvin moved upon him quickly, compelling him to defend himself. Before the wrestling assumed serious aspects a strong arm seized each of the combatants so suddenly that they were utterly dismayed and helplessly beat the air with their hands and feet. From all sides, from Little Russians as well as Mordvins great laughter and enthusiastic shouts of "Bravo, Gabriel!" resounded. When Gabriel had put the men back on their feet, the outraged Mordvin prepared to pounce on the meddler, defiantly

crying, "Who made you mayor and peacemaker?" But his attention was attracted by Odarka's ringing voice.

"People," the vivacious girl moved, "let us make Gabriel the mayor of the Russians!" The suggestion was received with general enthusiasm, clapping hands, and cries of "Yes! yes! Bravo, Gabriel! Mayor of the Russians!" There was great din and tumult, until Gabriel, taller than all his tribe, lazily stepped forward, and when all was silent, said in his slow way, "Well, if I am your mayor, you Little Russians and Mordvins, I now command you, my children, to quit your noise and go home. I see the constable coming from the north." With shouts and laughter the company thereupon dispersed. The two combatants also submitted to the force of public opinion, the one with reluctance, the other with much secret satisfaction.

The Mordvins usually had one among their own number to whom greater authority was accorded. Although Gabriel was rather young, he now became their acknowledged leader. When they played cards or were engaged in other amusements, he gave the order to quit, and immediately cards and amusements were dropped. When in trading knives or other dealings among themselves or with the Little Russians, fraud was charged and quarrels followed, it was usually Mayor Gabriel to whom they applied for a settlement of the difficulty. At their carousals, which were very apt to end in bloody fights, Gabriel, while drinking no less, kept the coolest head, and his efforts usually prevented excesses.

His deliberate ways inspired respect, which was re-enforced by his own muscles, by public opinion, and the further fact that he was mayor Friesen's hired man. Friesen understood his power for keeping order among the Mordvins, who were good at labor and honest, but fierce when angry, and he gladly encouraged Gabriel's influence.

Thus it came that Gabriel, after having served as Santa Claus and Fallen Spirit, became even better known as the Russian mayor.

CHAPTER XII.—THE WHITE POPLARS.

So cloudy and dark was the night that nobody could have told after looking whether the poplars on the banks of the canal were white or black or had any color at all; and the atmosphere was so very calm that not even a rustle of their leaves betrayed their continued existence. Shall it be added that on a night so damp and dark nobody cared to leave his cosy home where family, candles and stove spread light and cheerfulness, nobody cared to inquire whether the white poplars existed or not. No; for some voices could now be heard on the south side of the canal.

"Well, boys," said a loud voice, which we recognize as that of Peter Willems Jr., "where must we go to-night to have a good time?"

"I don't know," said a cautious voice.

"I don't know," said a thin voice.

"No smoking night anywhere?" asked the loud voice.

"I know of none," replied the thin voice.

"Nobody would stir out of the house tonight," replied the cautious voice.

A smoking night required the absence from the house of the old folk and of meddlesome children and the presence of young hilarious people to enjoy fun, smoking, cards, the music of the accordion, and dancing.

"Let us have a smoke, anyway," said Peter.

"Here is tobacco," eagerly said the thin voice, as if anxious to serve.

"That's good in you, Cncls." flattered Peter. "Let's have some. Are there any dried mulberry leaves in it, Cncls?"

"No, no," protested Cncls, "it is genuine Turkish tobacco, the same as my father's."

"I believe that," giggled the cautious voice, which belonged to Haunes, who usually played the accordion on smoking nights.

The three cigars made three little lights in the mist and darkness of the canal. The three little lights moved

back and forth, up and down, until they moved very close to each other and became very intimate.

"Boys," said Peter in more subdued tones, "last night at Klein's smoking night I became well acquainted with Sophia and had the pleasure of dancing with her. Isn't she a fine dancer? She moves with so much ease and enjoys it so thoroughly, and what's more she is very pretty."

"You are right there," corroborated Hannes, who had made the music for the dance and had had good opportunity to observe the dancers.

"Yes," continued Peter, "there is only one to compare with her, and her I do not care to name. But that one is too proud and dignified to attend a jolly smoking night."

"Anna Friesen, eh?" piped Cncls.

"She is a paragon," Hannes now remarked. "I never yet saw her at a smoking night, and I have been present at most of them. Why, I have heard, when a girl she went to school one day, and ahead of her on the walk she saw a card, the king of spades. She immediately turned back and took the other side of the canal."

Hannes and Cncls laughed hugely, and Peter was silent.

"Sophia is on better terms with the king of spades, isn't she?" jested Cncls, and then went on, "Peter, that reminds me. Uncle Schniek was at our house today. Speaking very softly, as he always does, he remarked, 'There is that young Peter, fine looking and well to do, and he devotes his time to the servant girl Sophia. Last night he danced with her.'"

"Servant girl!" exclaimed Peter angrily. "Well, she may be paid wages, but the Kleins certainly treat her as one of their family. No doubt, old Schniek wants more attention paid to his own girls. But they are too much like their father, thank you. I wonder how old Schniek learned all that again."

"Oh, no doubt," suggested Cncls, "he happened to pass by the windows and could not help seeing, as is often his misfortune."

"I believe that must be the way of

it," said Hannes, "for when I left with my instrument, someone trotted ahead of me and disappeared in Schniek's yard."

"Zounds, Hannes, are you sure of that?" asked the excited Peter.

"Very sure," said Hannes.

After a pause Peter said, "Boys, I am determined to punish that eavesdropper. Give me advice. What can we do to him?"

"We might fill his well with hay and straw," proposed the officious Cncls. "I have heard my father say that that was perpetrated in his days."

"That would be a great deal of work," objected Peter.

"Yes," jeered Hannes, "we might do it at public expense and get men and teams on 'counts.'"

"Well, then," resumed the sensitive, crestfallen Cncls, "let us pull his wheelbarrows and gates on top of his roof, as is done on St. Martin's."

The cautious Hannes still objected. "I suppose," he said, "Cncls will chloroform Uncle Schniek and keep him in bed. He sneaks around at night like a tom cat, I assure you."

After some study Hannes jumped up. "I have it," he cried, pointing to the other bank, where Schniek's premises adjoined the canal. He communicated his plan in a whisper.

"That's a capital idea!" exclaimed Peter, delighted. "Let's attend to it tonight. I burn to have my revenge. But as it is too early yet and as we shall need some instruments, let us go home now and return at eleven o'clock ready for work. How is that?"

"Agreed," said Hannes shaking hands with Peter.

"I hardly know whether I can come," said Cncls, whose heart failed as soon as he noticed that his companions were in earnest.

"Why not?" asked the others. "Afraid, eh?"

"Why, really I must not stay out so late," wailed Cncls. "I am not afraid, O no; but really I cannot come." And really that would have been the better part for the young man, who had only recently joined the smoking nights and who would have been far safer near

his fond mother, who called him by the more euphonious name of Cornelius. But he had a great ambition to be like other young men, and that was the trap that caught him.

"All right," said Peter, "you go home, I can find any number of young men who will join us. Go home, my boy."

"I will be here at eleven o'clock," Cnells now whined, suppressing his scruples and his cowardice.

Early next morning the mayor's front door and office door opened, and in sneaked, almost on tip-toe, old sly Schniek, his eyes nearly closed, one of them bruised and black, and with a voice which anger and excitement had almost reduced to a whisper, he gasped, "Mayor, mayor!"

"What is it?" asked the mayor. "Did anyone hit you in the eye?"

"Well, no, mayor, I ran against a tree, mayor." Schniek stopped to take breath, then whispered, "I tell you, three of my best white poplars on the canal are gone, gone, broken, ruined. What do you say to that, mayor?"

"I say that is an outrage," rejoined the mayor, knitting his kind brow. "Have you any suspicions or some clue that might lead to the detection of the perpetrators?"

"Listen, listen," Schniek went on. "About one o'clock I felt uneasy in my bed, as I often do at that hour. I put on my large boots and my overcoat and walked around the buildings to see if anything was wrong. Frightful burglaries have occurred, you know. I hear a rattling and a noise near the canal. I go toward it through the orchard in all that darkness. The noise has nearly ceased, but there is a voice. 'Hello, boys, what do you do there?' And then another voice, which I do not understand at first, but it ends, 'Do not betray us.' And after a little this same voice grumbles something and seems to come straight toward me. I turned home and must have been rather hasty; for I knocked this eye against an apple tree, and I have been shaking nearly all night. After dawn

I could see what had happened. What villains, mayor, what villains!"

"Did you recognize the voices?" asked the mayor.

"I should say, I did," Schniek replied with a hoarse laugh. "Ah, they cannot deceive Schniek's ears, not much! I don't think there is a voice in the village I could not recognize."

"Well, whose voices were they?" questioned the mayor.

Schniek gleefully rubbed his hands. The joy of having recognized the voices made him forget all his griefs. "The first voice was Isbrand Schmidt's, the other was Peter Willems's."

Peter Willems Jr., and Isbrand Schmidt were cited before the mayor that very afternoon. Peter had taken seat with sulky indifference, while young Schmidt looked like offended innocence. The mayor, as he always did on such occasions, put on his most solemn official air and looked on the accused with impassive severity. His assistant did his best to aid him in maintaining the dignity of the tribunal, but as he had a long neck, a thin face, and very mild eyes, he only succeeded in throwing back of his shoulders a very benevolent face.

"Peter Willems," began the mayor calmly, "you are accused of having ruined three white poplars on neighbor Schniek's place. What have you to say to the charge?"

Peter, provoked by the malicious looks of neighbor Schniek, blurted out. "I am guilty, mayor, and am sorry I could not pull down all his trees."

The assistant now threw his head almost down his back and, with official vehemence, rapped the table, his face remaining as kind as ever. The mayor frowned, and Peter subsided under the frown.

"Who were your accomplices?" the mayor inquired.

"Mayor," answered Peter humbly. "I should prefer not to name them. I admit that I was leader: the others took part on my request. Give me my punishment and let the others alone."

"No," said the mayor, secretly pleas-

ed with Peter's manly admission. "All who took part in the offense should be punished. The young men who permitted themselves to be led into the destruction of trees must be punished with their leader. All villagers are interested in having such offense punished promptly, and so are these young men. I advise you to name your companions and have the whole affair settled immediately. Be grateful it can be done in the mayor's office."

Peter submitted reluctantly and named Cncls and Hannes, who, having been called, soon appeared with their fathers in the office. A number of other neighbors also came in. Cncls was all sobs and tears in spite of his father's exertions to quell him, while Hannes's squinting black eyes fixed themselves on the further corner of the office, although there was every reason to believe he saw the mayor.

Questioned by the mayor, Cncls only nodded under a burst of sobs, while Hannes acknowledged his guilt with a look of disgust, which seemed directed into the furthest corner, but there was every reason to believe that he saw Peter.

From the unsworn testimony of the

neighbors—the oath was never used—and from the admissions of the accused the mayor and his assistant ascertained the amount of damages and the amount of guilt and then consulted together as to the sentence.

"Neighbor Schniek," asked the mayor, "would you want these young men to work for you?"

Schniek shuddered. He never felt safe near Peter. "I would not have them on the place," he cried.

"We then order," proceeded the mayor with dignity, "that the guilty persons shall dig tree holes on the road to the village Nikolaithal, it being the intention of the village to alley this road as soon as practicable. The work will be done under my supervision. Isbrand, who failed to report the offense, shall work one day, Johannes and Cornelius each three days, and Peter five days. You may go and report for work tomorrow."

As offenses were infrequent and compulsory work was considered a great disgrace there was an impression that the punishment was pretty severe.

(To Be Continued.)

The Battle of Achilles

BY F. M. LOCKARD

NEAR the southeast corner of Rawlins County, Kansas, on the Sappa Creek, the little village of Achilles is located. It was in this neighborhood the tragic scenes herein described occurred.

In the winter and spring of 1874, all that part of Kansas north of the Union Pacific and west of Ellis was unsettled. An occasional band of Indians and the buffalo hunters roamed at will, in pursuit of game for the profit of the business and the pleasure of the chase. The small roving bands of Nomads, that

wintered in this section, were extremely cruel and vicious, stealing horses and mules and murdering the hunters at every opportunity. Nate Andrews was shot from ambush on Chief Creek early in March. His body was recovered and taken by his partners, Sol Peak and Morgan Hansen, to Lenora in Norton County, and buried on his homestead.

Sol Rees, who lives at Jennings, Kansas, and Bob Canfield, who had a homestead at that time on Plotner Creek in Phillips County, were camped at headwater on South Beaver, on the

ranch now owned by William Kuhrt. On April 2, Canfield was riding across the high prairie between south and middle Beaver. Rees, who was on the bluffs some three miles south, saw eleven Indians following Canfield. He tried to head him off and give him warning but failed. The Indians rode up to Canfield, some of them passing on. After riding a short distance, those behind killed him. Rees by this time, had gotten up to within a half mile of the party. Being protected by a groundswell, he had not been discovered. When Canfield fell from his horse, Rees began shooting and succeeded in killing two of the Indians. About this time another buffalo hunter by the name of Dan Diment, who was secreted in a swale on the opposite side began shooting. As the Indians were running in his direction, he succeeded in killing three of them. Neither Rees nor Diment knew of the other's presence in the neighborhood till the shooting began. They brought the body of Canfield to Rees's camp and buried it.

Five miles below where Rees was camped, on land now owned by Lee Conquest, Dan and Joe Brown and Charles Lucas had their winter quarters. On April 3, while Joe was out hunting, a band of nine Indians surprised Dan and Lucas, shot and scalped them, took their stock and burned their wagons. When Joe returned to camp that evening and found the mutilated bodies of Dan and Lucas, he went on to Rees's camp. Rees and Diment returned with him the next morning. They secured the bodies of the dead hunters, took them to Rees's camp and buried them beside Canfield. The Brown brothers and Lucas had homesteads on Deer Creek, near Kirwin. Joe was killed at Achilles, three weeks later, as we shall see later on in our story.

I recently visited the burial place of these three men, but the hand of Father Time, who respects neither the living nor the dead, has so changed the place that the exact spot is not known. The five Indians who were killed at the time of Canfield's murder

were left on the prairie where they fell and when the hunters passed that way a few days later, they had been nearly consumed by the coyotes.

Spring time came early in 1874. By April 15, the prairie was green and the weather unusually fine for this climate. The hunters were preparing to move east to the settlements, but, out of fear of Indians, they were moving in large parties. When everything was ready, the word that a start was to be made on April 20, was passed to all the camps. The wagons were heavily loaded with hides and meat, and the teams, having been all winter on the range without grain, were weak. Progress was therefore very slow. They had not been on the way long before the experienced plainsmen seemed to know instinctively that trouble was coming. Although no Indians had been seen for several days, yet the signs were ominous. The buffalo remained on the high ground during daylight, going to water at night. The wild horse was uneasy and moving. The antelope, always nervous and inquisitive, seemed more disturbed than usual. The little birds with their restless twitter, seemed to know of approaching danger. The howl of the coyote seemed plaintive and mournful; while the prairie dogs scampered for their holes as though pursued by the hounds. All nature seemed to romp, like children unrestrained.

On the evening of April 24, the hunters, twenty in number, went into camp at a water hole five miles south of Achilles. Early that evening they were joined by Hank Campbell, an experienced plainsman, who had his winter camp at the headwater on South Sappa, a short distance north of where the city of Colby now stands. Campbell informed the hunters that two hundred Cheyennes were camped at the headwaters of Middle Sappa. He said about half of them were squaws and papooses. This band, under Chief Spotted Horse, were traveling north and were probably trying to make their way back to their old hunting grounds in the Dakotas. A council was held



and it was decided to keep out of sight, believing that by acting prudently, an encounter with them could be avoided. Some of the hunters wanted to move on that night further east on South Sappa, but the teams were so jaded that this course was deemed impracticable and was abandoned. They threw up temporary fortifications and prepared to defend themselves, hoping to get away next morning without being discovered. The night passed without event. Before they broke camp in the morning, two troops of cavalry from Fort Lyons, Colorado, came up from the southwest, having been sent to intercept the Indians and return them to their reservation on the Canadian. The hunters at once offered to act as scouts and escort the soldiers to the Indian camp.

At the point where the Indians were encamped, there is a bank about one hundred feet high and five hundred feet long on the south side of the creek. About a hundred and fifty yards from the creek there is an oblong hole or washout about six feet deep and a hundred and fifty feet long, the lower end draining out toward the southeast into the creek. About a hundred and fifty feet from the west end of this high bank a light, short coulee comes in from the southwest. The Indians had pitched their tepees under this bank and were not discovered until the soldiers were crossing the coulee. Spotted Horse came running with hands up to meet the soldiers, all the time yelling, "How! How!" and acting friendly. Fifteen or twenty bucks followed him closely with arms concealed under their blankets. The captain halted his command, but rode a few steps forward himself and dismounted. The chief came up and shook hands, at the same time putting his hand down as if to fix his blanket. He drew a revolver and snapping it in the captain's face cried, "Damn you." Only the fact that the gun failed to go off saved the captain's life. Spotted Horse was shot and instantly killed by an orderly who was sitting on his horse beside the captain. The hunters, who

by this time had dismounted and stood beside their horses just south of the soldiers, shot and killed all the Indians in sight and so far as known, none of the Indians fired a shot. The scouts were expecting trouble and were prepared. The Indians had taken so much pains to conceal their weapons and the fight opened so unexpectedly soon, that they were caught unprepared for quick action. Nowhere, outside of fiction, is it recorded that an Indian ever became the aggressor except when he had an advantage over his foe. That neither the Indians nor the soldiers were expecting hostilities at this time was apparent. The assault by Spotted Horse on the officer was so unusual that the reader, like the writer, must draw his own conclusions. Had his action been premeditated every Indian would have been ready. Joe Rutledge in describing this to me said, "No shots were fired for several minutes except by the scouts." The soldiers dropped back into the coulee and down that into the creek. Here they dismounted and under protection of the creek banks advanced around the bend from the west side of the high bank and opened fire on the village of tepees. The scouts dropped back over the hill southeast, dismounted and came back on foot to the top of this bank to a point from which they had a clear view both of the village of tepees and this hole.

The Indians attempted several times to reach their comrades that had fallen at the first fire, but were shot down by the scouts as soon as they came over the bank. The scouts supposed the Indians were trying to reach their dead and wounded but it afterwards developed that the dead Indians had all their best guns and most of their ammunition. At the point where the Indians came over the bank they were protected by high ground from the soldiers and seemed not to realize where the shooting was coming from until thirty of them had fallen. The soldiers, meantime, were pouring a continuous fire into the village of tepees from the west side. The In-

dians could not stand this very long, for in a short time they were seen to make a break for the hole. They had to cross an open piece of ground about one hundred feet wide to reach the hole and many fell in this short run. When they reached the hole, firing ceased, except by the scouts who, from their advantageous position, continued to pour a deadly fire into the hole. The soldiers being in the creek above could not see the Indians, and the Indians, as was afterwards learned, had made the run with but little ammunition.

Several times small parties bearing a flag of truce came out, but they were shot down by the soldiers as soon as they came in sight. About three o'clock six squaws bearing a flag of truce came over the bank apparently trying to surrender to the soldiers but the troops were so wrought up by the treachery of Spotted Horse that they shot them down, afterwards claiming they did not know they were squaws. At this time a conference between the scouts and officers was held and the fear expressed that the Indians were only waiting for darkness to make their escape. This thought apparently exasperated Joe Brown, who threw off his hat and coat and with a revolver in each hand, ran up to the hole and jumped in, firing right and left. He must have killed several but poor Joe! this was his last fight. After the battle was over they had to wrap his body in a blanket to hold it together while burying it. Joe's foolish and unexpected plunge started the excitement again. When the order to charge came the soldiers came up from the west and the scouts slid down the high bank and approached from the south, pouring a deadly fire on their helpless victims. In three minutes the last brave had fallen. Several Indians had scalps swinging at their belts. These the soldiers collected and buried with the remains of Joe Brown. There were several wounded soldiers, some of whom afterwards died. None of the scouts were wounded except Brown. The scouts gathered wood from a willow patch near by and built a fire upon

which were thrown tepees, saddles, and also the bodies of many of the Indians.

The sides and bottoms of this hole are sandy and many of the squaws and papooses had burrowed under and were thus concealed. Hank Campbell, who had assumed the leadership of the scouts gave an order to make "good Indians" of them. He was eagerly obeyed. They were dragged out, clubbed into insensibility and thrown into the fire. One of the scouts told me that it was the most cruel and heart rending scene he had ever witnessed, that when the smell of burning flesh reached him, he turned aside and went to camp.

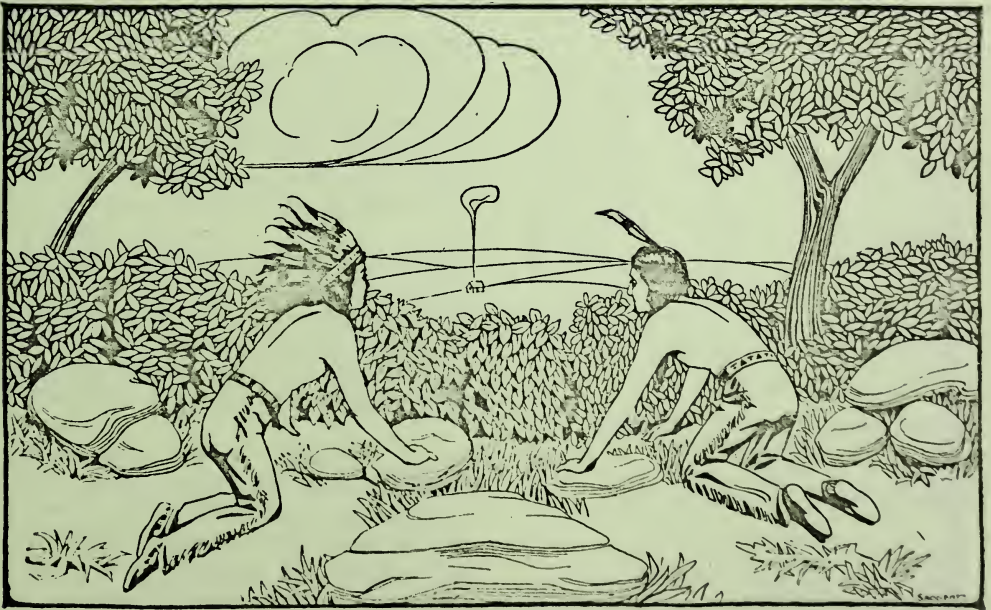
Had Spotted Horse killed the captain at the beginning, the end might have been different. The captain said afterwards: "The scouts saved my command." One of the scouts told me: "I felt a peculiar respect for the trapped Indians and it seemed we were only spectators looking on at a great game as it was being played between Uncle Sam and his wards." Yet the fact remains that the scouts killed nearly all the Indians and were responsible for the frightful holocaust that followed. The soldiers departed for Fort Wallace that evening in a cold rain that turned to snow before morning. The sudden change in the weather caused much suffering for both soldiers and scouts and it was afterwards reported that several of the wounded soldiers died before they reached the fort. The scouts hurried out of the country as fast as possible, not forgetting to take about two hundred Indian horses which they divided and sold in Jewell and Mitchell Counties. They also appropriated all the Indian arms, which were of considerable value.

The reason this story never has been in print will at once be apparent to the reader. Some years ago a magazine article by a Mr. Kenyon pretended to describe this battle. The article was perhaps as fair a description of the events herein enumerated as could be written by one who had not seen them.

But it was from the soldiers' standpoint. It omitted an account of the shooting of women and children and did not mention the flag of truce rejected by the soldiers. Mr. Kenyon makes but slight mention of the scouts and gives them no credit for the result. He also omits any mention of the burning of the Cheyennes both living and dead. The scouts who had profited through the capture of horses and fire arms decided that an investigation by the government was not desirable. They therefore entered into an agreement not to tell of it and there are many old buffalo hunters yet alive who were on this range at that time who know nothing of it. And the thrifty farmers who raise alfalfa on this same ground today little suspect the thrill-

ing scenes enacted there thirty-five years ago.

This spot is known to the old buffalo hunters as "Cheyenne Hole," but the war records speak of it as "The Battle on Sappa Creek." If the noble red man shall ever have an opportunity to tell this story I suppose it will be on that great day when the earth and sea shall give up their dead, for on that 25th of April, 1874, not a Cheyenne escaped. When the soldiers and hunters left this vicinity, nothing remained of Spotted Horse and his two hundred followers except a pile of ashes which were soon scattered to the four winds. Four years later when the Cheyennes took their revenge on the innocent settlers of this valley, the white men, who wronged them were far away.



Kansas Track and Field Athletics

BY GUY MARPLE

TRACK and field work, the oldest of athletic sports, is the second most strenuous of exercises; rowing is the first. Football, much anathematized, comes fifth in the list.

When Iphitus, king of Elis, wanted to train his men for war, he obtained permission of the Delphic oracle to establish athletic games. He set his Grecians to throwing the quoit, leaping the bar, running the Marathon race, boxing and wrestling, thus initiating the Olympic games.

The first of these games was held in 776 B. C., which marks the beginning of Greek history; the last eleven hundred years afterwards in the sixteenth year of the reign of the Roman Emperor, Theodosius, 374 A. D.

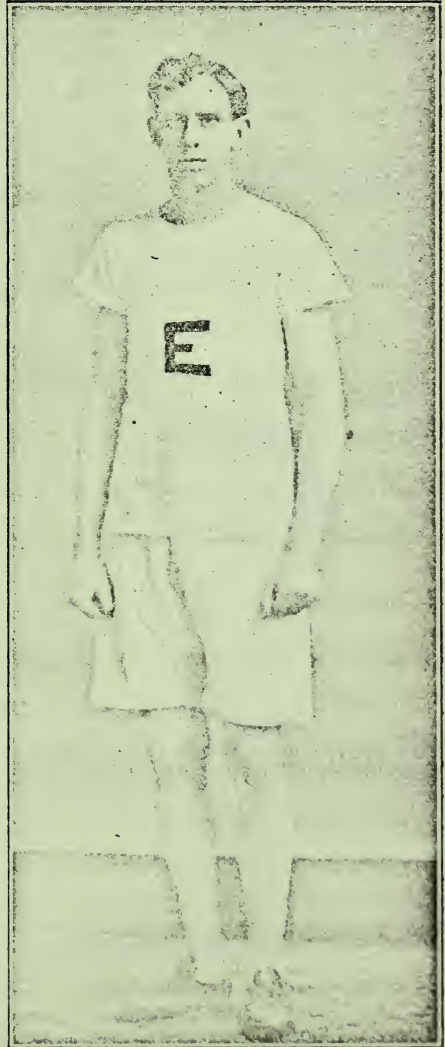
Track and field work is, comparatively speaking, new in Kansas and records are poor as compared with those of other states. In the annual contests between Missouri and Kansas Universities the former never fails to win decisively. Up to a few years ago, Kansas Colleges paid little attention to the track and field and except for a few high schools, this branch of sport was practically ignored.

As first begun in Kansas high schools, track and field work was crude. Rules were unknown. In the pole vault, for instance, the vaulter climbed the pole, rising from the ground on the left side of the pole. Discuses and weights were unheard of.

Times are altered. With the prominence given track and field athletics by the State University and by colleges, high schools have not been slow in imitating. Now hardly a day passes during the track season but that several meets are held throughout the state.

In 1906, W. W. Stahl, then general manager of athletics in Washburn, called a group of managers from Kansas colleges together in the National Hotel in Topeka. At this meeting the Kansas Intercollegiate Athletic Associa-

tion, of which the writer had the honor of being the first president, was formed. That year the new association held its first annual meet in Topeka, and the next year in the same city. The



Lewis McCormick, K. I. A. A. star, in this year's meet.

year afterwards it was transferred to Emporia where it is now permanently located. The association includes Baker University, Cooper College, Fairmount College, Kansas State Normal,

the College of Emporia, St. Mary's, the Agricultural College at Manhattan, Washburn, and when organized, Ottawa University.

Among the high schools of the state excellent meets are now held each year. In Osage County, the schools have been holding an annual meet for nine years. In Marion County the high schools have



A. W. Seng, K. S. A. C. hammer thrower.

an annual meet and at Winfield, a high school meet is held each year. The counties of Neosho, Labette, Crawford and Cherokee hold a meet each year.

The State University, the State Normal School at Emporia and Fairmount College at Wichita have given an impetus to high school track work by means of annual meets in their respective towns. In Lawrence this year, one hundred and fifty athletes competed, in Emporia, seventy and in Wichita three hundred. At these meets, medals and trophy cups are given as prizes.

An effort was made to secure the best performances in track and field in the state for this article. Kansas colleges and the manager of the Arkansas Valley Interscholastic meet at Wichita were asked to furnish the best records in past meets. All responded except St. Mary's, Fairmount and Washburn. No

satisfactory answer could be obtained from the Arkansas Valley manager. From these replies an unofficial list of state records was obtained which are here given:

100 yard dash—F. A. Moulton, Kansas University; time 9 4-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—F. A. Moulton; time 22 1-5 seconds.

440 yard dash—F. A. McCoy, Kansas University; time 51 seconds.

Half mile run—M. B. Miller, Kansas University; time 2 minutes, 2 seconds.

One mile run—W. G. Guthrie, Kansas University; time 4 minutes, 38 seconds.

Two mile run—P. E. McNall, Kansas State College, Manhattan; time 10 minutes, 21 seconds.

120 yard hurdles—Homer Hargiss, Kansas State Normal, Emporia; time 16 2-5 seconds.

220 yard hurdles—Art Solter, Fair-



P. E. McNall, holder state record in two mile.

mount College, Wichita; time 26 seconds.

Running high jump—Frank Parker, Kansas University; height 5 feet 10 inches.

Running broad jump—Guy Marple, College of Emporia; distance 22 feet 2 inches.

Pole vault—Cloud Russell, Kansas University; height 11 feet.

16 pound shot put—Garrett Senior, Baker University; distance 39 feet 9 inches.

Hammer throw—George E. Putnam, Kansas University; distance 145 feet 1 inch.

Discus throw—Winter, Kansas University; distance 114 feet 5 inches.

F. A. Moulton is perhaps the fastest man who ever ran in Kansas. His record is one-fifth of a second above the former world's record, broken recently by the eastern star, Walker, of nine and two-fifths seconds. Moulton's record in the 220 yard dash is one-fifth of a second better than that of Harold Tice, of Washburn, who holds the record in the Kansas Intercollegiate Athletic Association. F. A. McCoy, the state's fastest quarter miler, made his record in 1905. He is now a lawyer in Stafford, Kansas. M. B. Miller is from Osage county. He was a member of the Osage County Athletics' basketball team which won the championship of Kansas a few years ago. Miller took his A. B. degree in Kansas University in 1908 and is now a student of medicine in Cincinnati. His classmate, W. G. Guthrie, who holds the state record in the mile, is now in the University of Vermont studying medicine.

Homer Hargiss is a student in the State Normal of Emporia and one of the best all-round athletes in the state. Art Solter, holder of the 220 yard hurdle record, is one of the best all round athletes the state has ever produced. Solter has done practically everything in track and field work. He went east for a year and showed up in excellent form in the University of Pennsylvania. He is now teaching school in western Kansas.

Frank Parker, the best high jumper in the state, made his record in 1903 in the Missouri Valley Conference meet. He took his degree from Kansas University in 1908 and is now in the law school of the university. His record has been approached by Henry Farrar, of the class of 1908, Baker University, who made 5 feet 8 inches.

Claude Russell was a student in the University at Lawrence when he made eleven feet in the pole vault. No other Kansas athlete has approached this record, although ten feet two inch vaults are common. Russell is now a civil engineer in the government service in the Philippine Islands.

Garrett Senior formerly attended Baker University. His record in the shot put is one inch ahead of that of J. F. Beaman, the former Kansas University star. In the state meet in Emporia last year, Senior won seventeen points out of a possible twenty, the



Guy Marple, holder broad jump record for state.

best individual performance in the history of the association.

George Putnam, of Richmond, was a monster in build and worked hard for his record in the hammer. He also put the shot and threw the discus, in the latter of which he held the university record until it was won by Drake in 1907. Putnam took his A. B. in Kansas University, his A. M. in Yale, won a Rhodes's scholarship and is now in Christ's Church College, Oxford University.

Frank Drake, until May 3, held the state record in the discus. He was a tall cadaverous chap who did a little

of everything in track and field work. He made over twenty-one feet in the broad jump. He is now principal of the public schools in Perry, Kansas. Winter, of the State University, who took the discus record from Drake May 3, is a new man in Kansas athletics.

Kansas has produced some athletes whose names do not appear among the record holders but who deserve credit for their ability. Of these, Seng, of the State College, Manhattan; Ream, of Baker University; Harold Tice, of Washburn; Lewis McCormick, of the College of Emporia; C. C. Carpenter, of Ottawa University, who has a record



R. V. Christian, star sprinter K. I. A. A.

of 108 feet 7 inches in the discus; Cain of Kansas State College at Manhattan, and Ralph Hanes, of Ottawa, both of whom have records of ten feet in the hundred yard dash, deserve especial mention.

In considering the needs of Kansas athletics, no particular need has been made more prominent than another. A few are pointed out, not from theory but from experience, both as an athlete and as an official.

Field meets in most Kansas colleges and high schools do not pay well.

Meets as conducted are uninteresting to the average spectator. At a track meet in Emporia recently, the pole vault dragged throughout the entire meet. The judges left the raising of the bar to the contestants who put it up one inch at a time. Pole vaulting and high jumping are not contests of endurance. The bar should be raised



Homer Hargiss, holder state record in high hurdles.

rapidly by the judges as provided by the rules. No event should be allowed to drag and no intervals should be allowed between events. A dual meet where not more than thirty athletes

are entered should be run off in less than two hours.

Better means should be used to inform crowds of the progress of the meet. Spectators cannot be blamed for lack of interest who stand for hours with only a meager account of the result of each event furnished them by an incompetent announcer.

The Arkansas Valley Interscholastic meet is a good model. The management gives the spectators first attention. An amphitheater seats them and they read from a blackboard the names of the winners, the records made and other information of interest. From small stands, supplementary announcements are made by men with megaphones. Three thousand people saw this meet in Wichita last year.

Kansas high schools and colleges need a standard set of rules and need to have these rules printed in such quantities that every high school and college athlete could have a copy. Athletes should be disqualified who have not read the rules and officials should be required to have a copy of the rules the same as contestants. It is safe to say that not one out of every fifty athletes in Kansas has even seen the outside of a rule book. They are not at fault, for rule books are hard to obtain. A store in Emporia was unable to get rule books in track and field work this year even after repeated orders. A man in Wichita who wanted a copy of the Spaulding rules this spring was unable to obtain one.

As an illustration of looseness in the matter of rules and of a poorly conducted meet, one instance may be cited. Two young men were asked to officiate in a county meet. One of them was given the duties of referee, starter and field judge. The other was field judge and judge of finish. Measurements were made with a broken tape. A 1905 copy of the rules was the only basis for correct decisions on the grounds. The meet began at one-thirty and lasted until six, one event being run off at a time. Most colleges are no better in this regard than were these high schools.

Every high school should have in its faculty some one who is a practical athlete. Too many high school athletic teams are managed by men who know nothing about track work and who have never seen a meet. Some schools have track meets for the grades, which are highly successful.

High school managers have the idea that men from colleges are necessary to officiate at their meets. The most satisfactory officials are those who come from the county or school in which the meet is held. Select timers, judges of finish, starters and other officials from such a source, give them practice in trial meets and a big item of expense is removed and blame for bad decisions stays at home. The Arkansas Valley Interscholastic meet with its three hundred athletes competing is conducted on this plan.

The Span

BY LAURABEL GRAY

*Rose of the morn, on dewy meadows bright,
Gold of the noon, on wheat fields in the sun,
Gray of the dusk—the purple fall of night,
—And day is done.*

*Dreams of our youth that will not give us rest,
Praise of our friends for small achievements won,
Tired heart at peace within a quiet breast.
—And life is done.*



Yaguinola

BY J. E. TORRANCE

**NOTE:—The story, "Buried Treasure," to which this sketch is the sequel, was written by Stewart Edward White, and appeared in the June number of McClure's Magazine in 1906. According to Mr. White's story, some forty odd years ago, four Americans, in company with a villainous looking ex-sailor of foreign appearance, by means of an old Spanish chart, located and discovered, near the Gulf of California in Old Mexico, some chests of gold coins which had been hidden there many years before, supposedly by the conquistadores. The ex-sailor had lost an arm to a shark or other casualty and by a crude process of his own, had supplied the deficiency by strapping to his wrist an ugly iron hook which enabled him to grasp objects and hold them firmly, and which was a formidable weapon in a hand to hand conflict. Three of the men went some distance in land to look for a spring of water, after the gold had been found, leaving the ex-sailor and the other in camp near the coast. Taking advantage of the absence of his companions, the ex-sailor shot the American remaining in camp with him, and getting into the boat hoisted sails and cruised away around a bend in the gulf coast and apparently disappeared, leaving the men to perish for want of food and water. Having failed to find springs and realizing that they must perish for want of food and water, they left the gold where they had found it and after great privation and suffering, several days later, arrived at a village where they were supplied with food and drink and, as soon as possible, returned to the place where they had left the chests of gold and found only the receptacles, emptied of their treasure. The villain had evidently returned and, filling the gold into sacks brought along with the gold hunters for the purpose, transferred them to the boat and sailed away, leaving no evidence of his course or destination.*

EVERY lawyer has experiences now and then equal to the boldest flights of fancy of the professional writer. Those experiences usually attract but a passing notice and then settle from view like the dust of a motor car to be thought of no more. Were it not for its strange connection with the story of Stewart Edward White in the June number of McClure's Magazine, entitled "Buried Treasure," the incident I am about to relate would have gone the way of other comedies and tragedies of the lawyer's busy life. In my endeavor to place before the public what I regard as one of the most unusual interviews of my experience, I am not unmindful of my lack of finish in those technical rules which are supposed to obtain in the construction of fiction, contenting myself in the belief that a true story faithfully told must approach very near to real art—whatever that may be.

Seated at my desk with books and papers piled high, I was endeavoring to distinguish between a case that apparently knocked me out and another which apparently sustained my position in an important law suit, when an

old Mexican, hair and whiskers white as a Christmas morning, shuffled into my office, excitement gleaming in his small, black eyes, and thrust into my hand the June number of McClure's Magazine.

"Buenos Dias, Senor lawyer. Escuche," he commanded, pointing to the story, Buried Treasure.

Whether Mr. White's story really has some foundation in fact, either known or unknown to him, or whether my client was afflicted with some strange hallucination, the reader will have to judge for himself. Certain it is, the grim earnestness of my visitor aroused in me an interest beyond the usual call of a client; but this I concealed from the old man's quick, searching glance, I believe, as I motioned him to a seat.

"Senor lawyer," he began, pointing his dark, slim finger at the illustrations, "I know where the gold is. I want to consult you as to whom it will belong if I recover it. Here is my pay check for June, and I will pay you from time to time as I can earn the money until your fee is entirely discharged."

I looked at the check and saw it was for a month's wages on the Santa Fe

Railroad as a laborer in the construction force, calling for \$26.25. Then I knew that the old man was a laborer on the railroad, although his language and polite bearing showed him to be a man with a good education, rounded out to some extent by practical experience in life. Returning the check, I said:

"My dear fellow, that story is fiction—mere fiction—written to please the public, by one of the professional magazine writers. Nothing like that ever happened. It is purely imaginary and you but waste your time when you contemplate securing—"

"Pardon, Senor lawyer," he interrupted, "It is not false—it is very, very true indeed. Please accept the check and hear my story. I want very much to know what my rights are when I shall have secured the gold, and I am willing to compensate you well for your advice."

I laid the proffered check on my desk and looked my willingness for him to proceed. Had I been able to detect a single sign of unsteadiness in the gleam

of that wonderfully steady, intelligent eye, I should have found explanation for the extraordinary situation; but it was not so. His bare statement, unsupported by any other sign of dotage or mental decay, was the only thing vouchsafed me wherewith to measure his sanity. I decided to hear him through—indeed, was anxious to hear him through, after I had observed him a moment. Noting my decision, he began:

"I am a man, Senor, not nearly as old as my hair and shrunken features would indicate. I was born on the Yaqui River near the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre in Old Mexico, sixty-five years ago, and sixty-five years alone, as Senor knows, ought not to bleach white the raven locks of a Mexican. White hairs grow when the heart is sad and the head is bowed in grief, as well as a crown of old age.

"Some forty odd years ago, as you can easily figure, I was a young fellow, and the warm blood rushed through my veins, carrying everywhere in my



Yaquinola.

system life, health, joy. My hut was on the banks of the swift-flowing Yaqui where the gulf breeze fanned my brow in the morning and mountain zephyrs cooled and invigorated me in the evening; but best of all, just over the little ridge in a delightful valley abode my sweetheart, Yaquinola. Ah, Senor, you show impatience. You think I am decrepito. Esecucheme—hear me out, I beg you, for how can you advise me if you do not know my troubles.

"She was most beautiful, Senor lawyer, was my Yaquinola; sweet as the breath of flowers; good as the sunshine to warm one's soul, sprightly, always happy, and the best horsewoman in Old Mexico. Her hair, black as night, had the gloss of silk as it hung about her shoulders when making her toilet, or glanced the sun's bright rays when partly tucked up beneath her sombrero as she rode swiftly in the dell or on the Mesa. Ah, Senor, I may not attempt to tell you how lovely she was, for you are not interested in that part of my story; but it gives me passing delight to recall her bright eyes, her cheery smile, her fair face and her fine form. It is pleasant to live over in thought the happy times when I rode by her side or we roamed the woods together or stood upon the banks of the rapid Yaqui in the evening and listened to the night songsters' notes mingled with the roar and ripple of the hastening waters. My Yaquinola was brave too, as she was good. Senor, for well I remember the time when we were climbing a peak in the Sierra Madre and met a great Mexican cat. My gun missed fire and the beast crouched to spring, but Yaquinola's arrow pierced his throat before he could pounce upon us.

"Dios! how I wander from the subject. Well, as you have already guessed, I was deeply in love with Yaquinola and she loved me in return. But the priest who taught us to read and write and other branches of education, had put into Yaquinola's hands books telling of the great folks rolling in wealth and luxury, and the splendid balls and parties in San Francisco, where the ladies wore bright jewels and rich silks, and

were humored and petted and worshipped by the social and financial nabobs of that wonderful city. The stories in these books turned the poor little head of my sweetheart and caused her to long for a life of luxury and gaiety in the great city. So when I told her how fondly I loved her—the thing she had known all her life—she smiled sweetly and said that when I had acquired a fortune and could take her to a fine home in the great city, she would be happy and return my love. This, Senor, was indeed a cruel blow to me, although Yaquinola did not mean it as such. She loved me truly but had set her little heart upon a voluptuous life which she seemed to think was easily within our reach if I would but go forth and acquire a fortune. I was very ignorant of the great ways of the world beyond our quiet mountain valley, and knew that I was not fit to go out and compete with the rich and experienced men who had amassed the great fortunes described in the books the priest had loaned us; and I tried in vain to persuade her that we would be far happier to marry and continue our simple lives in our own dear mountain home. I argued with her that a poor man raised in the mountains with no experience except with his cayuse and riata, could not hope to become rich in the great cities, and that we would both waste our happiness in the mad effort.

"'Ah, Senor Miguel,' she would reply, 'I have had a dream, a delightful dream that you will soon become rich, a mighty man, and I shall be a great lady. Do not despair, Miguel, do not give up.'

"And so it went; and at times I felt that Senorita was inspired and that it would all come about as she had predicted, and then I was supremely happy. At other times I would reason that it was impossible, and would beg her on my knees to put aside her ambition and go with me to the little church and let the good Father say the words. But it was no use. Yaquinola held fast her purpose and I became more and more unhappy. At last I summoned all my courage and sold my cayuse, saddle, bridle and silver spurs, bade my sweetheart adios and started down the Yaqui

in the little boat in which she and I had so often watched the moon-light sparkle upon the tips of the jumping waves, bound for the great city to make the fortune promised me by my sweet-heart's prophecy. When I reached the gulf, I took passage in a small sail-ship to San Francisco and, after many days of ill wind and bad weather, we entered the Golden Gate and I was glad to be once more upon the land.

"Ah, Senor lawyer, you cannot comprehend the terrible feeling of desolation in my heart when I realized how far away from my Yaquinola I really was, and how utterly helpless in that strange, rushing, glittering city. It was days and days before I could so much as get a job by which I could earn even a peso, and then I had to compete with the penurious Chinamen in the hardest and most degrading labor. This did not look like I would soon make a fortune as Yaquinola had assured me, so that I could return to her in triumph and fetch her to San Francisco. Month after month lengthened into years and I still found myself laboring hard for a bare subsistence, and living in squalor, the unwilling equal of my Chinese companions. I dared not write Senorita the disparaging truths, for I would not for the world break her heart, and I could not go home to her and once more implore her to change her purpose, that we might go happily to the priest, for I had no money to pay my passage. Ah, Senor lawyer, then it was there came upon me an awful temptation to toss my riata upon the neck of some rich man's broncho and ride swiftly to my darling, regardless of consequence. Now, I thank God I did not yield, for, Senor, I have lived an honest life up to this minute. By and by, when I had been in the great city for eight long years without so much as a glance at my Yaquinola, and without anything better than a letter once a month full of love and devotion and encouragement, a little accident offered me the means of somewhat bettering my condition. It even gave me some hope of ultimate success in my undertaking to acquire wealth.

"I had just finished my day's work

down at the wharf and was walking along the street, when I heard a scream and saw a fine blooded horse dash around the corner and then I noticed a little boy clinging to his back as he ran like the wind, mad with fright, beyond all control. A moment later a fine looking man, mounted upon another horse, came in sight calling piteously to the people along the street to stop the runaway horse; but no one made an effort. They were either stupefied with horror at the impending fate of the child, or were too base and cowardly to go to the rescue. Indeed, it was like inviting death for any one to get in front of the scared brute, and I fully realized the danger of the attempt; but there was no time for speculation and, as the mad beast came nearer, all my exploits of horsemanship on the mesa and in the dell of Old Mexico flashed across my mind and I felt equal to any feat within the range of the possible. I ran quickly to the side of the street and when the horse swept past, caught the swinging stirrup, sprang into the air and alighted upon his back behind the saddle, 'mid the gladdest wild cheers I ever listened to. Instantly I had reached around the desperate child who was holding on to the saddle horn with fast failing grip, and caught the rein. The moment I began to draw rein the animal realized that he was in the hands of a horseman, and I had little trouble in gradually taking him up. By the time he was quite still the child's father rode up pale as death and for the moment, speechless. 'Dios! Senor,' I said, 'that was a wild race; but here are both horse and little rider safe and sound.' And I tossed him the reins, sprang from the animal's back and started down the street. By this time a large crowd had gathered upon the scene, excited and overjoyed at the happy termination of the little tragedy, and I was well beyond the farthest edge of the crowd before the Senor could get his wits to work. When he could speak, he called: 'Hi! there, my fellow! Stop that man, people, and bring him back! Stop him, I say!'

"At that, a gentleman took me politely by the arm and said, 'Come with

me. Mr. Stanford wants to thank you for your brave deed.' I had often heard of the great horseman, Leland Stanford, and at mention of his name—it humiliates me to admit it—a selfish wish formed in my mind that he might reward me for the little thing I had done by giving me employment in his fine stables where I could handle those splendid spirited animals and live a different life from that which I had, by force of circumstances, been compelled to endure. His entire form shaking with emotion, Mr. Stanford grasped me by the hand and in frank, generous tones, said:

"My brave fellow, how can I ever pay you for the debt of gratitude I owe you for this gallant deed?"

"It was then my Spanish pride arose and I answered rather too hastily for the miserable beggar that I was:

"Senor owes me nothing. A true Mexican does not put a price upon the saving of human life."

"Pardon me, my dear sensitive fellow," said he, "I appreciate your honorable sentiment; but I want to beg you to accept my gratitude for your noble act. Now that squares us, as I take it, and I am in a position to request you as a favor to me to accept the position of chief groom in one of my stables at a salary satisfactory to you."

"That was a mighty pretty way to put it, Senor, and I promptly signified my willingness to accept the position, feeling that he might be prompted by the desire to have a skilled horseman handle his thoroughbreds, as well as to reward me.

"I at once entered upon my new duties and was happy in the belief that the incident had opened up to me the first chapter of a new life which might lead to the realization of Yaquinola's prophecy. With the horses I was perfectly at home because of my early life and training, and it was not long until Mr. Stanford paid me several nice compliments upon my management of the stables and my skill with the horses. Within a few months after I had accepted the position he presented me with a fine yearling, beautiful of form and limb and full of fire and metal.

It did my soul good to see the proud step of the pequino diablo. It was my duty to superintend the stable forces and see to the proper training of the saddle horses. An Americano had charge of the drivers. Many of the fine ladies, guests at the Stanford mansion, as well as the ladies and servants of the household, delighted in horseback riding and many times I was directed to ride with them as a precaution against accident as well as to assist them and have charge of the steeds when they might wish to dismount. During such times I saw much to convince me that my little Yaquinola had formed a grievous misconception of real happiness. I noticed the richly dressed, bejeweled ladies, beautifully and wonderfully fair, with wealth at their command beyond their ability to spend, who chatted cheerfully, even hilariously when in company, look sad and sour and careworn the moment they were away from the scene of gaiety. I saw great ladies smile most graciously upon one another and even their husbands, only to frown terribly the moment their eyes were turned in other directions. I saw in short, Senor, enough to convince me that it was all form—function, I believe they call it—and that these people did not love one another, but were extremely, bitterly jealous and unhappy. I became convinced that the apparent gaiety and happiness of the rich was a sham empty of love or even human kindness, and that the principal object attained, at least, if not aimed at, was an ambition to outshine socially and pierce to the heart all ambitious rivals for leadership. I do not mean, Senor, that Mr. and Mrs. Stanford were burdened with these unholy passions and ambitions, for Miguel is not an ingrate who would notice the faults of his benefactors; but I do mean to say that in my judgment, with all their wealth and with all their generosity, tied to custom as they were by virtue of their riches and bound by social environments, they were scarcely more happy than the others; surely not so happy as I and my own sweet Yaquinola would be in our fragrant dell where the waters leap and the

birds sing, always true to nature, without ambition, jealousy and refined hatred.

"Two years had gone by and I had observed much and thought much, keeping ever in mind the innocent ambition of my artless little sweetheart. One day I was ordered to ride out with a Mrs. Van Duse of New York and her French maid who had been guests at the Stanford mansion for several weeks. The evening before, the hostess had given a great ball in honor of Mrs. Van Duse and her husband, and, being a good musician, I played the guitar in the orchestra that furnished the music. This gave me a good opportunity to observe these great people in their social functions. Upon this occasion I naturally followed the rich and beautiful Mrs. Van Duse with closest scrutiny, for I knew she was the guest of honor and I wondered how my darling would appear in rich costume with costly jewels sparkling in her jet hair, and whether the gems would be able to outshine the gleam of joy in her eyes. I noticed that Mrs. Van Duse was much sought in the dance; but her dancing was not like the light, quick, agile step of my Yaquinola. She smiled graciously upon all and especially upon her hostess and her husband, but I could see no happiness in her smile. She laughed gaily as did all the others, but I could perceive no joy in the laugh. As a mechanical, artistic effort, it was perfect; but it had no soul in it. It made me sad—yes, maddened me—to see that ceaseless round of artificial gaiety—the awful mockery of genuine happiness—and I said to myself: 'Oh, if Yaquinola could see this, she would gladly give over her ambition to be a great lady and would settle down with me to real life in our own delightful Old Mexico.'

"Next morning after the ball, I was to saddle two good riding horses for Mrs. Van Duse and her maid, and accompany them on a gallop through the parks. Mr. Van Duse accompanied the madam to a mounting block and assisted her to mount and said to me: 'Groom, be mindful of the ladies,' and watched us ride away. Mrs. Van Duse smiled at him, kissed her hand and

said: 'Bye, bye, dear. Don't worry. We are all right.' Immediately the ladies began to talk the most delicate secrets, ignoring my presence as if I were of no more consequence than the horses upon which they rode. Mrs. Van Duse arraigned her husband bitterly for being too gracious to the other ladies, and did not hesitate to name the ladies with bitter invective. Even her good hostess came in for a share of criticism. At last she said:

"'I have no more love for Clarence Van Duse than for my pet dog—not half so much. He is an insipid, characterless fop and all of the set are eager to flirt with him.' And she struck her little doubled up fist into her soft white palm, her very jewels flashing angrily in unison with her blazing eyes.

"'Pardon, Madam,' said the French maid, 'but zee mistress, she like to flirt passing well, too, does she not?'

"At that Mrs. Van Duse let off a cackle intended for a jolly laugh. It was not a warm, hearty laugh right off of a good kind heart, but a cold, cruel, metallic counterfeit.

"'Ah, Marie, that is different. Women's whole stock in trade is her beauty—perishable stock, you know, as they say in the law courts—and if she does not keep it on exhibition while it is fresh it will not avail her anything; for it will soon fade and become stale.' And she uttered another heart-broken laugh. It made me sick. My brain began to whirl and I fell back to be out of hearing of such wretched heartless conversation.

"When I retired to my couch one night, I carried with me a sad heart and heavy thoughts. I could not banish from my conscience those living—dead women—living, moving, but dead to joy and to every noble impulse. Can it be possible, I thought, that my little Yaquinola would ever become such as these—would give up her soul-freshness and fragrance for a stale, heartless life like that, should I become rich? I tossed feverishly upon my pillow until late in the night, fervently praying that I might never become rich: when, exhausted, I fell into a half waking sleep.

"Now, Senor lawyer, you are a practical man and will perhaps laugh at what I am going to tell you. You will say in your heart that it was a mere troubled dream, but subsequent events proved it otherwise. In my sleep, if it may be called such, my dear Yaquinola appeared unto me and said she was in great trouble and begged me to give up my efforts to become rich and great, and return to her at once. I awoke with a start and the room was filled with a presence like unto when I sat with her joyously in her little adobe hut in the days of our first love, only there was sorrow there also—not the sorrow of dead ambition, but sorrow mingled with love. I could not make it out at all. Even the old time fragrance of the flowers of the dell and the dim roar of the Yaqui rolling on towards the sea, in some mysterious way, permeated my senses and I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to go to her.

"Next morning I resigned my position, telling Mr. Stanford my story as I told it to you. A momentary gloom came upon the handsome, manly face and tears gathered in the corners of his kindly eyes. I was sorry indeed, oh, so sorry for the poor rich man who had such a great heart—such sterling possibilities for real happiness were it not for his fetters of slavery, even his great riches. He looked at me sorrowfully for a long time and then said:

"'Miguel, you are right. The joy of true love and a simple life far exceeds the happiness of great wealth and power. Go to your sweetheart and take my blessing with you.' I had told him it was my intention to ride the colt he had given me two years before, when he bade me take also a fine thoroughbred for my little Yaquinola. That very same day I drew my scant savings, amounting to about 300 pesos, packed my clothing upon the thoroughbred, and, mounting my saddler, left, as I then believed, the feverish, festering San Francisco forever. I need not dwell upon my homeward journey except to say that the rugged mountain paths and the wild beautiful valleys,

the clear blue sky by day, star-gemmed by night, and the boundless pure atmosphere were like a heavenly vision as compared with what I had left behind. After many days and nights I arrived at the north bank of the mighty Yaqui and looked over into the little dell beyond where I could almost see the hut of my darling. Day by day and night after night, as I journeyed homeward, I felt—yes, felt is the word—her calling to me to hasten homeward, and I knew my little one was suffering some great sorrow. I did not, therefore, look for a ferry or waste time searching for an easy ford, but plunged my horses into the rapid waters and swam them swiftly to the other shore. A moment later I was at the door of the hut and saw her come bounding forth, maturer, it is true, but far more beautiful than ever. But her joy at seeing me safely returned was mingled with a deep sadness, I could plainly see, and when I had fittingly greeted her, I said eagerly, 'What is it that has befallen my little one? Tell me, I beseech you, for I knew you were in trouble and came forthwith.'

"'Ah, Miguel,' she sobbed, 'many days ago a boat came up the river—a small sail boat manned by an evil looking fellow who anchored in the middle of the stream and came ashore in a little skiff. After some haggling he hired my father and brother and two pack burros to carry his outfit up into the Sierra Madre, claiming to be a miner. He insisted on starting in the night time, but I could not understand his reason for wanting to do so, or why, when the burros were laden with his outfit, he brought the boat ashore and burned it. He was indeed a most repulsive man with an ugly looking iron hook strapped to a crippled arm to supply the place of the lost hand; but I could see no reason for his wishing to harm my father and brother and I made no objection to their departure. The man said the journey would take about five days and I was not afraid to remain alone until their return. But they did not return. Two weeks after they had started, the burros returned

with their pack saddles on and it is now more than a month since I bade father and brother adios, and no other tidings have come.'

"Poor little Yaquinola! Her mother had died in her infancy and her father and brother were her only kinsmen. My soul went out to her in her deep sorrow, and I loved her even more than before. We rested the horses one day and then my sweetheart and I, as of yore, rode side by side up into the mountains; not joyously, but upon the solemn, uncertain search for her dear ones. We followed the trail easily and after five days came upon a deserted camp. From the camp a plain trail, as if something heavy had been dragged, led towards a cliff which walled in a deep canon. We followed this trail and near the precipice came upon the dead bodies of the father and brother, both shot through the head. Ah, to witness the grief of my little one was to me a thousand hells. But I must not dwell upon it; for even now it causes me great pain although it was a long, long time ago. We followed the trail to the edge of the cliff and looked down into the canon and there, not twenty feet from the top, hung the body of the murderer. He had probably induced the men to help him drag the bags of gold to the edge of the cliff and then shot them to prevent them from discovering his secret to the world. He must then have rolled the sacks into the canon intending, no doubt, carefully to descend and find a safe place of concealment, and, in his effort to throw the last one over, had evidently lost his balance and fallen to a narrow shelf, breaking his whole arm in the fall. Then, as he rolled or bounced off, caught with his horrid hook and hung. Being unable to draw himself up on account of the broken arm he had hung there and perished slowly as he justly deserved to do. We could see clearly that the free arm was broken as it dangled and swayed in the mountain breeze, and a thousand feet below, we saw the bags lying on the floor of the canon, but supposed they contained only his mining tools, and

made no effort to examine or recover them.

It took us a very long time to scoop out shallow graves with the aid of our knives and such rude tools as we could make from sticks; but we gave the father and son as decent a burial as possible and, leaving the murderer hanging where we found him, turned sorrowfully homeward. As soon as I might justly do so without obtruding upon her sorrow, I told Yaquinola of my failure to accumulate a fortune and recounted to her my experience and observations while living among the rich. In conclusion, Senor lawyer, she became convinced that happiness did not depend upon great riches, and we were quietly married by the priest at Buena-vista, and for many years lived joyously together in our native dell, on the banks of the River Yaqui. Finally sickness came upon my pure hearted Yaquinola and the monster death came to claim her for his own. Just before she died, she called me to her and said:

"My dear Miguel, I am going to leave you. Since you told me of the sin and misery in the great cities, I have never longed to be a fine lady and live as they do in San Francisco. All these years I have been very, very happy in your love; but, Miguel, it is true, nevertheless, that you will some day become a very rich man—at a time and in a manner unexpected, perhaps—but riches will surely come to you. Your experience will be sufficient to teach you how to use it and not to sin on account of it, but I want you to remember my dying prophecy, and when you come into the possession of such wealth, it will help you to overcome any possible temptation to live the wicked life of the great folks you have told me about. I want you to use the entire wealth that you shall receive and devote the remainder of your life to its distribution for the relief of the worthy poor, in order that your soul may come to me pure and white as it was when I left you.'

"Then she smiled sweetly, as was her habit, and quietly expired. The fortune, Senor lawyer, I have no doubt is

in the canon of the Sierra Madre at the foot of the cliff where hung the murderer, near the graves of my poor wife's father and brother. Whose shall it be, Senor lawyer, when I shall go and get it?"

"My dear fellow," said I, sympathetically, for his strange story had touched me deeply, "The apparent connection of your experience with the magazine story is but a dream—an illusion perhaps—at best a coincidence, and your good wife's prophecy was caused, no doubt, by the recurrence of her youthful dream of great riches, when the brain became weakened by approaching death. I would advise you to put it all away from you, work on as you have been doing, and continue to make an honest living until He who is wiser and better than we are or ever can be, in His own good time, shall call you hence to re-unite. let us hope, with your faithful Senorita where all illusions and real troubles give place to genuine happiness."

When I concluded these remarks, the black eyes of my client flashed fire as he drew himself up to his full stature and replied vehemently:

"La diablo! Senor lawyer. I did not ask your opinion upon the probability of finding the gold! That is the affair of Miguel only. Whose will it be. Senor lawyer, when I recover it? That is the point on which I seek your advice."

The look of the man, the almost fierce steady glance of his eye and the tremor that ran over his frame, proclaimed a soul shaking with deep emotion; and I felt that, whether he be philosopher or madman, I could best satisfy him by advising him as to the law of treasure-trove in Old Mexico.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir," I hastened to reply, "I was thinking only of your welfare and thus lost sight of the relationship of attorney and client. The General Statutes of Old Mexico, so far as they touch upon the subject, are as follows:

"Civil Code, Art. 759. Hidden

treasure belongs to the person discovering the same, if found on his own property."

"Art. 760. If the location shall be public property or belongs to a particular person other than the discoverer, then the treasure shall be equally divided between the owner of the property and the discoverer."

"Art. 762. In order that the one who discovers treasure on the land of another, may enjoy the right declared, it is necessary that the discovery shall be accidental."

"You will observe that these provisions, when considered together give to the finder of hidden treasure on land other than his own, one half, if the finding be accidental. But, if he seek treasure and find it on another's land, or on public land, he would have no right to enjoy any part of it. It is my opinion that, if your story be true and the objects which you say are at the bottom of the canon are really treasure hidden or thrown there by the miscreant, it was discovered by you accidentally, although you did not know its character or claim it at the time. It would follow, therefore, that you have but to go to the place and take what you long ago accidentally discovered and divide it with the Mexican Republic or the owner of the land as the case may be."

With a bow of deep satisfaction my client waved his hand toward the check in token of its final transfer to me, and turned to go.

"Here, my good fellow," I said, thrusting the check into his hand, "you will need this if you mean to go after the treasure."

"Gracioso, Senor, how can I pay you for the advice?"

"Send me a small sum of the treasure when you recover it." I replied gravely, "Until then I can wait."

Genuine gratitude beamed forth in his countenance as he bowed profoundly, bowed again, and kept bowing as he backed out of the office.

A Voiceless Persuader

BY MAUDE MEREDITH

JUDGE CARRINGTON accepted the invitation to the press banquet.

There were reasons why he wanted to attend. The new fellow from Denver, the man who had brought out the Arrow, appeared to be a pretty aggressive kind, and, he, Judge Carrington, had always claimed that the bar and the press should work together, and—well, it might be as well to know the new man personally.

He attended the banquet and managed to get a seat next to him. Surreptitiously he looked him over. "Six feet of unsuspecting good nature, covered with a comfortable coat of fat, Huh!" the judge commented to himself. Then he opened up a conventional, slightly condescending conversation with him. "Mild, mild," he further commented, and when John Newman's merry laugh rang out at some witty sally, he said again. "Big, good natured kid, that's all, Poh! I had my worry all for nothing." But his mind went back to that daring headline that the Arrow flung out on its first issue under the new management, "We Will Print the Truth Concern Whom It May." "Clearly a bluff," Judge Carrington further commented, mentally. "Some bluff he read or picked up out there in the wilds of Denver. But he's got no sand, not an ounce. Oh, I'll make a mule of him to fetch and carry like the rest of them before he has been here a month."

Immediately the judge laid off his mantle of "patronage" and with great delicacy began to warm up to the new editor.

John Newman went home that night with the idea that Judge Carrington was one of the finest and best men living.

A month had gone by, meetings had been frequent, the impression had deepened, and the entire town was not slow to know it. "Look out," said one of the newspaper boys, "there are some pretty tough things said of the judge.

But he stands in with the boys. He's a good mixer."

John Newman was mildly surprised but he was not hunting scandals, so he asked no questions. Judge Carrington had just gone out to Puget Sound for a month's absence. The judge's home was in a pretty little town about fifty miles from Kansas City, but he of course was obliged to be in the city often. In fact lived there a part of his time. Had a suite of rooms at the Navarero Flats, it was understood.

Kansas City was in the height of its wild boom and things were doing in those days, and the publisher of a live paper had no time to recall a day passed. Each day was packed full, and bulged over with excitement enough of its own. A month had passed, two months. The editor deep in the whirl had not noted time. He was very busy bending over his desk, a galley of revised proof before him.

"A lady to see you sir," said the office boy, and dodged back to the outer office as the lady brushed in. John Newman looked up, his pencil on the galley to retain his place.

The lady bowed ceremoniously. She was tall, large, commanding and most expensively dressed. She loosened her sealskin coat and great diamonds flashed, big as huge chunks of ice, brilliant as concentrated fire. She drew off a glove and her hand scintillated. In that small back office, lit by an electric jet over the editor's desk, it was as though a jeweler's window had suddenly been poured out there. "You are Mr. Newman?" she was saying with great dignity. The editor assented.

From a gold beaded purse she drew out a headline clipped from the Arrow. "This, I believe, sir, is the announcement you have made to the world?" She was very concise and austere now, and her mouth was firmly set.

"Yes, that is our announcement."



"She was tall, large, commanding and most expensively dressed."

"Our," the eyebrows were lifted incredulously.

"Well, mine then, my announcement."

"I thought as much," and the firmness of the mouth gave way to a slight sneer.

"You belong to the circle of Judge Carrington's admirers, so I'm told. I myself am Mrs. Carrington," handing him her card, "but I suppose the announcement you make so prominent is not wholly a bluff," with a slight accent on the word wholly.

The commanding length of "unsuspecting good nature" arose to its feet, and there shot a look that meant business out of the boyish, heretofore smiling face.

"What can I do for you, madam," Newman said in words, but the tone meant "You will explain your business, madam, and get out of here immediately."

Mrs. Carrington had not been a truckling schemer all her life for noth-

ing. She had not "roped" the rich judge against his will and lived luxuriously all these years on his small earnings, for nothing. She knew how to handle men, so she drew the claws back of the velvet. It is the wise cat that always knows just when to purr.

"I—I—am in trouble," she said, dropping into the chair Newman had indicated. "I am all alone in the world. I have no one to help me. My heart is just broken. When I saw that brave, grand announcement of yours I said to myself, here, at last, is a man who will assail evil, will uphold the right, who is brave enough to expose sin in high places; he will take up my cause—not for me, you understand, but for the sake of justice, and I can trust my troubles to him."

Yes, the judge was right, the "six feet of innocent good nature" was at the fore again, aided and abetted by that strong southern sense of chivalry that springs so quickly to aid a woman in distress.

"What can I do for you—in the cause of justice?" Newman asked, dropping back in his chair.

"You can relieve me of a long bitterness; you can save my husband from ruin; and you can mete out justice to a low designing adventuress," she said, and having gained her point she went on nervously drawing several letters from her purse. "Judge Carrington has been in Puget Sound. I was writing him there, with my return address on the envelope. It seems that he was called unexpectedly to Seattle. One of my letters and three others, almost identical in appearance, reached Puget Sound after he left. I telegraphed to have his letters remailed to me. Here they are. This, dated Sunset Prairie is mine. These three are from Kansas City." Mrs. Carrington spread out the four sheets of note paper on the editor's desk. One was addressed, "My Dear Husband," and contained nothing but mild bits of gossip from Sunset Prairie, a few domestic matters, and was signed simply, "Your wife, Julia."

The other sheets, identical in size and color were written closely and again recrossed, filled with protestations of affection, gay little sallies of wit and references to private matters. All were addressed to "My Own Darling Precious Boy and Husband," and after a heartrending account in one of them of "Cutie" the poodle, losing a tooth, it was signed, "I am now and always your own true, loving and obedient and affectionate wife, May."

When Newman had finished the letters he looked up. The judge's wife bent over him, her face flushed and eyes ablaze, "Well?" she said sharply. "And this woman who signs herself his wife claims to hold a marriage certificate—a false one of course—and lives—actually is brazen enough to live at the Navarero Flats, as Judge Carrington's wife."

"This would be good stuff—for his enemies," Newman said, the news instinct flashing uppermost. "Have you any other proof?"

"I have given you sufficient proof already," the lady said, straightening

up with great dignity. "Go look up the proof at the Navarero Flats. You can find it there."

"And you," said Newman, "I have never met you before."

The woman had come prepared. She produced a marriage certificate dated some twenty-five years back, packages of letters addressed to her from Judge Carrington at scattering dates for that length of time, and drawing out her watch, sprung the case and showed the engraving "Julia Carrington, from her Husband."

John Newman fingered the letters slowly, slipping them back in the envelopes. Here was blackness in high places. He had sworn to make war on all such. He had heard rumors of crookedness in Judge Carrington's official record, but had never been given any proof. This seemed to be a clear case and good heavens, what a stir it would make! It would be the making of the Arrow. Instantly his editorial ardor was on fire. A "good story" is worth more to the real editor than a bank of advertising patronage, and here was the good story laid down ready to his hand.

"Will you leave these letters with me for a few days, madam?" he asked. Again she was ready.

"No," she said, with a shake of the head. "I know Judge Carrington too well; he would pay a price to buy that little package, but here are copies of them. I had them certified. You can compare them and keep the copies, if you intend to print them."

"I would hold the originals for twenty-four hours," he said, until I can look up the evidence, but I will not handle copies."

Mrs. Carrington reached out her jeweled hand, took up the date line and again spread it out smoothly on the desk before him, reluctantly replacing the letters.

"You are a man, I know, with the courage of your convictions," a sharp accent on the word, "courage," "and a gentleman." I have trusted my ease to your hands. I know you will see that justice is done."

Then instantly her manner changed,

she drew on her glove and with her grand dame society air, and the superior stereotyped smile of the judge's wife, bowed herself out of the office.

For a moment or two Newman sat staring at the letters that the judge's wife had spread before him. then he touched the buzzer at his elbow. To the office boy he handed the uncorrected galleys.

"Give these to Benson and tell Brown to come here," he said.

Brown was the city editor, and the man who attended largely to all sensational reports. To him Newman gave a detailed account of the visit of Mrs. Carrington showing the letters.

"Good stuff, good stuff," said Brown, with his bustling, decisive air, "worth a sale of 50,000 copies, and no end of notoriety. I'll go right to the flats and verify this. Good stuff, mighty good stuff."

Brown was in his overcoat and out in a minute, and Newman crushed up the date line in his hand and tossed it in the waste basket. "I take it—there will be something doing," he mused, "the judge, I understand, is due on the 4:30 train."

When Brown bustled into the office an hour later Newman asked, "How did you find it?"

"Oh, it's all there, woman brazen as a weather vane: brought out her certificate—sure, she's got one. dated five years back. and dared us to say a word about Judge Carrington. Huh. you'd suppose that he was the Czar of all the Russias! Bold's no name for it. Living in grand style, Oh, it's rank. It's rich stuff and I swear it's justice to print it."

Judge Carrington on arriving in Kansas City, took a cab immediately for his apartments in the Navarro Flats. He had enjoyed a fine dinner on the diner with plenty of wine, and then had gone into the hands of the barber. Now he was fresh and dustless, and his eyes sparkled with an unusual fire. Judge Carrington was always thus punctilious regarding his appearance before presenting himself at his apartments. No one but himself knew that the old war horse was be-

ginning to lag; that his knees bit him viciously when he arose from his chair; that a "criek" had settled at his back, and that his hair and moustache required constant touching up at the hands of the barber. There was a buxom masseuse who could have told of hours spent in rubbing out encroaching crow tracks and wrinkles.

As he let himself into his apartments he brightened and took on an air of playful youth. A young woman met him outwardly with great cordiality and impressiveness. But again for the thousandth time Carrington caught a look, hidden far back, and asked himself, "Does she, or doesn't she know about Julia?"

There had been a violent infatuation on his part for this young woman, at that time his court stenographer. He had tried all his arts and blandishments to win her, had found her somewhat coy, and had been forced, at last, to offer marriage. He had expected here to be confronted with her knowledge that he was a married man, but if she knew this she had given no sign, but had made matters very easy for him by saying, "Bring a justice up to my rooms, and then you can make me your 'ducky darling' sure enough." He had brought a henchman, not a justice. That was five years ago and he was still in ignorance of what she did or did not know.

Today she met him as usual, with smiles and an abundance of blandishments. It seemed to the old judge that he had never in all his life enjoyed such an exquisite homecoming.

Just before retiring she gave him quite an accumulation of bills for which he signed checks, and then coaxingly asked for a "wee little five hundred for pretty fixins and a new rug." He filled out a check, kissed the dimple in her chin and retired.

He was on the street the next morning when he heard the newsboys crying, "All about the Carrington scandal," and his fiery-old heart stood still. He bought a copy of the Arrow, opened it and there in all its sickening reality stood the whole story. A picture of himself from a recent photograph, a

sketch of his wife, not a bad likeness either, and a picture of the woman and parlor at the flats. For one horrible moment the earth lifted and the heavens turned black. The wild rage of a caged lion prodded with white hot irons seethed in his veins. He tore the paper to atoms in his hands and glared furiously about him.

While the judge was reputed to be brave the story was about town that Newman had never met a man who could scare him, and while he never carried a pistol the general public thought he was a walking arsenal. Without the manhood to meet the editor on even ground Judge Carrington decided to get out of town as soon as he could and went at once to the union depot and took a train for Sunset Prairie. On the cars he pondered how to get even; how to inveigle the editor where he could get an advantage of him, or humiliate him by putting him in jail. As the judge had a keen legal mind his plan was soon formed. In his home town there were plenty of men under obligations to him on whom he could depend to carry out his plan. He would get one of his henchmen to swear out a warrant for Newman on some trivial charge, bring him to Sunset Prairie, and once he was in town he could depend on one of the many justices of the peace to handle the editor right and keep him in jail. If he could not keep him in jail he would at last get him in town and occasion would offer when he could get a shot at the editor without giving Newman a chance to defend himself. The judge was astute and decided that it would be better to let the matter rest for a while without taking a step.

The publication created much talk in legal circles. Senator Lyman, who had been brought up with Judge Carrington, and was a friend of the family, told members of the bar that it was all true, but he doubted the judgment of Newman in publishing it. The mails brought letters to Newman from many of the counties where the judge held court, congratulating him on the exposure, some saying it was not news,

but it was the first time an editor had dared to put it in print.

Monday morning, four weeks after the publication, a typical Missourian was ushered into the private office of the editor. He asked Newman's name which was readily given. The man, who was Constable Botkin, then took from his pocket a warrant and passed it to the editor. It was a charge of publishing a libelous paper and libeling Mike Nagle of Sunset Prairie. It happened that the Sunset Prairie cor-



"Today she met him as usual with smiles."

respondent had at one time mentioned Nagle's name in the Arrow as having "cracked his head on a bottle." As Nagle was a gutter drunkard it hit home. Newman read the warrant, looked up the item referred to, and while he could see nothing libelous in it, he knew that the constable was simply doing his duty. He showed the constable over the plant, and with his attorney, Newman and the constable started for Sunset Prairie. There was no inclination on the part of the constable to be officious, nor on the part of Newman to avoid responsibility.

Arriving at the justice's office Newman's attorney demanded an im-

mediate trial. The charges in the complaint were so irregular that no justice could hold the editor on a hearing. Before a charge of criminal libel can stand in a justice court it must have the approval of the prosecuting attorney. In that county, where Judge Carrington was a political power, every justice, in fact every county officer was of his making. The complaint was so flagrant that it was dismissed, but before Newman could get out of the room, two other charges were trumped up. This gave Newman's lawyer a chance for continuance which was granted. Two weeks hence was set for a trial. The matter had become noised around and one bright morning as Newman and his attorney stepped from the train at Sunset Prairie and wended their way to the justice's court, they were observed of a gaping lot of countrymen who came to town to see the man who had dared to print facts about Carrington. The justice's court was not large enough to accommodate the crowd, so the hearing was adjourned to a public hall. In the new cases two more stool pigeons had been used, the exposure of Judge Carrington not coming to the surface at all.

The case was tried. The jury retired and in ten minutes returned to their chairs and rendered the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John Newman, not guilty of libel as charged."

On the first visit of Newman to the town he had been obliged to give bond for a final hearing. He was a stranger and it required a land owner to qualify as a bondsman. A local attorney was employed and on the depositing by Newman of \$500 in a bank, Judge Hanley signed the bond. In the audience at the trial of Newman in the public hall, there was a man of wealth from Kansas City. His name was Colonel C. B. Copple. He had heard of Newman and admired his courage, though the two had never met. Colonel Copple owned a fine stock farm in the county in which Sunset Prairie was located, and was known to every man in the county. When the jury return-

ed the verdict, Colonel Copple congratulated Newman and said:

"It looks to me as though there was an inclination not to treat you entirely fair here. I must go to my farm very soon, but will be around the stores for half an hour. If there is any further trouble and you should want a bondsman, call on me, for I love to see fair play, especially where a man has the courage to tell the truth as he finds it."

Newman and his attorney were walking out of the improvised court room immediately after the case was settled, when Constable Botkin walked up to them and served four more warrants. Like the others, they were trumped up, but they were warrants and had to be met. Remembering what Colonel Copple had said about bond, a messenger was dispatched to the store with a request for the colonel to come down to the court room. Colonel Copple was just stepping into his buckboard to go to the farm, but instead, he drove to the hall. As he entered the door, he said:

"Well, boys, I thought you were not giving this stranger a fair show and now I know it. Go ahead with your warrants and I will sit here all night and sign bonds. My farm in this county is worth \$50,000 and I am good for as much more. While I know little of this man, he appears like a gentleman, and I shall see that he has all the bond he needs."

Whereupon the clerk began to fill out four bonds for \$400 each. This took a little time.

Just as Colonel Copple had affixed his signature to the last bond, there appeared at the doorway a tall man, fully six feet four. He was greeted by Constable Botkin with "Hello, Ed Beemer, what are you doing here?"

Beemer went up to Botkin, spoke in a low voice and then, marching up to Newman, pulled out another warrant and read it to the surprised editor.

Beemer lived at the next town, in another county and Judge Carrington presided over the court of that county. Beemer was a railroad detective and often acted as constable. He had a warrant charging Newman with libel

in the town of Leeds. Like all the others it was on the face of it a trumped up charge. Beemer could take no bond and there was nothing to do but for Newman and his attorney to go to Leeds and give bond.

As Colonel Copple had gone on the bond of Newman in Sunset Prairie, the money deposited to secure Judge Carrington for the first bond was released. It was necessary for Mr. Canfield to go with Newman to the bank to release the money. Detective Beemer having been assured by Constable Botkin that Newman was on the square and would be at the train if he said so, Beemer and Botkin, as brother officers, went around the corner to replenish the inner man.

The hand of Judge Carrington was seen in all these trumped up charges. It was evident that he thought, as Newman was a stranger in the town if four complaints were filed, his Justice Cain would make the bond so large for all of them that Newman could not give them and would be forced to sleep in the miserable old lockup, which was called the calaboose. If he could only humiliate Newman that would be something. During the hearing of the case Judge Carrington had hid in an adjoining room and listened to all that went on. The verdict was a stunner but he had prepared for it, and felt sure that with the four charges Newman was sure to go to jail. He had not counted on Colonel Copple. On the surface Judge Carrington had nothing to do with the cases.

Newman and Judge Lyman started out of the improvised court room for the bank to release Newman's money. He felt that he would need it in the next town where Judge Carrington had evidently hired another stool pigeon to swear out at least one warrant and nobody knew how many more might be waiting. Judge Lyman and Newman went to the Sunset Prairie Savings Bank. No one was there except the bank employes. Judge Lyman gave the cashier an order to release the \$500. The cashier took up a hand full of bills and was counting them out. Newman leaned his left elbow on the

little ledge outside the cashier's window as the money was being counted. He had in his hand a walking stick which had been given him by a St. Louis admirer. It was a peculiar cane. In the round top was a bit of lead, and the body of the cane was wood entwined by a platting of fish lines. The door of the bank opened. Judge Carrington stepped quickly over the threshold, whipped from his overcoat pocket a thirty-eight caliber revolver and without a word of warning, aimed it at Newman and fired. Newman was under arrest to go to another county, was unarmed and the assassin like assault was totally unexpected. The door leading to the president's private office was opened just behind Newman. He whirled through it, and as he did so the judge fired a second shot as Newman closed the door. Both shots had gone wide of the intended mark. In an instant there was a roar of excitement outside. One of Judge Carrington's court officials rushed up hurriedly, arresting him and pushed him toward the door. Newman reappeared at the open door, calmly but with his face white with rage. "Who was that coward who shot at me?" he demanded. "I am unarmed, but if the d—d assassin will throw his gun away and step outside I will thrash the life out of him."

"That," said the cashier, "is Judge Carrington. They have just arrested him," and so excited was he that the bills fluttered in his shaking hands.

The first bullet of Judge Carrington's gun had struck the cane which Newman carried in his hand, glanced through the little wicker at which the cashier pays out money, and plowed itself right under the pile of bills that he was counting and lodged in the side of the wall. The second bullet had gone through the door. Judge Carrington's henchman blocked the door as the sheriff rushed the judge away.

Instantly the air was filled with shouts and confusion. Men and boys sprang seemingly out of the very ground, boys yelled "Fire" and "Murder" and screeching children added to the din.

"Him! He! Shot your prisoner, he's dead! Judge Carrington did!" yelled the crowd as Constable Beemer rushed up.

"Him!" shouted Beemer, pointing to Judge Carrington, now being rushed down the street by a crowd of his men. "The old son of a sea cook!" he yelled, "killed my prisoner? I'm here in the majesty of the law to bring in my prisoner dead or alive. Le'me pass; where is he?"

"Where's the man he shot," shouted the crowd and surged and pushed toward the door. The constable broke away through them, and crowded into the bank.

Newman turned to the cashier's window and held out his hand for his bills. "Never hit ye at all?" yelled the crowd.

"Are ye hurt?" asked the constable breathlessly pushing the crowd aside.

"Don't see any daylight through me do you?" Newman asked with a laugh, and instantly the strain of the excitement was broken and the crowd laughed and cheered heartily. The attorney met them outside and they hurried down and boarded the train.

At Sunset Prairie Mrs. Carrington in satins and diamonds was entertaining the Social Purity Club with an essay on "Emerson's Conception of the Higher Life."

Newman's attorney was going to Leeds with him, but had not seen the bank episode. The train had not yet pulled out of Sunset Prairie before Judge Carrington, having given bond, was at the telegraph office, and the wires were burning.

To his henchmen and parasites at Leeds he wired that Newman had just attempted to assassinate him in the open street; that the town was wild over the shooting and that Newman had been run into a train and was being taken to jail at Leeds to prevent a lynching. He further ordered his parasites out to spread the report, to gather a mob and to lynch Newman when the train drew in.

"He has been disarmed, don't be afraid of him," he wired, "give him h—." The mob was on hand when the train pulled into Leeds but when the

constable stepped off the train, big bluff, fiery tempered Ed Beemer, followed by three comfortable looking gentlemen, the fellows slunk back and let them pass.

"Why didn't you hit him," growled one leader to another.

"Oh, h—, big Ed's got a whole arsenal, 'spose I want to be made into a sieve?"

And so, from one to another, under breath word ran along. What was the use, after all of risking one's life for the sake of a few of the judge's ten dollar bills.

The justice was one of the judge's making. He insisted on a bond of one thousand dollars though the charge was only a misdemeanor and three hundred dollars was considered a big bond. Only that afternoon the justice had taken a bond in a capital offense case for seven hundred fifty dollars, but he had been plugged by the judge's heelers and stuck to the big bond. This was given. As it was being signed there were signs of getting out more warrants. The mutterings of the mob had brought the village police to the hearing. Newman and his attorney had profited by the flood of warrants in Sunset Prairie and they started for a livery stable to get a team to drive out in the country. The police shamed the mob into peace. Newman told the driver he would go to Ayerville and there take a train for Kansas City. After the team was started Newman asked the driver if Ayerville was not in the same county as Leeds. He said "yes." "Then," said Newman, "drive to Wheeler which is not in this county."

To Wheeler they went. At that station which was back towards Sunset Prairie instead of Kansas City, a local freight train from Sunset Prairie was due, going to Kansas City and it there met a passenger train from Kansas City which was going out through Sunset Prairie. It was a question whether or not to take the slow local freight, or to take the passenger, go to Sunset Prairie, sleep till early morning and get the first express for Kansas City. Newman, knowing the uncertainty of the freights decided to take

the passenger back. As the conductor came through to get the fares, he recognized the Newman party, for the shooting had gotten in the Kansas City papers and was the talk of the towns along the road. The conductor volunteered the information that on the local freight which he had just passed at Wheeler, was Judge Carrington, in a highly intoxicated condition, with ten henchmen on their way to Leeds, to finish up the job which Judge Carrington said he had begun at Sunset Prairie. This was the freight which Newman and his attorney decided not to take.

"Let us buy lottery tickets! Hike us to the policy joint! Let's play poker! Anything, anything. Say, give us your combination. Anyone who can have the luck you have had this day ought not to let it pass without a gamble on it," remarked the attorney. "Look here, there's sure luck in the air. I've hit on the lucky gamble. That old satan is sure to lay for you yet. I'll get you a gun on this for luck."

When they reached Kansas City he said, "Come in here. I always bet on that kind of a tip," and pulled Newman into a hardware store.

The attorney was of the plains and knew guns. When he handed one, loaded, to Newman he said, "Don't flirt none with that trigger, old man, not if anybody's around. It's liable to have something doin'."

Newman put the gun, a murderous looking affair, into his pocket, with a laugh.

It was morning now and the store was opening up noisily. Forgetting his long fast and fatigue of the night, Newman hurried toward his office.

The office of the Arrow was on a corner and in his haste Newman had cut across streets by the shortest way. As he came down the side street he saw Judge Carrington at the head of a crowd of men, passing up the main street before him. They stopped while the judge gesticulated wildly, then it looked from his distance that they went into his office. He came down swiftly, quietly, the revolver in his hand.

Fate plays us all some unexpected cards at odd times.

At the door Judge Carrington had said, "Go in and chase the damned rat out of his hole. Don't touch him, chase him out, c-h-a-s-e him o-u-t to me, I'll rid the earth of the vile vermin."

The ten had rushed into the office yelling. The judge stood back, a revolver in each hand, every nerve tense, his eyes aflame. He was watching to see an unarmed man driven, coatless and hatless, from his desk.

And then a cold steel touched him square under the ear and a voice yelled, "Hands up." Before he felt the steel, even, he knew the voice. For one flash of an instant he hesitated, then two shaking hands went above his head, a revolver cocked, in each.

"Forward! March!" commanded Newman's voice. "Quick! Quick!" came the command. Carrington had heard the call "double quick" when he wore the gray, years before. He obeyed. Down through the very heart of the city for six interminable blocks they marched. No man stopped them, no officer interfered, if indeed any saw them. At last Newman sighted a policeman. "Halt!" he yelled.

The judge halted with military precision.

"Here officer, unarm this man and arrest him."

The officer took the two guns from the shaking hands and led his prisoner away.

It was a tame affair, a little later in the police court, after all. A judge of the circuit court bound over to keep the peace and ordered to keep out of the city for a period of one year.

Not a paper in Missouri mentioned the episode.

A month later an apartment was vacant in the Navareroo Flats.

When Judge Carrington reached Sunset Prairie he gave his "first" wife an extra large check for her regular monthly allowance. She took it with suave thanks. And again Judge Carrington wondered if "Julia" had ever heard of "May."

He is still wondering.

Roy Farrell Greene

BY WALTER D. HUTCHINSON

ROY FARRELL GREENE, the southern Kansas poet, humorous writer, newspaper man and a member of the American Press Humorists Association, died January 30, 1909, at his country home south of Arkansas City. He was born in Three Rivers, Michigan, in 1873, and came to Kansas with his parents when but a small boy. They settled on one of Kansas's most fertile farms near Hackney, situated now on the main line of the Santa Fe to the gulf, about six miles north of Arkansas City. Roy Greene attended his first school at Arkansas City, then a town of only a few hundred population. He was graduated from one of the first classes of the high school at that city.

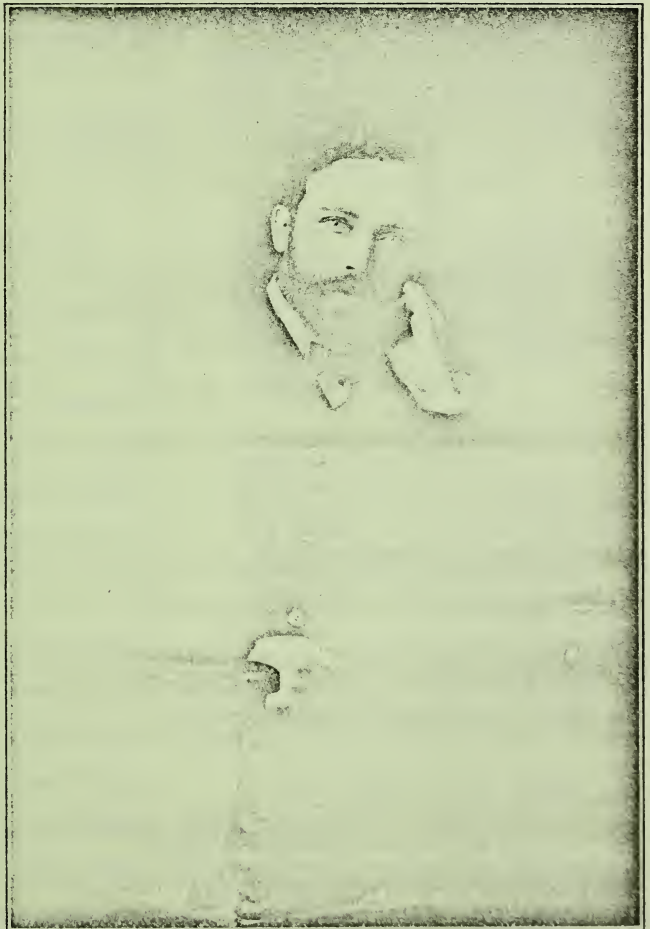
He was blessed with a good memory and love for the beautiful. Writing poetry came naturally to him. Early in youth he attracted attention by writing clever verse. In the early days of Kansas, Roy Greene was dubbed by his friends on the plains as the "Poet Lair-at" and the "Prairie Poet." He was fond of outdoor life and often rode on the range. He was of a kindly and generous disposition and was always loved by his numerous acquaintances far and near.

At the time of his death he was employed as city editor of a daily paper in Arkansas City. He bore a wide acquaintance among newspaper men and journalists.

Several years ago he took up the study of Christian Science and found

much comfort in Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy's book, "Science and Health." He kept this faith until his death.

In 1903 he published in Boston a book of his own poems. This book is entitled "Cupid Is King." It was in demand at once and sold readily. The poems of this little volume are pure



Roy Farrell Greene.

and refreshing: full of real life and beauty. In the author's death the nation loses a valuable literary man.

Aside from his many poems, Mr. Greene was the writer of many inter-

esting newspaper stories which have at different times in recent years been published in many of the leading papers. Among the various publications which have frequently used his poems are, Puck, Judge, Truth, Brooklyn Life, New York Journal, Detroit Free Press, Munsey's, Smart Set and the Youth's Companion.

Mr. Greene's death was untimely. He was a genius, a good citizen, a good husband and neighbor. He was loved by his multitude of acquaintances and in his death a flourishing career has ended. The splendid sentiment aroused by his beautiful thoughts expressed in both prose and poetry will live on forever.

The following verses are extracts from Mr. Greene's book of poems, "Cupid Is King:"

MY LADY'S VALENTINE.

The over burdened postman on his early morning rounds,
The uniformed abettor of Dan Cupid with his wounds,
This morning brought a package which my lady fair untied,
And marveled at the beauty of the silken gift inside.
It bore a tender message of love, devoted true.
It had a dainty tassel and a fringe as dainty, too,
And yet my lady would not trade for all this tinsel show
The valentine a boyish lover sent her years ago.

My lady's blessed with riches, with position, and with fame,
The world of art and letters is familiar with her name;
Her votaries are legion, and they all contrive to pay
Their debts of deep devotion on Dan Cupid's holiday.
And yet when all are counted, little offerings of the heart,
My lady fair grows pensive and steals awhile apart
To kiss again the message from a heart that loved her so—
The valentine her boyish lover sent her years ago.

A HOLIDAY FANCY.

I called last night and Laura sang a song I hailed with glee,
With tenderness her sweet voice sang, "Then you'll remember me."
But it's so near to Christmas day, a hint it seemed to be,

And this what Laura meant to say: "Then Yule remember me."

A LITERARY CRITIC.

I smiled the while I felt the blushes mount
My cheeks as Mrs. Malaprop discoursed
On literature. "Now there's Dubois's 'Court Of Monte Carlo,' ah, his style is forced.
My husband reads aloud to me you know,
He says good books are such a priceless boon.

We've just commenced one—I enjoy it so—
It's just too lovely—Blackstone's 'Bonny Doon.'"

TOO BUSY.

When Cupid came that weary day
And begged that I with him go wooing,
I paused just long enough to say:
"Fie, Love's a busy man's undoing."
I dreamed that night a dream of you,
And at my door young Love came tapping,
Though captured neat I spoke him true:
"By Jove, but, Cupe, you caught me napping."

THE MINUET.

1780.

Tripped they light the Minuet
Hearts eumeshed in Cupid's net,
Maiden fair and gallant beau,
On the New Year long ago.
Rich brocade and rarest lace
Grandma wore when Lafayette
Danced with her in courtly grace
Long ago the Minuet.

1850.

Grandma's gone, but Juliette
Joins me in the Minuet,
Same old laces, same old gown,
Through the years are handed down,
And tonight my sweetheart wears
E'en the glance my heart to fret.
As did Grandma on New Year's
When she danced with Lafayette.

The following poem was Mr. Greene's last effort. This little verse he had printed on a neat card and sent them out to many of his friends. This verse teaches a beautiful lesson:

MY CHRISTMAS WISH.

My Christmas wish I send in lieu
Of flimsy bauble, red or blue.
Shop windows tempting I've withstood,
And passed them by with hardihood,
Though "please sir buy," they seemed to sue.
But never gay trimmed window knew
The what I sought—a something true
And frank. You've guessed? I thought you would,

My Christmas wish.
Believe me 'tis sincere, and could
I speak instead of write you should
Well know I'm asking but your due—
That One shall bring who keepeth you
In perfect harmony with Good—
My Christmas wish.



Uncle Joe's Courtship

BY COL. S. E. FINK

THE STORY of how Uncle Joe Cannon got his wife is full of interest. Molly Reed was born at Canfield, Ohio, the seat of Mahoning Academy, where she was a school girl and where later she became the devoted wife of Speaker Cannon. The charms of this young woman who was the flower of that, then western settlement, and her marriage to the young lawyer from the prairies is held in vivid memory in northeastern Ohio.

This section of country produced some strong men. "Yankeedom" was the center and heart of Western abolitionism, the route of the underground railroad. In the days of the Revolution the British burned the towns, villages, and homes of the people, and when the states ceded to the general government their lands, Connecticut reserved this tract to reimburse its people for their fire losses, and this Connecticut Western Reserve became the Firelands of Ohio. The Connecticut Yankees immigrated to these lands and brought their abolitionism with them, and Yankeedom grew in northeastern Ohio.

Yankeedom produced some mighty and famous men. Three presidents of the republic, Hayes, Garfield and McKinley. Senators Ben Wade and Mark Hanna, Joshua R. Giddings, John D. Rockefeller, the oil king, General Chaffee, the son of a lawyer, William Dean Howells, the author, George Kennan, the Siberian traveler. W. H. Powell, the painter, Chief Justice Waite, Justice Day of the United States supreme court. Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby.

Oberlin College was a union depot on the underground railroad and the first to receive into its classes male and female, black and white alike. The professors when the fugitive slave law made hounds of men, refused to "sic," and became the Wellington Rescuers and for their part spent months in the Cleveland jail.

It was in the early sixties while these stirring events were being enacted and the older of these mighty men were on the stage, that Molly Reed was a school girl in the Mahoning Academy at Canfield on the southern border of the Firelands, ten miles south of where McKinley first saw the light of life and seven miles west of where he spent his schoolboy days and put on the blue of a soldier.

Canfield was then a beautiful little city "set on a hill," with broad streets, thickly set with trees, the home of a cultivated, intelligent people; an ideal school town. Molly Reed was a beautiful, bright, rosy-cheeked, cherry-lipped, happy girl. She had many admirers. They came and they went with Molly's smiles and her frowns. Her beauty and her winsomeness made her the master and her pathway was strewn with many "broken hearts."

In the summer of the great campaign while the black clouds of dire disaster hung low over the nation. Molly went to the then far away prairies of Illinois to visit relatives. Uncle Joe Cannon, then a boy lawyer, made her acquaintance as soon as she arrived and her beauty and smiles, her sweetness and gentleness fascinated him. His manly bearing soon won Molly's heart and the entangling meshes of love entwined and bound them forever. Their plighted faith awaited only the consummation which time has consecrated and made holy.

After a delightful visit "out west" Molly returned to her Yankee home to await the coming of her Joe in the springtime. One by one her companions, learned, in confidence, of her betrothal, until finally it became the village story that Molly had been won by another and was lost to all the anxious young swains of her home town.

The delightful day was fixed and the day of the coming of her beloved was as widely known as that of her be-



trothal. But when the day arrived Joe did not come. It was before the days of railroads and telegraphs for Canfield, and news from afar crept slowly. Some Pennsylvania Dutch were living there among the Yankees, and one of these in sympathy and wonder said, "Molly, vat you dink, he cum sthill?" With candor and frankness she answered, "I still entertain a hope," speaking

after the manner of her church, for Molly was a Methodist.

Soon it became known that Joe was making his first political campaign as a candidate for district attorney, and times were too strenuous for him to keep too many important engagements at once. When the campaign was over, however, he came to Canfield and carried away his handsome young bride.

Contempt of Court

BY MACK CRETCHER

EVERYBODY knew that Jake Osgood was a square man. He had that reputation in every cow camp on the Divide. More than that, he had profound respect for the law, even if his ideas were a trifle peculiar. It was really no fault of Jake's that he found himself in contempt of court. It all came about through a girl, and Jake's queer idea of justice. His intentions were honorable but in this particular case his methods were a trifle too abrupt.

The round-up had just been completed and Jake was in town with the rest of the K Bar T hands, holding a bunch of beef stuff until cars arrived to load out. It was his first trip to town for many weary months. The glittering things rather dazzled him. Especially was this true of the girl at the Triangle Hotel. She was not beautiful, but to Jake's untutored eyes she was resplendent.

"I tell you coyotes her voice is as soft as camp butter in August," he roared at the bunch of cowpunchers, for they soon began to notice that Jake's hair was pasted down a little flatter and his red kerchief adjusted with more care at meal time, and they were poking raw fun at him. They also noticed the satisfied smile that spread over Jake's rugged, raw-boned face as he answered the Triangle girl's query: "Tea or coffee, Mr. Osgood?"

"Jake's locoed, all right," said Shorty Flinn. "Have to see the boss about a new foreman for K Bar T as soon as we get back to the ranch. 'Mr. Osgood' acts to me like a man who might resign any minute."

"If she'd happen to break one of them hairs of hers she'd shore bleed to death," commented Sam West, "Sunset Sam" they called him out at K Bar T.

"Aw, what's the matter with you Sam; her hair ain't red, it's auburn," broke in Shorty. "I'll leave it to 'Mr. Osgood.'"

Thus appealed to, Jake shoved his hands down in his pockets a little deeper, rolled the quid of tobacco from left cheek to right, and replied: "You fellows go straight to h—."

The admonition was as strong as he felt justified in making it at that particular time, because his big heart was really tender. He stood the chaff usually with the indifference of a Brule Sioux. But a chance thrust from Sunset went under the tough skin, the sly wink was passed around and the circus commenced.

"Poor place though, for a nice girl like that," Sunset was saying. "Liable to be insulted any minute by one of them long horns from the East."

Jake had ceased to lean against the stockyards chute and was standing erect, gazing out where the snowcaps

of the Shoshone range were showing white and silent.

"Shore thing," assented Shorty, while the gang drew closer in. "Notice how her face colored up when that tenderfoot that wears the stovepipe hat left that piece of money in his napkin today? It's a plum shame for a gal to be insulted that away."

"Did he do a thing like that?"

"Sure."

"What for?"

"Darned if I understand it. Just to be insultin' I reckon. May be he had more money'n he knew what to do with," said Shorty.

"Did she keep the coin?" innocently inquired Sunset.

"Course. Nothin' else to do without causin' a big flare up before the whole crowd and exposin' the skunk, and that would have been mighty embarrassin'. Her face got red enough as it was. Notice it, 'Mr. Osgood?'"

"No."

"Guess it was after Jake went out," suggested Shorty.

Jake was growing restless and was kicking savagely at the corner post of the chute.

"What kind of a lookin' feller was he?" broke in Jake, abruptly.

"You seen him a dozen times," replied Shorty. "That tall dude that was around here all day yesterday wearin' a stovepipe hat and black oilcloth shoes."

Jake did not reply. He simply gave a hitch at his belt, a sure sign that he was "riled," and ambled off down the street, his spurs clanking ominously. Right then the gang began to be scared.

"Boys, we sure done something," said Sunset. "We carried it a leetle too far. Jake don't know any more about a hotel tip than a spirit, and he's riled. He sure is. He's got his guns on, too."

"I tell you what," broke in Shorty, "you-all keep that tenderfoot out o' sight until I see Jake and either pacify him or get them guns. If you don't there'll be a killin'. Jake's dangerous. We sure overdone it."

The gang scattered on the lope. In a

short time Shorty had Jake backed up against the Keystone bar and was reeling out "con" talk like a regular; but Jake was warm clear through.

"The low down, thievin' coyote," he blurted out, "I'll show him that there's men out in these parts that won't stand around and see defenseless women insulted."

"Sure," assented the bland Shorty, "but Jake, remember that we are down here where there's laws to respect, and give me them guns. You always been harpin' about laws, up on the divide where there ain't no law. No, when you're down here where there's a chance for law, you fluke and want to take things in your own hands and shoot up somebody."

"Law's all right," growled Jake, "but it's too darned slow for some cattle. He plum insulted the gal and he's got to take his medicine."

"That's right, old man," assented Shorty, "but don't work up no killin'. It's a trifle unpleasant to act up in that style down here. The boss needs you awhile yet out at K Bar T. Besides that, you can put a crimp in that dude without using the barkers."

While Jake hesitated, Shorty was busy unfastening the belt at Jake's waist. He soon had the belt swung over his arm, the big "six-guns" snugly in their holsters, and was gone before Jake fully realized what had happened. Jake's fangs were drawn, but he was really madder than ever.

When Shorty found the K Bar T bunch they were still in a state of excitement, but rejoiced over the sight of Jake's guns.

"Couldn't get anywhere with that blamed tenderfoot," said Sunset. "Thought we was stringin' him. Said he'd seen bad men before, and would go where he pleased and when he pleased, and off the fool went down the street, fairly achin' for trouble, and he'll get it all right. Just another case of fools rushin' in where angels is some skittish. If he meets Jake he'll change his mind and go where Jake pleases, and that will be 'round and 'round.'"

"It sure will," grinned Shorty. "Old

Jake's hotter than prohibition whiskey and was faunchin' like a wildcat with its toes clipped when I left him."

The boys from K Bar T did not have long to wait. Old Jake was soon sighted coming up the path, hitching at his waist with that peculiar movement at every step. He strode straight up to Shorty and held out an expectant hand for his weapons.

"Can't do it, Jakie. This is a law-abidin' town and there's no killin' billed for this afternoon."

There was a gleam in Jake's cold gray eyes that meant trouble. Shorty had seen it there before, and at once commenced to hedge by arguing the question.

"Now see here, Jakie," he said, "we've been a set of chumps in this game. Since you left we've been makin' inquiries and find out we're barkin' up the wrong stump. That dude was on the square and you ain't got no killin' a comin'. We've been knockin' on the ways of polite society because we were a set of woolies and didn't know any better. All that dude did was to give the girl at the Triangle a tip."

"A what?" asked Jake.

"A tip," repeated Shorty, solemnly.

"What you givin' me now? What's a tip?" roared Jake.

Shorty was really afraid that Jake meant to make a gun play and land in trouble. He decided to make a clean breast of it.

"A tip, Jake, is a fee for service rendered. Same thing you hand the porter on a Pullman. The dude didn't mean any harm by it. We were just common Siwashes, that's all. We're not onto all the late curves. Instead of knockin' on the dude, we ought to have trailed him and come through with the coin. That's square."

For a moment Shorty looked Jake squarely in the eye; then he said: "Now Jake, this gun business don't go. That dude deserves a hand shake for puttin' us next. Let's go hunt him up."

"I've already hunted him up," said Jake, rather crestfallen.

Just then Sunset appeared, coming from the Triangle, greatly excited.

"Jake, you'd better vamoose," was his first sentence.

"What's up?" came in excited chorus.

"They've just brought the dude into the Triangle on a stretcher. They say over there that Jake did it."

Jake was silently cinching the saddle on his cow pony. Sunset, who was still full of news, continued: "That Triangle girl was madder than two hornets when they brought the dude in. She said it was an infernal shame that a gentleman couldn't come into town without being beat up by some tough cowpuncher."

"Did she say that?" asked Jake, whose eyes were now narrowed and lips firmly drawn.

"Sure," replied Sunset, "and when I left she was puttin' cracked ice on his head and raw beefsteak over his eye and flutterin' around like an old hen with only one chicken."

"Goin' somewhere, Jake?" asked Shorty, as he walked over and handed up the guns to Jake, who was already in the saddle.

"Goin' to law, and then hike," Jake ground out. "City life is a trifle wearin' for a puncher like me. I'll go up and pay my fine, and then K Bar T for me. You-all can load out the stuff. The boss needs me."

With this parting salute to the grinning group, he loped off down the street in search of "the law." At the shack where he drew rein a man appeared at the doorway in answer to Jake's lusty shout. Without preliminaries Jake called out: "You the justice of the peace?"

"Yes, sir, that's my business," answered the man in the doorway.

"Well, sir, I just licked a man up the street, done it good and plenty, and now I want to square up for it."

"Can't fine you unless somebody makes a complaint," said the judge.

"Ain't I makin' a complaint? Didn't I lick him, and don't I know? See that right eye of mine? Think I got that playin' ping-pong? Come, I'm in a

hurry to pay my fine and hike right out for K Bar T."

"Sorry, my friend, but I can't accommodate you," persisted the judge. "I can't fine you unless some law abiding person makes a complaint."

"Holy jumpin' snakes," yelled Jake, whose opinion of the law was being lowered rapidly, "ain't I a law abidin' citizen? If I wasn't, would I be down here tryin' to pay my fine? I'm a firm believer in the law, even if we don't have much of it up our way. I got my money's worth punchin' that heathen. I'm willin' to pay for it, and that's what I'm here for."

"Can't do it unless it comes before me in a regular way," snapped the judge, as he turned to leave the doorway. Then Jake boiled over.

"Well, you're an infernal fool," he yelled, as a parting shot. "You might have had a little money to grease the wheels of your legal machinery, but now you don't get even a red cent."

In the knot of loungers assembled by the colloquy, the judge caught sight of the city marshal's star.

"Marshal, arrest that man for con-

tempt of court," said the angered judge.

Before the marshal's gun came into play, Jake's big revolvers were leveled at the pair. In quiet, even tones, he said: "Gentlemen, I'm peaceable, well meanin' and honest, but I got a craw plum full of law already, so don't start anything. This here court is not in session, I take it, so I ain't standin' for no contempt from nobody. Just throw up your hands until I get a little start."

The obliging officials readily complied. There was a look in Jake's eyes at times that commanded obedience. As he turned and galloped down the street he settled himself in the saddle, easily adjusting himself to the pony's swinging gait. But his head hung low. His faith in law, civilization and the fair sex had been rudely shattered. The officials, hands still in the air, watched him as he swung at an easy gallop from the street to the trail, headed for the slopes of old K Bar T, where the hills were shifting from blue to purple, their white crowns glistening against the skyline of gold.

Kansas' Account with United States

BY HON. JOHN C. NICHOLSON

THE PURPOSE of this article is to set forth briefly the claims of the state of Kansas and certain claims of the citizens against the United States. The assumption by the national government, upon which said claims are based, of the costs, charges and expenses incurred by the thirteen original colonies was one of the most potent factors in bringing about the adoption and ratification of the constitution of the United States.

On the 7th day of May, 1787, the American congress passed an ordinance creating a commission to receive and examine the claims of the several states for expenses incurred by the states in the prosecution of the War of the Rebellion. The constitution after-

wards adopted, provided that congress should have exclusive power over the army and navy and prohibited the states from maintaining forts or armies, and in return the constitution guaranteed to each state a republican form of government and agreed to protect the states from invasions, and it further guaranteed to furnish equal privileges, equal protection and security to the citizens of the several states. Under and by virtue of said provisions of our federal constitution, the national government has repeatedly reimbursed the states for costs, charges and expenses incurred in repelling invasions and suppressing Indian hostilities and in equipping troops that were afterward mustered into the United States service,

amounting to many millions of dollars. The rule was adopted, however, by the departments that the general government would not pay interest, nor would the general government pay claims for damages. Congress has, however, repeatedly made appropriations for damages. President Grant vetoed several bills passed by congress for "compensation on account of the ravages of war," because the payment of such claims was not included in the constitutional provision and if allowed would practically bankrupt the national government.

Before a claim is allowed by the accounting officers of the general government, the claimant must show that its payment is authorized by law and in support of its claim must file itemized and proper vouchers and other satisfactory evidence of the justness of the claim. Old, stale claims are looked upon with suspicion, but claims are still pending and being considered growing out of the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War and the War of the Rebellion and the Spanish-American War.

In the matter of the Kansas claims, congress first granted means for the relief; second, a department, a commission or the court of claims, on evidence and proper vouchers made in allowance or finding of indebtedness; and third, congress in its discretion made the necessary appropriation.

In the prosecution of the claims of the state of Kansas against the United States, the senators and members of congress from Kansas have always been loyal and efficient in helping to secure for Kansas and her citizens moneys due from the United States. No state delegation in congress has, or ever will, or should be expected to do, the detailed work necessary to prepare and file necessary evidence and vouchers in support of said claims. The strength of the Kansas delegation in congress and their loyal support made it possible for the state agent to collect over a half million dollars in the last four years.

We will now consider separately the

several claims against the United States.

TERRITORIAL PERIOD, 1854-1861.

In 1854 congress virtually repealed all compromises relating to slavery and shifted the battleground from the halls of congress to the prairies of Kansas, and turned the contending factions loose to fight it out—the administration at Washington lending direct aid to the pro-slavery forces. From November 1, 1855, to December 1, 1856, the losses incurred by both sides contending for supremacy in Kansas exceeded \$2,000,000, one-half of which fell on the bona fide settlers of Kansas, while the number of lives sacrificed during said period exceeded two hundred. Congress having precipitated the fight, the government was strongly urged under its guarantee to indemnify the sufferers, but the claim has always been rejected and remains unliquidated.

Under territorial act of February 23, 1857, "to audit and certify claims," Commissioner Strickler allowed the citizens of Kansas their claims as follows:

Public—Moneys expended to suppress insurrections	\$ 38 942.09
Private—Loss or damage to property, result of internecine warfare.....	215,311.33

for which amounts script was issued by the commissioner.

Under territorial act February 7, 1859, "to provide for adjustment and payment of claims," Commissioners Hoogland, Adams and Kingman, allowed 417 claims to the citizens of Kansas, aggregating \$412,978.03; and also found, amount of crops destroyed, \$37,349.11; buildings burned and destroyed, 78; horses and cattle taken and destroyed, 1,101; property owned by pro-slavery men, \$77,189.99; property owned by free state men, \$335,779.04; property taken by pro-slavery men, \$318,718.63; property taken by free state men, \$94,529.40.

The commissioners further found that the losses resulted from the neglect of the federal government to extend to the people the protection to which they were entitled under the constitution.



KANSAS TROOPS MUSTERED INTO UNITED STATES SERVICE. 1861-1865.

The Kansas quota of soldiers under the various calls of President Lincoln, was 12,931 men, while the states furnished 20,149 men, and on the three years' standard, 18,706. In 1861 the total vote cast was 11,961, and the total population of the state a little over 100,000. The Kansas regiments suffered a larger percentage of fatalities than any other state in the union.

In 1861, for the purpose of raising money to equip the soldiers, the state issued \$31,000 "war bonds," due in two years, with interest at ten per cent, upon which it realized \$12,400, thus suffered a discount of sixty per cent. On account of this transaction, impeachment charges were filed against the governor, secretary of state and auditor of state. The governor was acquitted, while the auditor and secretary of state were convicted.

Under and by virtue of an act approved July 27, 1861, the proper accounting officers of the treasury were authorized and directed to allow, on proper vouchers, the claims of the states for cost, charges and expenses incurred by the states in raising troops mustered into United States service to suppress the War of the Rebellion. On the 15th day of April, 1862, a claim for \$12,351.04 was filed at Washington, under said act, but the evidence in support of the same was destroyed by fire during the Quantrill Raid in 1863. General Collamore, state agent, was on his way to Washington with the evidence when he stopped at Lawrence over night and the next morning his residence was destroyed by fire, and he himself lost his life in a well in an effort to hide from Quantrill's men. This claim was finally allowed in 1870 and 1878, but was not paid to the state until 1891.

At maturity said war bonds were canceled by a new issue, due in fifteen years, drawing seven per cent interest. In 1863 and 1864 other bonds were issued and sold at a discount and the proceeds thereof, amounting to over

\$40,000 were expended in raising troops which were mustered into the United States service. In 1878 a claim therefor was filed at Washington for the amount actually expended, which claim was from time to time allowed, but not paid to the state until 1891.

Prior to 1891 moneys found due the state were by the United States credited on direct tax, which tax the state had not assumed. In 1891 congress repealed the direct tax law and ordered all moneys funded, whereupon Kansas was reimbursed for moneys expended by the state to raise troops for the United States to suppress the War of the Rebellion.

On the 28th day of February, 1906, the writer filed with the auditor of the war department at Washington a claim for \$101,938.00 under said act of July 27, 1861, for interest and discount on bonds issued by the state of Kansas to raise money to equip its soldiers who had been mustered into United States service to suppress the War of the Rebellion. The total amount allowed by the United States to the state for moneys actually expended to equip said troops was \$49,052.09.

During the war period, state moneys were so intermingled and commingled and the books of accounts so poorly kept, it was impossible to tell how much money the state had paid for interest and discount on moneys borrowed, reimbursed under the act of July 27, 1861. However, on the 28th day of March, 1908, the auditor of the war department allowed the state of Kansas allowed under act of July 27, 1861, the for interest and discount on \$49,052.09, allowed under act of July 27, 1861, the sum of \$97,466.02, which amount was afterwards appropriated by congress by act approved May 30, 1909, and later covered into the state treasury.

TO REPEL INVASIONS AND SUP- PRESS INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

(Price and Quantrill Raids not included.)

From 1861 to 1875 the state of Kansas issued bonds aggregating \$381,500.00, most of which were sold at a

discount, the proceeds of which were used to repel invasions and suppress Indian hostilities. On the 12th day of March, 1885, under act of congress approved June 27, 1882, the United States paid to the state of Kansas on account of said military expenditures \$332,308.13. On the 28th day of February, 1906, the writer filed with the auditor of the war department a claim for interest and discount on the amount reimbursed under said act, but the auditor held that the state was not entitled to interest and discount under the law, whereupon the writer prepared an amendment to a bill then pending in congress, which amendment was offered by Hon. W. A. Calderhead. This amendment authorized and directed the secretary of the treasury to re-open, adjust and audit the claim of the state of Kansas for interest and discount on monies borrowed by the state for the purpose of repelling invasions and suppressing Indian hostilities, under the rules applied under the act of July 27, 1861, and to report the amount ascertained to congress for consideration, which amendment became a law by act approved May 30, 1908. After the passage of said act the writer prepared and filed a claim for \$438,960.00 for interest and discount on bonds issued by the state to raise money and to repel invasions and suppress Indian hostilities, and in support thereof prepared and filed proper vouchers and satisfactory evidence; whereupon on the 19th day of January, 1909, the auditor of the war department allowed said claim in the sum of \$425,064.43, which amount was appropriated by congress under act approved March 3, 1909, and has been paid into the state treasury.

PRICE RAID—1864.

For the purpose of adjusting claims arising out of the Price Raid of October and November, 1864, the legislature created five commissions, which commissions issued what is commonly known as "Union Military Script," amounting to \$584,035.20, of which amount the Hardee Commission, appointed under act of congress and composed

of United States army officers, allowed the sum of \$337,054.38, in settlement of which congress, on June 2, 1872, appropriated the sum of \$336,817.37, which amount was turned over to the state treasurer to be by him paid in settlement of the claims allowed by the said Hardee Commission. The state commissions allowed claims for damages and property losses, while the Hardee Commission disallowed all such claims. In his report, Commissioner Caldwell finds that the state treasurer paid \$46,414.36 on claims disallowed by the Hardee Commission, and left unpaid \$19,352.44 of the claims allowed by the Hardee Commission, besides a large number of claims for pay. The unsettled Price Raid claims have been for many years a source of great annoyance and dispute and it is generally admitted that the state ought to pay the unsettled claims allowed by the Hardee Commission. The difficulty in adjusting the matter is greatly increased by the fact that duplicate script was fraudulently issued for part of the claims.

QUANTRILL RAID.

Under act of February 27, 1875, a commission was appointed to audit and certify the amount of losses sustained by citizens of the state of Kansas by the invasion of guerilla bands led by Quantrell and others, for which they issued certificates amounting to \$882,390.11. By act of March 5, 1887, under a compromise agreement, the state assumed payment of said claims and paid for principal, \$362,567.91; for interest thereon, \$104,720.26. Total, \$467,288.17, which amount is a just claim against the national government in favor of the state of Kansas when damage claims against the United States are admitted.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The state of Kansas expended in equipping the Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Kansas regiments for the Spanish-American War, the sum of \$37,787.84, of which amount the United States has reimbursed the state in the sum of \$37,200.19.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR SOLDIERS.

Under various acts of congress the Spanish-American War soldiers were entitled to double pay from date of enrollment to date of muster, provided the claims were filed before January 1, 1902. By act approved April 27, 1904, the time was extended, whereupon the writer filed a claim in the name of the governor of the state of Kansas, for the use and benefit of the officers and men of the Kansas Spanish-American War regiments, amounting to \$29,246.88, and in support thereof the evidence relating to the service of about 3,500 men. This claim was litigated in the Court of Claims and on the 27th day of May, 1906, was allowed by the auditor of the war department in the sum of \$22,096.29, most of which amount has been paid to the officers and men of said regiments. A small amount remains in the hands of the governor awaiting distribution to the parties entitled thereto.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

By act of congress approved July 2, 1862, congress granted to the several states 30,000 acres of public lands for each senator and representative then in congress, under which law Kansas was entitled to 90,000 acres. The secretary of the interior certified to the state of Kansas 82,313, holding that 7,682 selected by the state were double minimum lands by reason of a proposed railroad land grant, which proposed line of road was abandoned but subsequently surveyed and built on a different line.

This claim was rejected by the department several times and a bill granting it passed congress but was vetoed by President Cleveland. Under act of congress approved May 29, 1908, introduced by Hon. W. A. Calderhead, the State Agricultural College finally se-

cured the acreage of public lands to which it was entitled.

FIVE PER CENT OF PUBLIC LANDS.

Under and by virtue of the organic act creating Kansas which act is similar to the organic act of some thirty other states, the state of Kansas received from the United States five per cent of the net proceeds of sales of public lands within the state, which has amounted to nearly \$1,000,000; in consideration of which, public lands belonging to the United States were and are exempt from taxation.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

On the 21st day of May, 1856, Free State Hotel, or Eldridge House, at Lawrence, Kansas, then owned by the New England Emigrant Aid Company, was destroyed by a proslavery mob pretending to act under and by virtue of an order of the United States court. Afterwards, the New England Emigrant Aid Company transferred by gift said claim to the University of Kansas, which institution recently recovered a judgment in the court of claims thereon for the sum of \$20,000, which judgment awaits an appropriation by congress.

In conclusion I submit a tabulated statement of Kansas claims relating to war expenditures:

	Paid by State.	Reimbursed by U. S.
Raising troops—Civil War..	\$52,202.00	\$ 49,022.00
Interest and discount on above	101,938.00	97,406.00
To repel invasions and suppress Indian hostilities..	349,320.00	332,308.00
Interest and discount on above	438,961.00	425,035.00
Price Raid	333,817.00	338,817.00
Quantrill Raid.....	467,288.00	
Spanish-American War.....	37,787.00	37,200.00
Total amount paid by the state.....	\$1,781,313.00	
Total amount reimbursed by the United States.....		\$1,277,908.00
Amount paid by the state not reimbursed		\$503,405.00
CLAIMS ALLOWED BY COMMISSION BUT UNPAID.		
Territorial period		\$412,972.00
Price Raid, balance.....		248,218.00
Quantrill Raid, balance.....		415,102.00
Total		\$1,076,292.00

Short Grass Eclogues

BY WALT MASON

Work for the night is coming.—*Familiar Hymn.*

MOST MEN have worries of their own—for trouble is the common lot and some just sit around and moan, or keep, with cries, the welkin hot, and some loaf round with ugly frown, or swear with fluency and vim, and others try their woes to drown—but griefs can nearly always swim. The wise man never sits and grieves, o'er things that grieving won't make good; he gives a whoop and rolls his sleeves, and people see him sawing wood. There is no better cure than work, for all the evils that we know; the man who buckles down will jerk the sawdust stuffing out of woe. To do a thing and do it well will bring a comfort to your soul; to nurse your grief and rave and yell will merely keep you in the hole. The man who works with all his heart forgets life's little nagging cares; misfortune vainly throws her dart, and grouches flee away like hares.

Physician, heal thyself.—*Holy Writ.*

WHEN MY old liver's out of kilter, the doctor comes and gives a philtre; he feels my pulse and prods my stomach, until he raises quite a hummock; he prophesies the worst disasters unless I wear his mustard plasters; he pours down bitters by the ocean, and dopes me up with pill and potion, and steams me over glowing embers, and saws off legs and other members. And when it seems that I'll recover, he brings a bill that knocks me over. Yet I, methinks, might surely stifle my anger over such a trifle, as soaking me for all my rhino; for money is an evil, I know. But this thing makes me mad as thunder: the very ills I labored under—the ills that ruined my condition, are sheltered by that learned physician! He has the gout and chills and fever, degeneration of the liver; his heart is bum, his works are rusted, his lungs are fierce, his wishbone busted! With all these ills, he'll just endure 'em; he's much too wise to try to cure 'em; let others take his mixtures funny—for him the good old trusty money!

Speak gently! It is better far to rule by love than fear.—*Old Poem.*

SPEAK gently to the ancient bore, with garments picturesque, who piles his hat upon the floor, his feet upon your desk, and tells you sad, long-winded tales, when you have work to do, or at the weather rants and rails, until the air is blue. Speak gently to this mouldy man, when he is in your den, and then, perhaps, as soon's he can, he'll come around again. Speak gently to the strident maid (regardless of her looks) who has at your home waylaid, and tries to sell you books. A tender heart she's apt to keep, and if you rage and roar, she's apt to wring her hands and weep, and spoil your parlor floor. Speak gently to the tiresome guy who would insure your life; perhaps he wants some cash to buy a new hat for his wife, and men will go to mad extremes when pressure comes like that; full many a man just ups and screams at mention of a hat. Speak gently—'tis the better way! Rule more by love than fear; some gent, if you should get too gay, might swat you in the ear.

Swat the flies.—*Dr. Crumbine.*

DOC CRUMBINE'S famed and good and wise; he urges us to swat the flies; he'd have us wade, like kids in water, up to our necks in blood and slaughter. It seems the fly's an evil thing; it comes upon us in the spring, and bores us with its little billy, and gives us microbes and bacilli. In dirt and rubbish heaps it grovels, and then into our blood it shovels the germs while they are smoking hot; and that is why we're asked to swat. The fly is causing many curses; it's sending folks to ride in hearses; it spoils the berries in the basket; it puts the eater in a casket; it bores the grocers and the bakers, and helps along the undertakers; it's whole career with ill is fraught, and that is why we're asked to swat. It calls forth tirades double-leaded, it wearies men who are bald-headed; it bothers cows and pesters horses; no scientist the fly indorses; it should be led outdoors and shot, and that is why we're asked to swat. The doctor's scheme is good and wise; we'll hit the fly between the eyes, and jolt it in the solar plexus, when next it comes around to vex us. But we are tired—and are you not?—of that fatigued expression "swat!" It's good enough for you and me, and other scrubs, as you'll agree; but Science, on her mountain placed, should pick out language sweet and chaste; from her fair lips should not be brought a word so coarse and rude as "swat."

Feb. 28. '88

My dear


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I have read with
great interest your spirited fraternal address
at the recent celebration in Elmfield. It was
worthy of the man, the subject & the occasion.
I hope our old friend


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is
well, and that your town is prospering.

I had a letter recently from



the subject of female suffrage. — Let me hear from you often, my dear



And believe me faithfully yours,



NOTE.—The foregoing is a facsimile of an "illustrated" letter written by Senator John J. Ingalls to Hon. W. P. Hackney of Winfield, Kansas. It affords a side light on the humorous phase of the senator's character which he often displayed to his personal friends.

The first picture after "My Dear," is from a photograph of W. P. Hackney, taken in 1880.

The second photograph, following "I hope our old friend," while not a photograph of D. A. Millington, late editor of the Courier and postmaster of Winfield, is intended to represent him. It was cut from some newspaper.

The scantily attired female following the words "I had a letter recently from," is intended to represent a female suffragist, something that Mr. Ingalls had great contempt for.

The fourth photograph, following the words "My Dear," is a later photograph of W. P. Hackney, and the photograph at the conclusion of the letter, followed by the words "Faithfully yours," is a good photograph of John J. Ingalls.

The original letter shows that these photographs were cut out of some newspaper, and substituted, first, for the name of Hackney, second, for the name of Mr. Millington, third, as a representative of a female suffragist, fourth, as a representative of Mr. Hackney, and fifth, as a representative of himself.

W. P. H.

With Kansas Bards

This magazine desires to preserve here all poetry of merit about Kansas or by Kansas writers. We earnestly desire any verse that is available.

Daddy's Little Sweetheart

By A. L. Rankin.

Dear little sweetheart, tender and true,
Oh my lost darling, how daddy loved you.
Your prattle and laughter ever I hear,
Seems to me dearest, you still hover near.

Even at night when shrouded in slumber,
I dream of you darling, times without number,
I see your sweet face through a soft hallowed glow,
And again we go "awking" as we did long ago.



Long ago did I say? Yes, ages have fled,
Since you and I walked down the broad road
that led

To the realm of delight, augmented by pride,
My heart filled with rapture with you at
my side.

And I dream once again of ambitions grand
The things for you, baby girl, daddy had
planned,

And I look to the time, when you, oh so fair,
Life's cup of happiness with daddy will
share.

But alas, with the dawning of morning, I
find

It is merely a dream that has passed thro'
my mind,

Merely an echo from the past's soft tread,
Merely the ashes of hopes that are dead.

And so it is thus down the pathway of life,
All things are seasoned with sorrow and
strife;

The beautiful flower the first to fade,
Our cherished hopes soon all decayed.

Oh hasten the time when the days are all
nights

And the nights with never an end,
When we'll drift with the tide in that long
last sleep

In our dream barque of peace, far out on
the deep.

Then we'll dream on forever with never a
tear,

With never a care or a sigh
And then we'll be happy forever more,
My dear little sweetheart and I.



Ecce Homo!

By William Carey Campbell.

One sought great fame,
And got his name
Upon the scroll,
But lost his soul;
And Time erased
The name disgraced.

One strove strove for wealth,
Wrecked lives and health,
And now a stone
Stands mute and lone,
And Time has blur'd
The chiseled word.

One had but love,
And hosts above
His name proclaim.
Immortal name!
Nor will Time dim
Man's praise of Him.



My Kansas Home

By Henry B. Tierney

Sweet shrine of all that I hold dear,
Lov'd sanctum where contentment dwells,
I love the solemn sacred light,
Which folds thee in a thousand charms
And tho' I dwell e'en far from thee
And sojourn in a Southern land,
Where flowers of wealth and beauty thrive,
E'en tho' each day I bless my God,
In stranger land, and humbly pray—
Sweet home, I ne'er forget thy charms
But memory clasps thee closer day by day.

After Thinking It Over

BY HENRY QUAD

WHEN I write a book I hope that I shall be able to make it sufficiently rank in some respects to get it generally condemned. This is not that I wish to damage society, but I will need the extra money that this kind of publicity always brings.

I am always suspicious of a street car conductor who rings his fares in too rapid a fashion.

I have never noticed yet that the members of the doctor's family are any huskier than the rest of us.

I find that my wife would rather have me hang around the house of an evening than keep a date with the president of our nation. I suppose I will never amount to very much being handicapped in this manner.

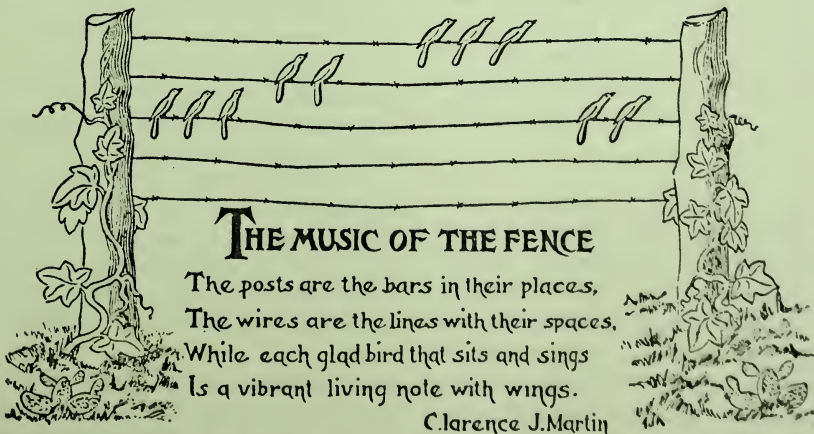
So far as I am able to find out, none of my folks have ever been guilty of planting a cottonwood tree.

I have also noticed that the average ticket seller at a country depot occupies a great deal more important position than the superintendent of the division.

"'Money is the root of all evil.'—Confucius."—Walt Mason.

PUT ON your spectacles, jingling bard, search down Confucius and look at him hard and see if by any gymnastics of wit you discover that thought in the words he has writ. For if it is found in the lines that you read, then were Confucius confusing indeed. If the story were true we surely would grieve; 'tis false though, the rascal, we will not believe that the jolly old coin which our daddies invented, with all of its fractions so small and contented that rest in our jeans or jingle their gladness, ever cast o'er the earth its mantle of sadness. What could it have been the philosopher said? Go, call back his shade from the realms of the dead—or, say, better still, turn again to the page and search for the truth mid the words of the sage. Ha! Now it is plain. 'Tis an adage time worn. You've misquoted the fellow as sure as you're born. Why were you so careless? You caused us to think—on reading your heading—strange things of the chink. We'll gladly concede that you knew what he meant and of the injustice will surely repent, giving credit to Con. for the words that he said—don't slander the heathen because he is dead. Nor will we fall out o'er your flaying of greed; but Confucius ne'er uttered that socialist screed that you used for your caption and charged to his name. He didn't say "money," but "love" of the same.

Ellwood G. Slemmer.



OUR POINT OF VIEW

THE LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The University of Kansas, in connection with the other universities and colleges of the state, affords what is usually called a liberal education. Webster defines a liberal education as one "that enlarges and disciplines the mind and makes it master of its own powers, irrespective of the particular business or profession one may follow."

The word liberal is derived from the Latin *liber*, meaning free. In line with Webster's definition as applied to education, it should mean a mind free from prejudices, preconceived notions, mental hobbies and undigested views, inherited or absorbed from others.

The perfect test of a liberal education is tolerance. If the mind is so certain of some opinion that it ridicules opposing views, or denounces contrary notions as senseless, that mind is warped, instead of being disciplined. No matter how many years the man has spent at the university, if he is intolerant toward other opinions than his own, he lacks the first essential of a liberal education.

A close analysis of Webster's definition, accounts for the broad minded men in the community who never went to college, but whose experiences in daily life have given them that mental discipline of which he speaks. Some of the greatest names in American history are what the unthinking call self made men.

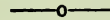
These men are just as much the creatures of mental discipline as are the graduates of colleges. What the college has done to broaden the reason and intellect of the successful professional man, actual contact with stern facts has done for the "self made" man. Often the mental effort to solve a bread and butter problem is vaster in its development of mind, than a problem in calculus or the tracing of a "maverick" word to its root.

The rising generation in Kansas is said to enjoy more opportunities to obtain a liberal education than did our parents, but it remains for the future to prove that this easy road to learning is after all, the best one.

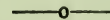
"There is no royal road to learning," said Euclid to the king who sought to buy a knowledge of geometrical problems, and it is

well for the youth of Kansas to know that the farms of Kansas, now worth \$100 an acre; the stores of Kansas, yielding large profits; the factories affording big dividends, cannot buy them a liberal education. They may pay the tuition, traveling and boarding expenses, but the mind must expand through the struggle of the owner, and he must clear his path of intellectual weeds, just as his parents have forced the clods from theirs.

The history of this country proves that the big, broad, successful men of each generation, instead of being the sons of wealthy parents, were forced in childhood to meet problems of life which many of their children escape, and in escaping fail of a true liberal education.



An over estimate of self importance, coupled with a desire to be officious, is doing more toward checking the successful career of many young men than vicious habits. It is all too common a thing to find twelve-dollar-per-week employes who have absolutely no conception of the cash value of politeness. They are entirely lacking in the quality of humility and frequently assume a brazenness of official capacity that is extremely offensive and disgusting to those compelled to meet them face to face in business transactions. These useless fellows are without exception very polite to the boss and as a result he is nearly always slow in detecting their baneful influence upon his business. This deplorable condition is creating a crying demand for young men who possess that fine combination of character which displays common sense and kindness as well as thoroughness and firmness.



The anti-grain gambling bill of Congressman Charles F. Scott gets right down to business in making "every book, newspaper, pamphlet, letter, writing or other publication containing any notice, account or record of these illegal deals by any produce exchange nonmailable." With the staff of life selling at seven cents per staff, this is a consummation greatly to be desired.

THE SPEED THAT KILLS

In New York City since April first, twenty-five children have been killed by reckless autoists. A similar disregard for human life has been displayed in many other vicinities. As a result there is a general movement all over the country against the autoists who think more of a joy ride than of human life.

The sensible men who are fortunate enough to own autos should take an interest at once in the enforcing of ordinances now in effect against dangerous speeding. They are in a position to do much more effective work in this direction than the officials of the law. If they fail to do this, they will have good reason later to regret the consequence of their neglect.

THEY'RE WALKING OUT

The Aldrich mutual combine at Washington, District of Columbia, is displaying a knowledge of "lodge" affairs that would make the "Old Guard" of Kansas look like the minority side in a parliamentary scuffle of a Ladies Aid society. The "walk out" method is being adopted as a last resort to squelch the reform zeal of the insurgents. Whenever Bristow, Cummins or LaFollette or even such old members as Beveridge or Dolliver gets the floor to discuss the tariff schedule Aldrich et al. promptly vacate their seats and retire complacently to the smoking room.

The indications are that the time is not so far away when this senatorial walk out will not terminate at the smoking room. Three years ago there was not an "insurgent" in the United States senate. Today there are eleven. Wherever there is a walk out there must of necessity be a walk in.

We are grateful indeed to note the flattering comments that are coming in our direction from the Kansas press. You must agree that we have been patient. When a handful of cross roads editors were making feeble attempts to criticize our art department we remained silent and kept busy. Many of these little fellows who have not made a typographical nor intellectual improvement during the last ten years, should have recognized the fact that it is no easy task to begin the publication of a magazine containing

seventy-two pages of text and forty-eight pages of advertising. They preferred, however, to display their own meager ability in the critic's role rather than to lend a word of encouragement. Parrot-like they will now join in the general chorus of praise and we shall appreciate it fully as much as we have appreciated their critical offerings. Both have a certain advertising value.

We are sending out 20,000 "Sunflower cards" to our representatives all over the United States. Upon this card, printed in red, white and blue, is this inscription: *We're telling the nation about Kansas!* This, kind friends, is just what we're doing. We are gathering the most interesting facts available, relative to our dear old Sunflower State and we're laying them before the intelligent readers of the entire country. Millions of people already recognize the fact that Kansas is in many respects the most remarkable commonwealth of the union. We want to aid in making this truth generally understood. With the cooperation of Kansas and ex-Kansans, we can accomplish this end. Every word of encouragement will certainly be appreciated.

Hereafter the current issue of the KANSAS MAGAZINE will be in the mails before the 25th of the month previous to the date of the issue. We make this improvement in order that we may be in the lead of other publications in getting on the market.

THE KANSAS SPIRIT

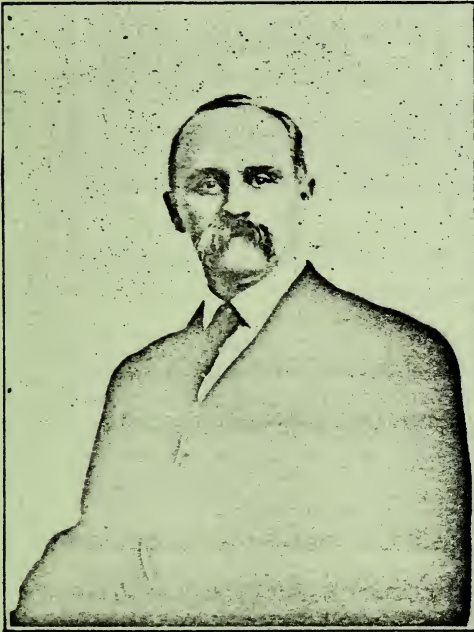
A few days ago a thirteen-year-old boy of Wichita, Kansas, was sent by his employer to deliver some small packages to different parts of the city. While hastening on the way to accomplish his errand he attempted to cross a railroad yard. A moving train struck the lad and threw him helpless upon the track. Both of his legs were severed from his body and his head and shoulders were terribly mangled. A man who was passing by ran to his aid. The little fellow smiled at his benefactor and after telling him in detail where each package should go, requested him to see to it that they were properly delivered. Three hours later the child died.

This boy had common, everyday duty uppermost in his heart, even at the instant of death. Greater heroism than this is unknown.

Newton, Kansas

BY CLARENCE J. MARTIN

WHEN the first settlers arrived on the ground now occupied by the city of Newton, in 1871, the prairie grass held lonely sway and only the stray sunflower and the summer aster moved with the impulse of the wind, broke the far extended monotony. When the first loads of lumber were un-



W. E. Grove, mayor of Newton.

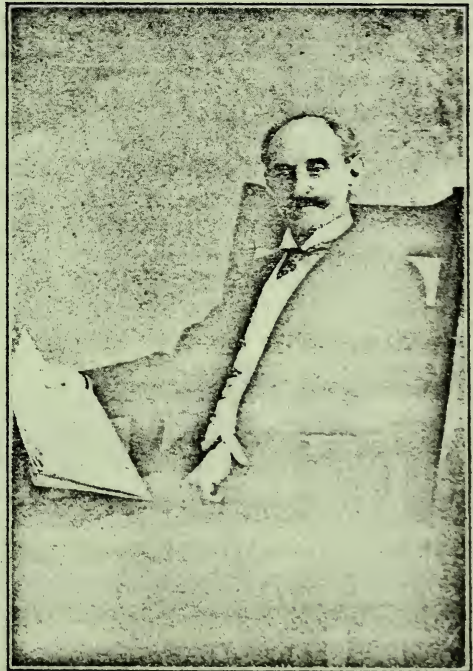
loaded and the hardy westerner drove the nails into the rough boards to begin the construction of his home, the "buffalo wallows" still bore the impress of the huge hairy bison whose retreating army only a few miles away, moved, slow footed, farther on west.

The wife of the pioneer, sitting, babe in arms, by the camp fire at evening, waiting the husband's return from the hunt, could not then in her most sanguine mood picture in her twilight dream the future home in which her child was to live and grow to manhood and to citizenship.

On that soil where once the ground

bird sought the scant shelter of the grass for her frail brood, a wide street on which high walls cast their shade, reaches for a mile, and a city covering nine hundred acres of ground rears its gabled homes, church spires and factory stacks in air.

Newton was chartered as a city in 1872 and since that time has been steadily benefited by the development of the rich agricultural country by which it is surrounded. It has grown until now it has a population of 9,500 and during the last six years has enjoyed an increase in population of



Judge S. R. Peters, one of Newton's most prominent citizens.

forty per cent. It has three parks, seventeen churches, three large school buildings, with an enrollment of 1,475 pupils, taught by thirty-four teachers. It has four banks with a total capitalization of \$298,000 and nearly two hundred lines of business, including stores and shops, three flour mills with daily

capacity of 1,500 barrels, four elevators with 210,000 bushel capacity, two ice cream factories, one packing house, a glove factory, an ice plant, an alfalfa

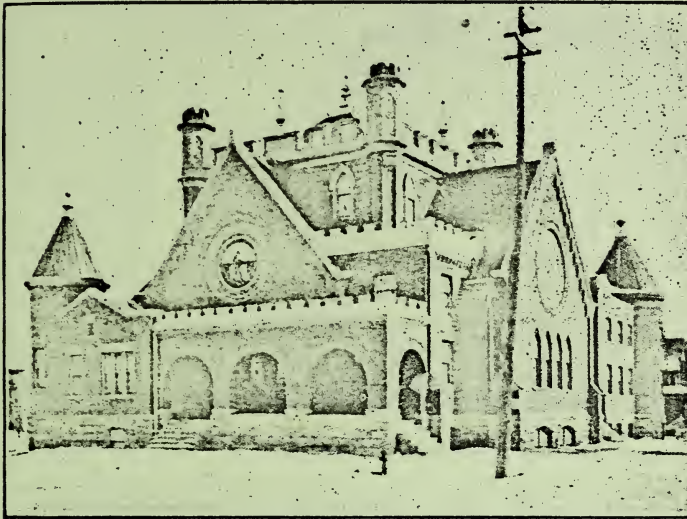
ing built which when completed will cost, with the grounds, about \$56,000.

Harvey County is the center of a large settlement of German Russian

Mennonites, who were brought into Kansas during the early years of the state's history through the enterprise of Mr. B. Warkentine, now deceased. They are people of high moral principle and business integrity.

They own and operate the institutions known as Bethel College, Bethel Business College and Bethel Hospital, representing property to the amount of \$125,000. Bethel College has an attendance of over three hundred students and the new hos-

pital is a model of present day efficiency. Rev. David Goerz is at the head of the above institutions and though he recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, he still fills the place with all the effectiveness of a much younger man.



First Presbyterian Church.

mill, two planing mills, a wagon factory, two produce plants, a threshing machine factory, and many other industries. The business of the postoffice for the fiscal year ending April 1, 1909, was \$300,000.

The city owns its own water works which cost, with equipment, \$40,000. It has twenty-seven miles of water mains and twenty-five miles of natural gas mains with modern fire protection and sewer system.

At this writing, bitulithic paving is being laid in the business section at a cost of over \$76,000. A Y. M. C. A. building is being erected costing \$30,000, and the city has a Carnegie library, containing 7,000 volumes. Largely through the efforts of Judge S. R. Peters, a new government building and postoffice is be-



Home State Bank.

Dr. Goerz was a member of the committee arranging for the location of the Mennonites from Russia in 1872. He has been a member of the school com-

mittee of Mennonite Conference; chairman of the Western Conference of the Mennonite church; member of the board of trustees and treasurer of the General Conference of the Mennonite church.

Newton is a division point on the main line of the Santa Fe Railway, and the company has its general offices there and in the offices and shops eight hundred company's men are employed, making the company's monthly payroll \$76,000. The Santa Fe has forty miles of siding within the limits of the city. The company's reports show that 295,000 passengers per month pass through Newton over its line and 21,000 cars of freight are handled in the same length of time, while 3,000 messages pertaining alone to the company's business are handled in the telegraph department

connection a large school building has been erected at an additional cost of \$20,000. It is taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph and is complete in every de-



Hanlin's Department Store, largest cash department store in Kansas.

tail. This group of buildings bespeak the zeal and sacrifice of the members under the leadership of Father Maguire, who was appointed to his present position in 1890 by Right Reverend Bishop Hennessy of the Diocese of Wichita. The grounds and buildings, worth \$75,000, are well situated and out of debt.



The Masonic Temple.

every twenty-four hours.

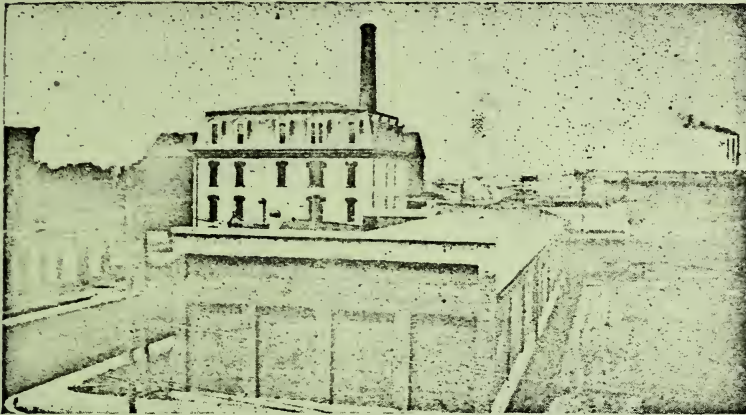
St. Mary's Catholic Church and present site was purchased in 1902 and the church built at a cost of \$25,000. In

The First Presbyterian Church was organized in 1872. The present building was dedicated in 1905 and occupies a fine position on Main Street near the court house. It is one of the best equipped churches in the West, one of its conveniences being a large Barchhoff organ of deep tone and power. Rev. John Y. Ewart, D. D., who has recently accepted a pastorate in Colorado, has served this church acceptably for

ten years, during which time several hundred members have been added to the church and property accumulated valued at \$53,000. Its six trustees are

of fact to the asserted statement, that these men of God in lines of large service were at the front of Congregational thought in Kansas, and the middle west.

The writer speaks of those only whom he knew, Pearce Pinch, F. W. Hemenway, Allen Shaw Bush, Wilson C. Wheeler and W. B. Simmons, all faithful servants, led this church through its meeting house experiences, when the quieter but deepening process of denominational consciousness was going on. Its third and more church-



Newton Milling and Elevator Co.

men of sturdy character and business acumen and among its members are found some of the leaders in society and church work in central Kansas.

The First Congregational Church of Newton, Kansas, in another year will be a quarter of a century old. During this period of time it has passed through three serious stages of its existence. First its experimental period sensing its opportunities and seeing if there was that within its historic traditions which would make an appeal to an oncoming constituency. This period was lived in temporary quarters in the old Odd Fellows Hall, now the home of the Elks order of the city. Its second period was begun in the old chapel dedicated to God and humanity December 19, 1886. And in the old chapel it held sway, presided over by some of the ablest ministers of the denomination. To name them, is to call forth from the denomination the echo

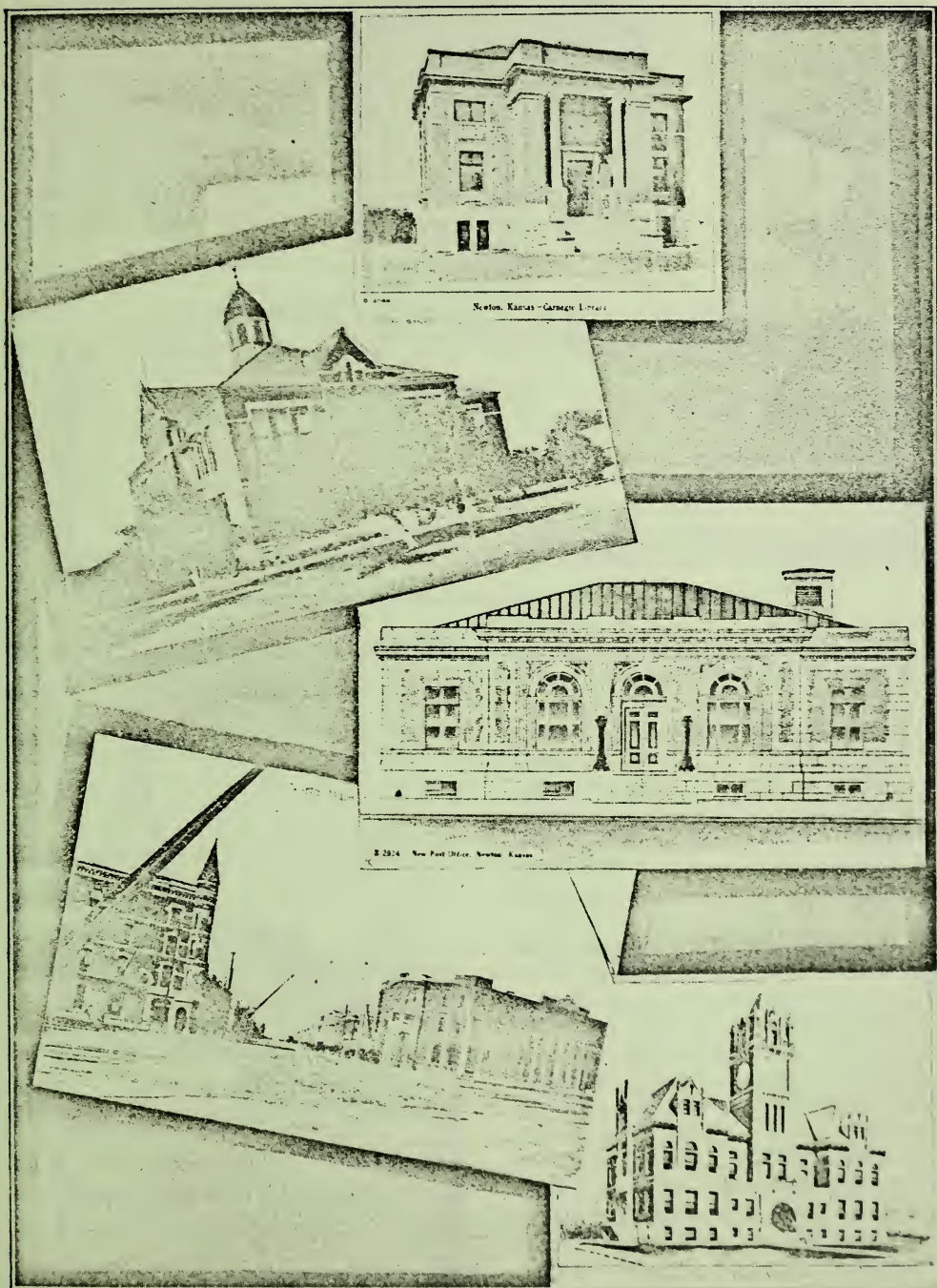
ly estate came upon it, when in June, 1908, it decided to arise and build itself into something more modern and useful to meet the demands that have come upon churches in these latter times. This it did strongly and efficiently, and today it has a plant whose value approximates \$12,000, with basement and kitchen accessories and auditorium and lecture room capable of seating 350 people. The present pastor, Rev. J. E. McClain, began services with this church, Novem-



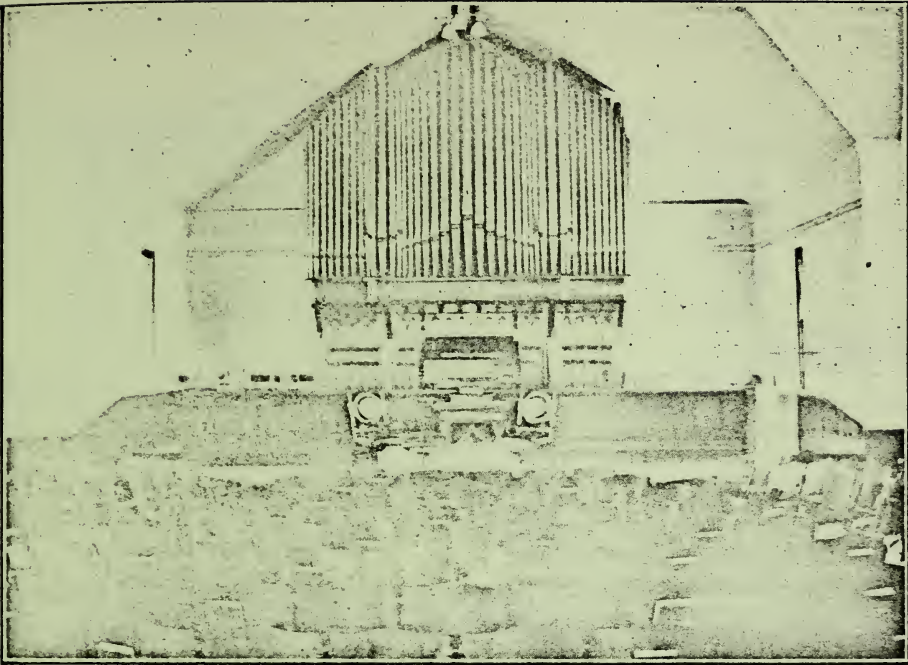
Newton Alfalfa Mills.

ber 1, 1907.

The Axtell Hospital was founded in February, 1887, with four rooms for the accommodation of patients. Dur-



Public Buildings and Street Scene at Newton, Kansas.



The Cecil Plumb Memorial Pipe Organ in the First Congregational Church.

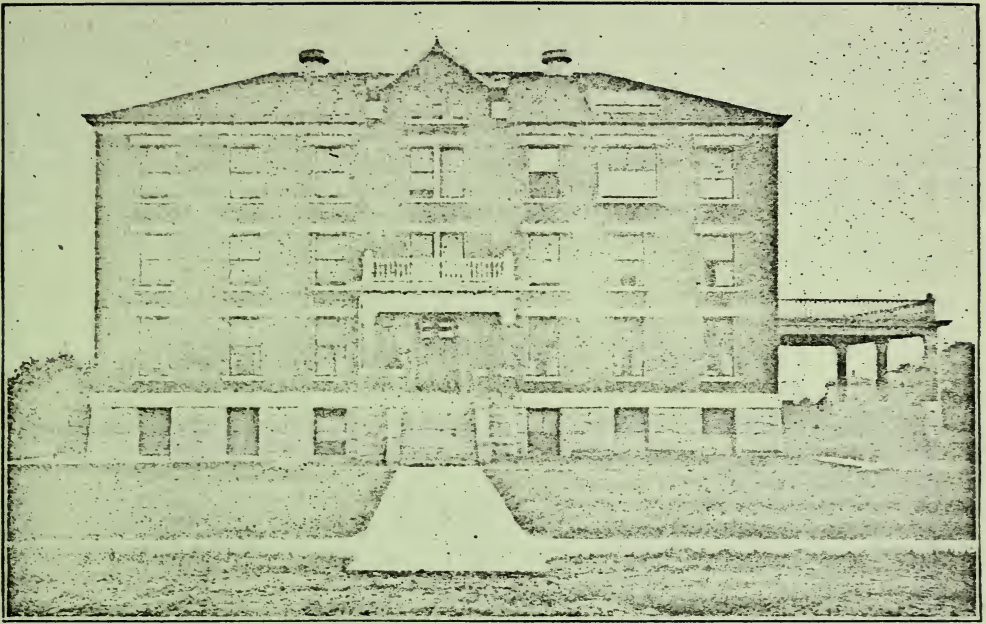


St. Mary's Catholic Church and School.

ing the twenty-two years of its history it has been enlarged until now it has provision for forty patients and for a number of years it has averaged six hundred operations per annum. It is incorporated as a hospital and training school and its success in all lines is well known. It is open to all physicians who wish to bring their patients to its wards for treatment.

The Newton Alfalfa Mill is without doubt one of the most important enterprises in Harvey County. The company representing this industry was organized two years ago and they have built and are operating thirty other mills in Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico, Nebraska and Kansas. Through their efforts the National Alfalfa Millers Association, with Dr. J. T. Axtell as president, has been organized and rules for grading alfalfa meal have been adopted, which are now in general use.

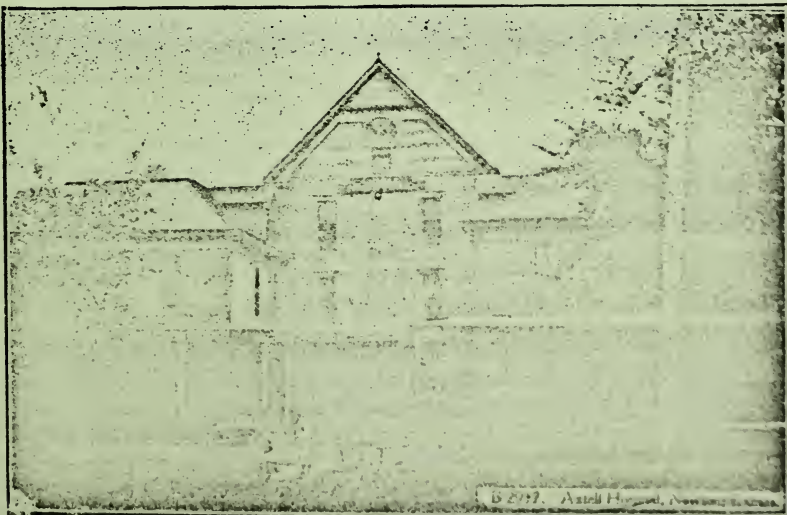
The Masonic Temple building was erected in 1879. It was occupied by the county officers for fourteen years and for many years has been the home of Newton Lodge No. 142, Arkansas Valley Chapter No. 27 and Newton Com-



The Bethel Hospital, Newton.

mandery No. 9, K. T. The membership in these bodies now numbers about eight hundred and has among its members three past grand officers, viz: Hon. Samuel R. Peters, Col. P. M. Hoisington and Hon. William M. Shaver. The second story of the building is occupied by the fraternity in which is a finely furnished lodge room with other rooms adjoining for ac-

coutrements and the rear half is devoted to a large music hall seated with the best opera chairs and graced with a costly Vose piano. The lower half is occupied by business offices and the rental from these produces an annual income of over \$2,000. From every standpoint this popular and well known landmark is the finest, best equipped and most profitable property devoted



Axtell Hospital.

to similar purposes in the state.

The Newton Commercial Club with Mr. J. C. Mack as president, was organized a few months ago and now has about one hundred and fifty members with additions being constantly made. It occupies elegantly furnished apartments in the second story of a

business block where regular meetings are held to further the general interests of the city. Its immediate usefulness is daily being demonstrated and it is the intention of the Club as a whole to assist the people of Newton in continuing to make their city one of the best west of the "Big Muddy."

Our Prize Scenery Contest



A beautiful woodland scene adjoining Island Park, Winfield, Kansas. Submitted by Dean G. A. Platts of Southwestern College.

The fact that we are publishing this issue of THE KANSAS MAGAZINE two weeks earlier than heretofore has prevented many from entering our contest for prize photos. Many have already signified their intention of entering, however, and by our next issue we will undoubtedly have some beautiful Kansas scenes to present. Remember you can do much to advertise the good old Sunflower state by sending us photos of her beautiful scenery. We are determined to dispel the general belief that Kansas is a state void of poetic beauty.

OUR CASH OFFER

A prize of \$3.00 will be given each month for the best photo submitted.

A prize of \$2.00 will be given each month for the second best photo submitted.

A prize of one year's subscription to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE will be given each month for the third best photo submitted.

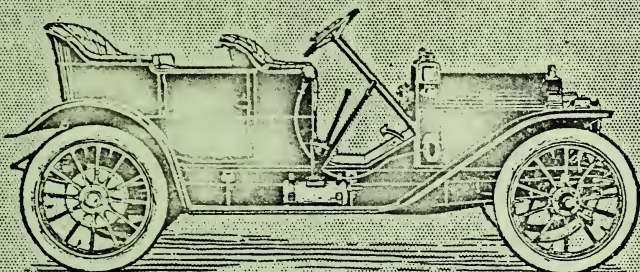
A prize of one year's subscription to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE will be given each month for the fourth best photo submitted.

Awards will be made promptly upon publication of photos submitted. Contest open to everybody, but all photos must be of Kansas scenery.

Address THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Kansas Scenery Dept., Wichita, Kansas.

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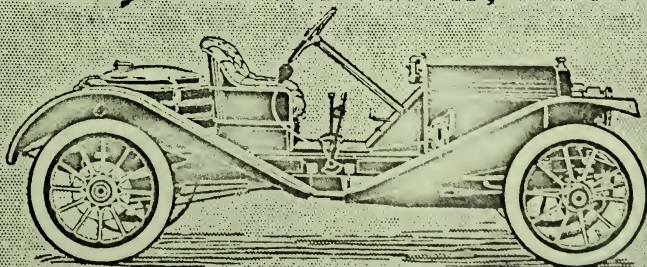
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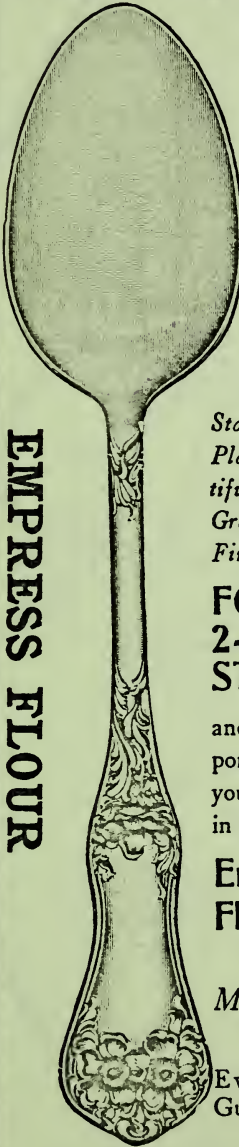
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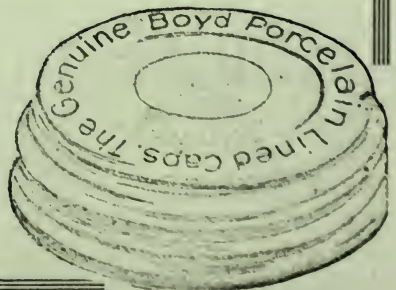
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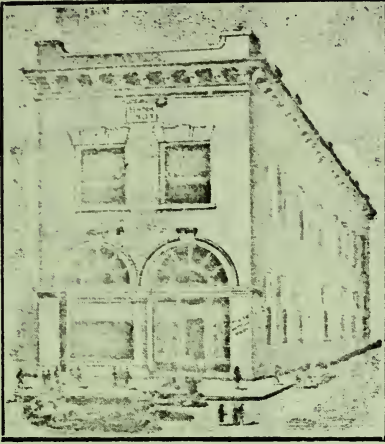
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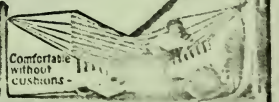
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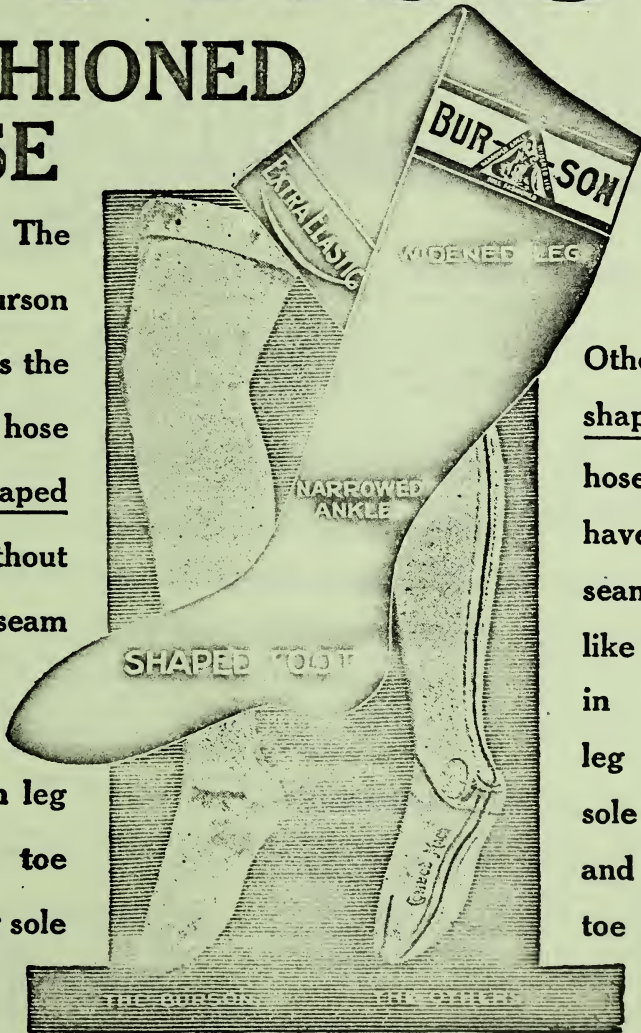
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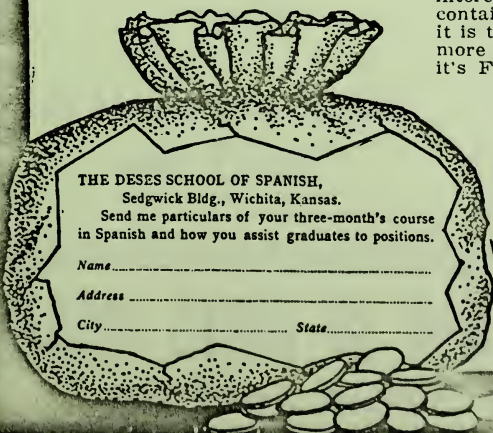
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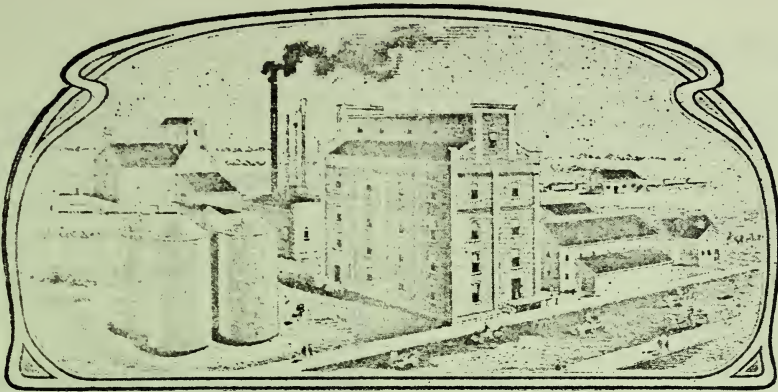
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The Real Quality Flour

Milled Clean and Without the Touch of Human Hands
The Finest of Flour as a Result of Using the Finest Wheat

The Enns Milling Company

INMAN

Sold Everywhere

KANSAS

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THE AUTO TIRE AND SUPPLY CO.

Sales Agents "Firestone Tires"



Wholesale AND Retail Auto Supplies

Bell Phone 1059; New Phone 741 Green

143 N. Market Street

WICHITA, KANSAS

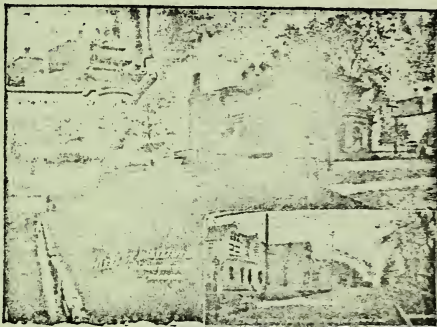


The Mill That Makes the
**FAMOUS
GOLD BOND
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At Lyons, Kansas

ALCOHOL and OPIUM

Produce each a Disease having a definite Pathology. The KEELEY TREATMENT cures these diseases by restoring the nerves to a healthy state. It cures by removing the cause. The patient has neither craving nor feeling of necessity for stimulants.



THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

716 W. 10th St. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Is one of the largest, best appointed and most successful of the great system of institutes administering this treatment. Full particulars on application.

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The Kansas City Southern Railway Co.

The Popular Route to the South

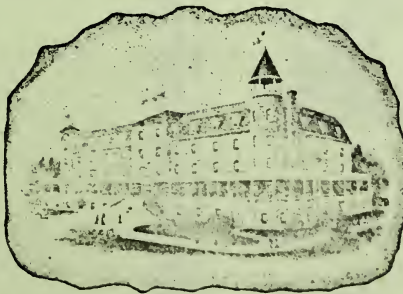
Special Sleepers to Joplin and Fort Smith

Observation Cars

Through the

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Pullman

Buffet

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Kihlberg Hotel and Bath House, Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. Now Open.

This beautiful structure furnishes first class hotel and bath house accommodations under the same roof. The hotel is under the management of Mr. Jno. C. Clemmons, formerly of the Baltimore Hotel, of Kansas City, and the baths are under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kihlberg, whose success at Excelsior Springs, Mo., and Manitou, Colo., is well known.

For Health and recuperation, visit Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. Illustrated folders sent free. All Year Health Resort.

S. G. WARNER, General Passenger Agent, Kansas City Mo.

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U. S.
FLOUR

Its Absolute Purity explains why it
stands First and Foremost.
Nothing better can
be produced

MADE BY

The Hutchinson Mill Co.

Hutchinson, Kansas

The Best Bread Bakers in
Hutchinson Use

**“American
Lady
Flour”**

Do You?
Quality in Every Sack
Try It!

**THE MONARCH
MILLING CO.**

Hutchinson, Kansas

FEEL GOOD ON THE FEET
as long as you wear them, and
you wear them longer than
the guarantee is in force.

TOUGH
AS
LEATHER
SOFT
AS
VELVET



\$1.00



Cox-Blodgett Dry Goods Co.

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Wichita, Kansas

It Pays to Deal with



Competent Electricians

Repairs—Construction
Everything Electrical

Wichita Electric Const. Co

PHONES—Bell 1444; Independent 444

WICHITA, KANSAS

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We require the services of six energetic salesmen for new territory just being opened. Our lines sell themselves because there are none other "just as good." Write us today. RIGHT NOW for terms. Live wires—men who can do things make from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week. You can, too. Address

JAP-A-JAP SALES CO.
Wichita, Kansas

\$10.00 Sweep Feed
Grinder.



CURRIE JUNIOR

\$14.00 Galvanized
Steel Wind Mill.



We manufacture all sizes and styles. It will pay you to investigate. Write for catalog and price list.

CURRIE WIND MILL CO.,
Seventh St., Topeka, Kansas



CUTS
AND
DESIGNS
FOR
ADVERTISERS
WICHITA ENGRAVING COMPANY
PHONE 966 BEACON BLOCK



Try these for Dessert

at luncheon—with ices—tea or coffee. "Veronique" are dainty "sticks of goodness" from the "Sunshine" bakeries. A cylinder crust of crisp, flaky sweetness—pencil like—filled with an enticing cream. The most delicious confection ever conceived.

At your grocer's in protection tins, 25c

Try also—"Clover Leaf" Sugar Wafers, 15c tins.
"Philopena" Almond Shape, 25c tins.
"Perfetto" Sugar Wafers, 10c and 25c tins.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

Boston Kansas City St. Louis Omaha Minneapolis

Also distributed by
CHICAGO BISCUIT CO., Chicago
BROWN CRACKER & CANDY CO., Dallas, Texas

Veronique
"A Sunshine Dainty"

What Kind of Talcum Powder do you use?

Talcum Powder is made from a mineral called Talc. Talc is mined from the earth the same as coal or iron. The raw Talc varies in price according to its purity, and costs from \$8 to \$40 per ton.

NEXICAN TALCUM POWDER is made from imported Italian Talc, the only pure Talc mined. Try a jar and you will use no other. For sale by all dealers from New York to San Francisco.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

The Mexican Mfg. Co.

Wichita, Kansas

The Kansas National Bank of Wichita

.....WICHITA, KANSAS.....

Official Statement (Condensed) to the Comptroller of the Currency, April 28, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts - - -	\$ 889,361.19
Overdrafts - - -	2,884.21
U. S. Bonds (at par) - -	200,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds -	None
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	45,000.00
Other Real Estate - - -	None
High Grade Bonds - - -	301,444.00
Cash and Exchange - - -	1,552,775.22
	\$ 2,991,464.62

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock - - -	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus - - -	100,000.00
Undivided Profits - - -	19,660.49
Circulation - - -	99,300.00
DEPOSITS	
Individual . . .	\$1,398,495.94
Government . . .	10,000 .
Banks	1,264,008.19
	\$ 2,991,464.62

.....OFFICERS.....

C. Q. CHANDLER, President E. E. MASTERMAN, Vice President J. W. BERRYMAN, 2nd Vice President
 ELSBERRY MARTIN, Cashier CHAS. TESTARD, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

A. S. Parks W. R. Dulaney C. W. Southward C. H. Brooks E. E. Masterman
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The Wichita College of Music

(INCORPORATED)

This is the largest and best equipped College of Music in Kansas — beautiful building, concert hall, sound proof studios, located in the heart of the city. We employ only artists and experienced teachers.

NO ASSISTANT TEACHERS ARE EMPLOYED

We believe in giving the student the Best. All departments are complete: Piano, Voice, Violin, Violoncello, Pipe Organ, Band Instruments, Dramatic Art, Languages, School of Opera, Harmony, History, Theory, Composition, Etc.

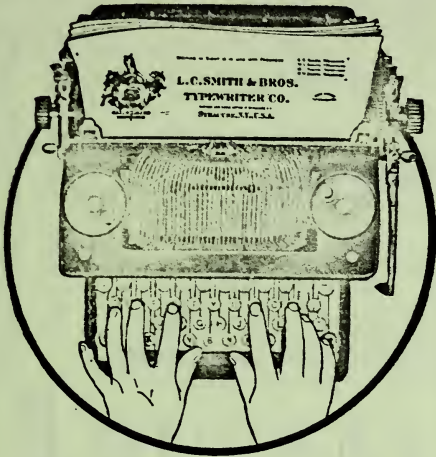
Students may enter at any time. Send today for our 60 page illustrated catalog, FREE

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We Want the Men



—and women who want the best—the keen, discriminating judges who are most particular in their requirements.

The NEW MODEL L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

Ball-bearings at all frictional points—

Parts made with scientific accuracy—

Clever inbuilt devices for doing all kinds of special work (to take the place of awkward, expensive attachments)—

is made to satisfy particular people.

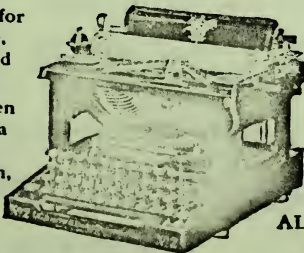
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London,
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A:1
the
writing
ALWAYS
in sight

Sharpen It

THERE is always something needing a cutting edge, and, no matter where you are, in the home, in the shop, or on the farm, you can put a better, more lasting, keener, cutting edge on any kind of a tool with a Western Star Tool Sharpener than with the best grindstone ever made—and in one-fifth the time. It is equipped with a tool rest, adjusted to the angles best suited to obtain good results. You can use either side of the sharpening wheel on the

Western Star ...Tool... Sharpener

which is made of the finest emery—use it until entirely worn out.

Takes but the slightest pressure to secure a good cutting edge. The gearing is made of non-friction metal, spindles of cold rolled steel, bearings of babbit—all wearing parts are interchangeable.

THE WESTERN STAR is the most practical, most compact, most satisfactory tool sharpener ever designed—nothing complicated; nothing to work loose, rattle or get out of order. Fastens to bench or table with screws. Size of grinding wheel, 4½ inches by 1 inch face.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Descriptive Folder Upon Request. Address

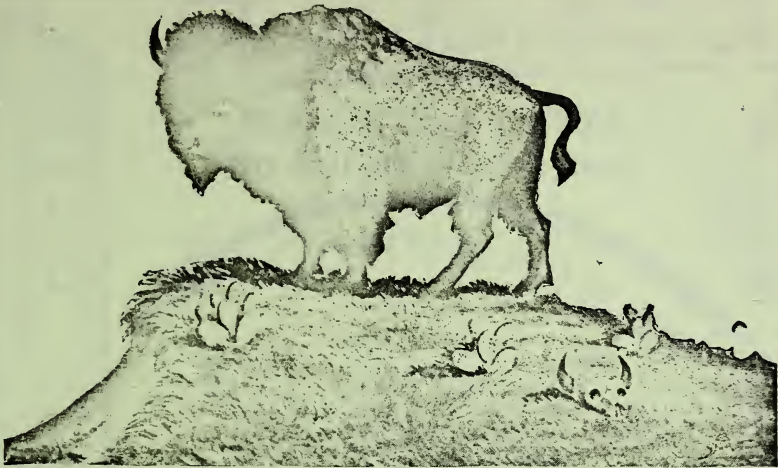
**NATIONAL PERFORATING
MACHINE CO.**

Dept. A

KANSAS CITY, MO.



Sole Agents for "Wear Proof" Hosiery
for Men, Women and Children



Western Distributors of the Celebrated
Abel - Bach Traveling Bags, Suit
..... Cases and Trunks

BUFFALO BRAND

Shirts, Pants, Overalls

Working Men's Apparel

¶ One Live Merchant in every town has the agency for the Famous "Buffalo Brand"; if you can't find him, drop us a line and we'll tell you where you can buy these better garments. Western made for Western people.

¶ "Buffalo Brand" garments are the Best made, Best fitting and thoroughly dependable lines on the market today.

¶ Every Merchant not at present selling our brands is invited to write to us. We offer for your approval the largest and most varied lines of Dry Goods, Furnishings, Notions, Traveling Bags and Trunks in the State of Kansas.

¶ Our Brands are sold through retail merchants only. Ask for the "BUFFALO!"

The Cox-Blodgett Wholesale Dry Goods Co.

NEW YORK OFFICE
72 Leonard Street

LONG DISTANCE
PHONE FREE

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WICHITA, KANSAS

Two Sanitary Tubes

Perfect Preparations
in Perfect Packages



CONVENIENT SANITARY TUBES

JAP-A-JAP SALVE

A pure, effective Japanese remedy for Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Insect Bites, Cracked Lips, Earache, Sore Eyes, Tender Feet, Chafing and Rough Skin. Indispensable After Shaving.

JAP-A-JAP CREAM

A perfect Toilet Preparation for Skin and Tissue Building, absolutely pure and harmless, renders the skin soft, white and beautiful. Free from oil or gloss. Prevents Roughness and Premature Wrinkles. Especially adapted for ladies before using powder.

Have you a Jap-A-Jap Complexion?

Jap-A-Jap preparations in tubes at all druggists or by mail
25c and 50c.



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No Open Jars to admit

DIRTY FINGERS or DISEASE GERMS



JAP-A-JAP SALES CO.
WICHITA AND NEW YORK

Happy the Cook Who Uses

Kelley's Famous ..Flour..

For Sale by Most First Class
Dealers Everywhere
and Made by

The Wm. Kelly Milling Co

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

SALT CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE
★ Open all the year. 565 Students. Graduates
earn \$500 to \$1,000 first year. Positions sure.
★ *Shorthand & Penmanship*
by mail. — One of America's fore-
most schools. Write for free book on Short-
hand, Penmanship or Bookkeeping. Mention this
★ ★ HUTCHINSON, KANS. ★ ★

PASSENGER
ELEVATORS
FREIGHT

H. G. LANDIS

WICHITA

KANSAS

GOOD MORNING!



The Interstate Marble and Tile Co.

Incorporated under the Laws of Kansas

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I REPRESENT

Having consolidated the Joplin Marble & Tile Co., of Kansas City and Joplin, Mo., and W. H. Fernald's business of Topeka, we have opened stores and offices at 619 Jackson St., Topeka, Kans., 903 Main St., Joplin, Mo., 1318 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

By this arrangement we are enabled to buy marble and tile in car load lots making a considerable saving in first cost and freight. The active members of this concern are all thoroughly practical mechanics, having worked at the business for years, and are competent to undertake any job in this line.

We only ask you to write for our prices on building marble, slate and tile work of every description, and if we cannot give you as good prices as any one, we do not want your work.

INTERSTATE MARBLE & TILE CO.

MAIN OFFICE, TOPEKA, KAN.

ALL HALF-TONES
IN THIS ISSUE

Engraved by

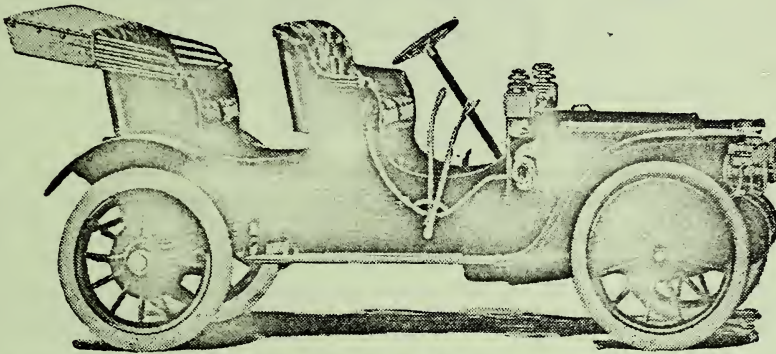
CAPPER ENGRAVING CO

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

J. H. Baird, Mgr.

The FRANKLIN

Air-Cooled Automobile



MODEL D \$2800.00 F. O. B. WICHITA
"The Ideal Motor Car"

REAL RIDEABILITY

- ¶ Your point of view of motoring is determined by the car you own. If it represents pleasure and comfort coupled with reliability it has fulfilled its mission. We offer the FRANKLIN on its own sterling worth.
- ¶ Every FRANKLIN owner has a car in which he places complete confidence. Lighter in WEIGHT and greater in POWER, the FRANKLIN is the easiest riding car in the world.

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUES

Franklin Motor Car Co.

CHAS. F. SMYTH, Manager

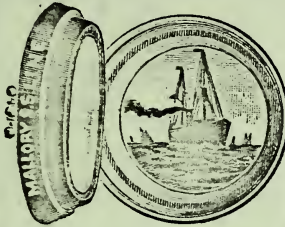
156 N. Emporia Ave.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Mallory Steamship Company

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT SERVICE BETWEEN THE
NORTH, SOUTH and SOUTHWEST

STEAMSHIPS		TONS
Brazos	- -	8,000
San Jacinto	- -	6,000
Denver	- -	5,000
Concho	- -	4,000
Sabine	- -	3,700
Nueces	- -	3,700



STEAMSHIPS		TONS
Lampasas	- -	3,200
Alamo	- -	3,200
Comal	- -	3,200
San Marcos	- -	3,000
Colorado	- -	3,000
Rio Grande	- -	,7000

THE MALLORY STEAMSHIP COMPANY

Operates the finest and fastest coastwise steamers in the world. The time consumed in making the voyage from New York to Galveston is from five to six days.

The Company is particularly interested in Kansas traffic. Its officials have for many years recognized the great resources of this grand state and fully appreciate its immense and growing jobbing business.

WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRAFFIC

E. G. WARFFIELD, Freight Traffic Manager
80 South St., New York, N. Y.
J. E. DENISON, General Agent

H. H. RAYMOND, Vice Pres. and Genl. Mgr.
80 South St., New York, N. Y.
A. W. PYE, General Passenger Agent
80 South St., New York, N. Y.

Galveston, Texas
F. T. RENNIE, Commercial Agent, Dallas, Texas



How Do You Sleep?

Don't blame the doctor if you don't sleep well. Nine times out of ten it's the fault of the mattress. You'll sleep better on a

"Uneda Felt"

If your dealer is sold out write us and we'll see that you get one of our kind. Prices and qualities sent upon request. Made of elastic Layer Felt. 30 night guarantee.

Nolley Furniture Co.
WICHITA, KANSAS

The Hutchinson Lumber and Planing Mill Company

JAMES ST. JOHN A. W. McCANDLESS M. H. WAGNER
President Sec'y and Treas. Vice Pres't

Offices and Yards, 1 to 10 Sherman West
Mill, Avenue A, West

HUTCHINSON : : : KANSAS

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

E. L. MEYER L. A. BIGGER A. W. EAGAN
President Vice Pres't Cashier

ESTABLISHED 1876

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

≡ \$250,000.00 ≡

Hutchinson, Kansas

PAPER BOXES OF PERFECTION

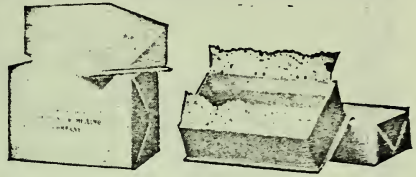
Wedding Cake Boxes, Candy Confection Boxes, in Fancy Picture Tops or Pearl; with or without imprints. Also Special Lace and Ribbon Effects. Prices ranging from \$14.00 per 1000 and upwards. We sell in any quantity.

We make Paper Boxes of every description, Mailing Tubes, Corrugated Boxes, Shoe and Medicine Cartons Wholesale Grocers' Sample Boxes. Write for prices. We sell in any quantity.

327 S. Market St.

E. NEWELL OWENS BOX FACTORY

Wichita, Kansas



WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO. ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS



ABSTRACTERS' PAPER and BINDERS

Watermarked with your own name and address. High Grade Commercial Printing for Particular People. Write for samples and prices to

TOM W. FLORY
Burlington, Kansas

TRADE



MARK

Kansas Athletic and Sporting Goods Store

High Grade BASEBALL UNIFORMS

Send for our new Uniform Sample Book, and save time and freight by dealing in Kansas.

FULLERTON BROS.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

THE NEW COLISEUM HOTEL

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

Largest Hotel in the Southwest. One hundred rooms, all with new furnishings. European plan. Cafe in Connection. *Now Open to the Traveling Public.*

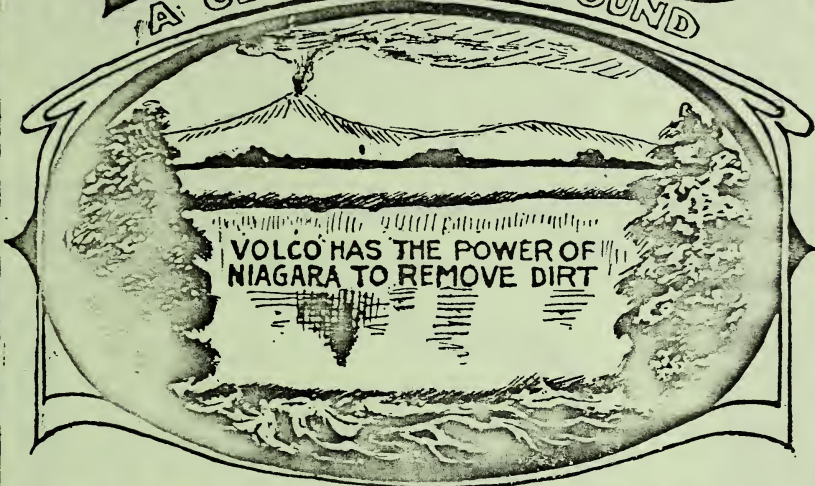
Patrons of this modern hostelry have access to the famous

.....SALT WATER BATHS.....

The only place in Kansas where real baths of this nature can be enjoyed, the water being taken from the famous salt beds of this section. These baths are highly recommended for rheumatic cure. All kinds of baths, including Turkish, Vapor, Electric and Swedish processes. Salt water natatorium in the building.

VOLCO

A CLEANING COMPOUND



VOLCO HAS THE POWER OF
NIAGARA TO REMOVE DIRT

THE VOLGO MANUFACTURING CO
WICHITA — KANSAS

A "High-Grade" Cleaning Compound

— FOR CLEANING —

Tinwar	Woodwork	Windows
Enameled Ware	Linoleum	Copper
Earthenware	Oilcloth	Brass
Chinaware	Cooking Utensils	Steel
Glassware	Dairyman's Utensils	Nickle
Silverware	Sinks	Marble
Porcelain	Kettles	Tiling
Bath Tubs	Stoves	Statuary

* DIRECTIONS FOR GENERAL USE

Dampen the article to be cleaned, sprinkle sparingly with VOLCO, and rub with a cloth until dirt is removed

THE HALSTEAD
MILLING & ELEVATOR CO
SECOND TO NONE
FLOUR
HALSTEAD, KANS.
SECOND TO NONE FLOUR

THE
HALSTEAD
MILLING &
ELEVATOR CO

THE HALSTEAD
MILLING & ELEVATOR CO
BOSS
PATENT
ROLLER FLOUR
HALSTEAD, KANS.
BOSS PATENT FLOUR



WE ARE BETWEEN
THE FARMER AND THE CONSUMER
WE SOW THE SEED WE MAKE THE FLOUR
THE NATION USES IT

OUR BRANDS
ARE
IN DEMAND





For over thirty years the word **Shawknit** on socks has been a sure sign of superior foot comfort and durability.

Your money back if dissatisfied, without red tape or formalities

And it is these two features in particular that you look for, expect and have a right to insist upon.

It is precisely what you get when you buy **Shawknit** socks.

Because the welfare of tender feet has not been sacrificed for the sake of durability.

Neither have long wearing qualities been overlooked at the cost of true foot comfort.

Shawknit cotton socks for summer wear are delightfully soft to the feet, because made from best selected long fibre cotton yarns, which *we comb and spin in our own mills.*

Nothing of a harsh nature creeps into the make-up of **Shawknits**, which produces a feeling of discomfort so noticeable in many socks, for which greater wearing qualities are claimed.

Then again **Shawknit** socks are shaped in the knitting — not stretched over board forms — that is why they do not bind over the instep, and push a hole through the toe.

Shawknit socks are seamless, thus doing away with a disagreeable feature prevalent in other socks, which irritates the sole of the foot and causes excessive perspiration.

There are no socks made to-day that give you greater value of *comfort, durability* and *style* for your money than **Shawknit** socks — recognized the world over as the standard — but frequently imitated.

For this reason always look for the **Shawknit** trade-mark stamped on the toe when buying socks. Then you are sure to get the genuine — the kind that feel better, look better and wear longer.

The following assortment of light weight cottons will be found most appropriate for summer, and equal in wear, fastness of color and appearance to higher priced goods.

Style 3554B — Black (Snowblack)
 Style 3554T — Tan — for tan shoes
 Style 3554C — Rich Navy Blue
 Style 3554F — Gun Metal Gray
 Style 3554H — Heliotrope
 Style 3554K — Hunter Green
 Style 3554M — Reseda Green
 Style 3554R — Ox Blood

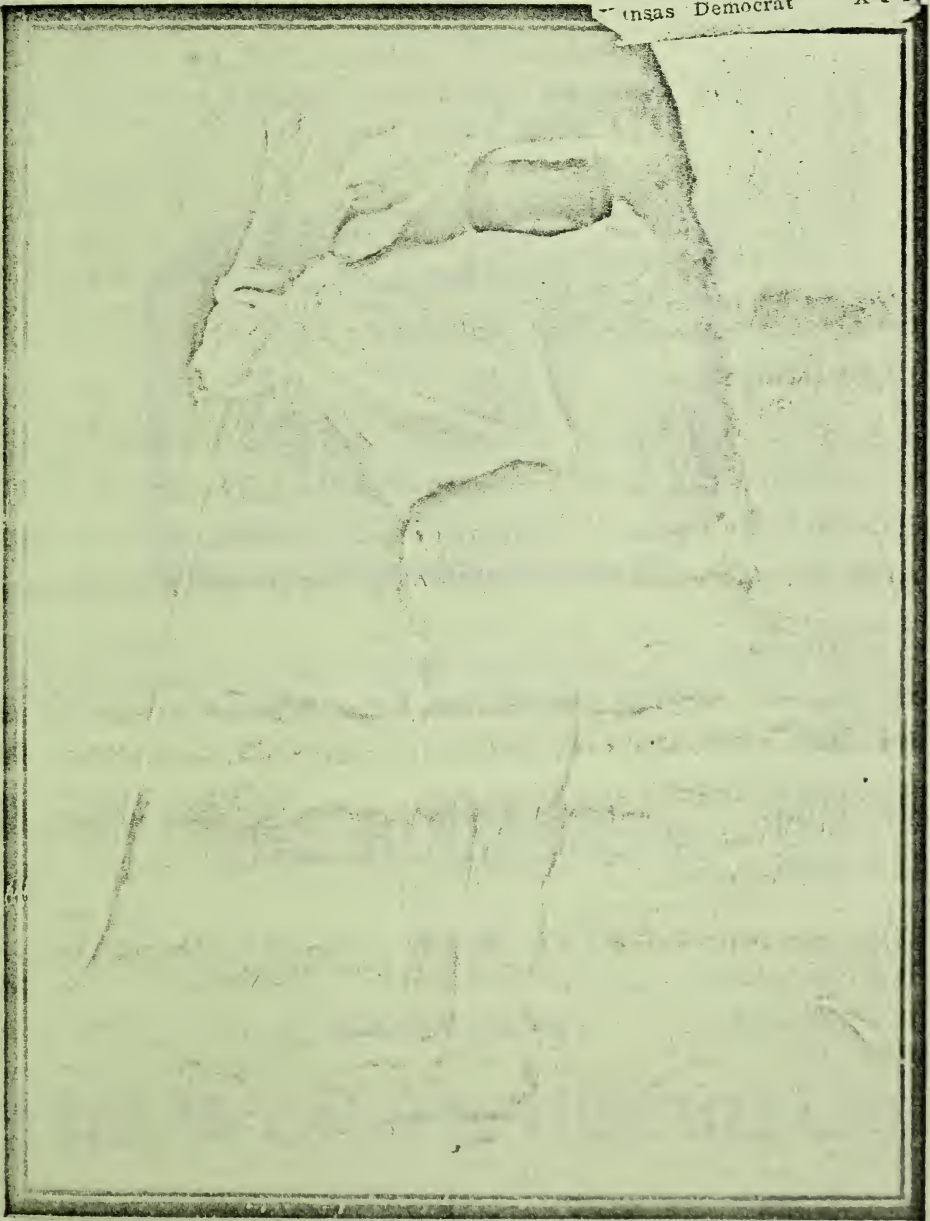
Extra light weight for spring and summer, 25c. a pair, or 6 pairs of any assortment, \$1.50, sent direct. Charges prepaid to any point in the United States upon receipt of price, should you be unable to procure them from your local dealer.

Made in sizes 9-11½ inclusive. Please specify when ordering direct.

Anyway write to-day for beautifully illustrated catalog and price list — the handsomest thing of its sort ever issued.

SHAW STOCKING CO. 43 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

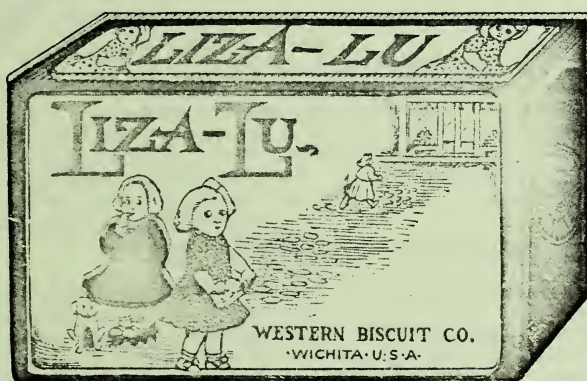
KANSAS MAGAZINE



AT AUC 15 CENT

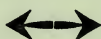
Please the Children

By getting them a package of the nicest, best, most wholesome and attractive cookie made.



Is a fine molasses creation daintily flavored and is just the thing for the children's lunch—and for yours.

10c all Grocers



Made Only by

The Western Biscuit Co.

—WICHITA—

Learn Music By Mail

This FREE BOOK Tells How.



By our wonderful
copyrighted Simplex System—one of
the greatest methods of musical instruction
ever known—anyone of ordinary education may
learn by mail to play piano or organ *from the notes*

In 20 Easy Lessons

You need not know the first principles of music. This wonderful system makes it possible for you to become a capable musician, quickly and easily through spare-time study at home. The work is enjoyable and fascinating—you will be wonderfully surprised at the progress you can make. This system teaches you note music thoroughly. When you finish this course you will be able to read and play popular, sacred and classical music direct from the notes.

THE SIMPLEX SYSTEM

Teaches the keyboard, time, fingering, keys and scales, translation, harmony, seventh and diminished seventh chords, modulation of harmony, chord scales, minor transposition, accompaniments, composition, intermediate tones, expression, etc. It is considered better than three times the amount of instruction at three times the cost under old-time methods—it teaches the practical and usable in music and does away with all unnecessary theory. The Simplex System is no experiment—this method of instruction has enjoyed fifteen years of ever-increasing success. We can refer you to enthusiastic students all over America.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

- "Your course in harmony is a notable feature."
- "I can learn music from you better than from a local teacher."
- "Simple and easy to understand."
- "I can play almost any class of music written and understand composition, transposition, and harmony."
- "The thoroughness and simplicity of your method of music enabled me to play any music I desired."
- "I took lessons of music teachers for two years but made no progress and did not intend to try again, but made progress under Simplex system from very first lesson."

By utilizing your odd moments you may become a capable musician in your own home by this easy method. You should have this course of lessons. The cost is a mere trifle compared to the *real worth*. If you wish to learn to play piano or organ, send the coupon for our free book, "Music Taught By Mail."

Simplex School of Music
Conservatory 415
Kansas City, Mo.

**Fill
in
and mail
this coupon**

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SIMPLEX SCHOOL OF MUSIC,

Conservatory 415 Kansas City, Mo.

Send me your free book, "Music Taught by Mail."

NAME

Address

Your Attention, Mr. Advertiser!

The ability of the Kansas Magazine to get bona fide results is amply evinced in the testimonials given below:

MARSH AND NEEDLES
Band House

The Largest Stock of Sheet Music, Folios and Musical Merchandise in the Southwest.
Wichita, Kan., May 1st, 1909.

The Kansas Magazine Company,
Wichita, Kansas.

Gentlemen:—Kindly reserve a full-page space for our advertisement in the June issue of your publication.

We cannot be too emphatic as to the value of The Kansas Magazine as a "puller" and our increase from a quarter-page contract is on account of the splendid returns which we have received from your publication.

We want to go on record as saying that of dozens of mediums which we have used, The Kansas Magazine is the best paying of them all. It brings the orders.

Wishing you success and assuring you of our appreciation of the merit of the magazine, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

R. S. M. L

THE MARSH-NEEDLES MUSIC CO.

THE PALISADE FRUIT & LAND COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Real Estate and Investments.

Palisade, Colorado,
June 22, 1909.

Gentlemen:—

We herewith hand you new ad. for August. We are getting very satisfactory results from your periodical and trust they will continue.

We are,

Yours very truly,

THE PALISADE FRUIT & LAND CO.,

Per H. R. Hough, (Manager.)

CENTRAL CYCLE & SUPPLY COMPANY

135 North Market Street

Wichita, Kansas

AUTO CYCLES, BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES

Wichita, July 6, 1909.

Kansas Magazine Company,
Wichita, Kansas.

Gentlemen:—

After the insertion of two one-quarter page advertisements in the Kansas Magazine we wish to testify to its worth as an advertising medium by stating that we have had inquiries by mail from many sources, some from as far distant as the state of New York.

With best wishes for the success of the Kansas Magazine, we remain,

Very truly yours,

CENTRAL CYCLE AND SUPPLY CO.

ISRAEL BROTHERS

Real Estate and Rental Agency

Reference: Your Wichita Acquaintances.

The Kansas Magazine Co.,
City.

Gentlemen:—

When paying your collector June bill for our ad. in the Kansas Magazine we were about to discontinue the same when it suddenly dawned upon us that this ad. was directly responsible for the sale of 10,000 acres of Western Kansas alfalfa lands, representing an investment of over \$110,000. This fact we related to your collector, not thinking the young lady would report the same to you and that your eternal eye for business would prompt you to ask for this testimonial showing the great value of your Magazine as an advertising medium. This testimonial, however, we cheerfully give.

We remain,

Sincerely yours,

ISRAEL BROS.

To Kansas News Dealers

Beginning with the October number of the Kansas Magazine we will make all sales to news dealers direct. Being practically a local publication so far as Kansas is concerned, we adopt this plan in order to make deliveries in the quickest possible time. All news dealers who have been selling The Kansas Magazine will kindly write us at once for terms of sale, etc. Our plan is to get on the market before any of the eastern publications, thus insuring large sales for all who push our publication.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO NEWS DEALERS

To the local news dealer who sells the largest number of Kansas Magazines, beginning with the September number, 1909, and ending with the January number, 1910,

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WICHITA, KANSAS

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The Kihlberg Hotel and Bath House now open

Illustrated folders sent free.

••

S. G. WARNER, General Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

ARTICLES OF INTEREST FOR
OUR SEPTEMBER
NUMBER

The Sunflower

Geo. P. Morehouse, president of the Kansas Authors' Club, will tell about the making of the law which designates the Sunflower as the state flower of Kansas.

Helpless Waifs Adrift

An interesting and instructive article by I. T. Martin, copiously illustrated. It tells in a very graphic manner how many of the waifs of Kansas's largest city are taught how and why they should earn a living by honest work.

A Panhandle Romance

A fascinating romance of the short grass country. A clever plot of intense interest by Molly Warren.

When the Grasshoppers Came

A thrilling tragedy—no nature fake. One who saw the rolling, billowy cloud of grasshoppers as it darkened the sky, will tell how he felt about it at the time.

Snap Shots Along the Panama Canal

This very intelligent article by Robert Baldwin will be read with intense interest. Mr. Baldwin takes the reader with him to the great Canal and points out the many things of interest to be found in that fascinating region. The illustrations for this article are all from photographs taken very recently.

A City Marshal on The Frontier

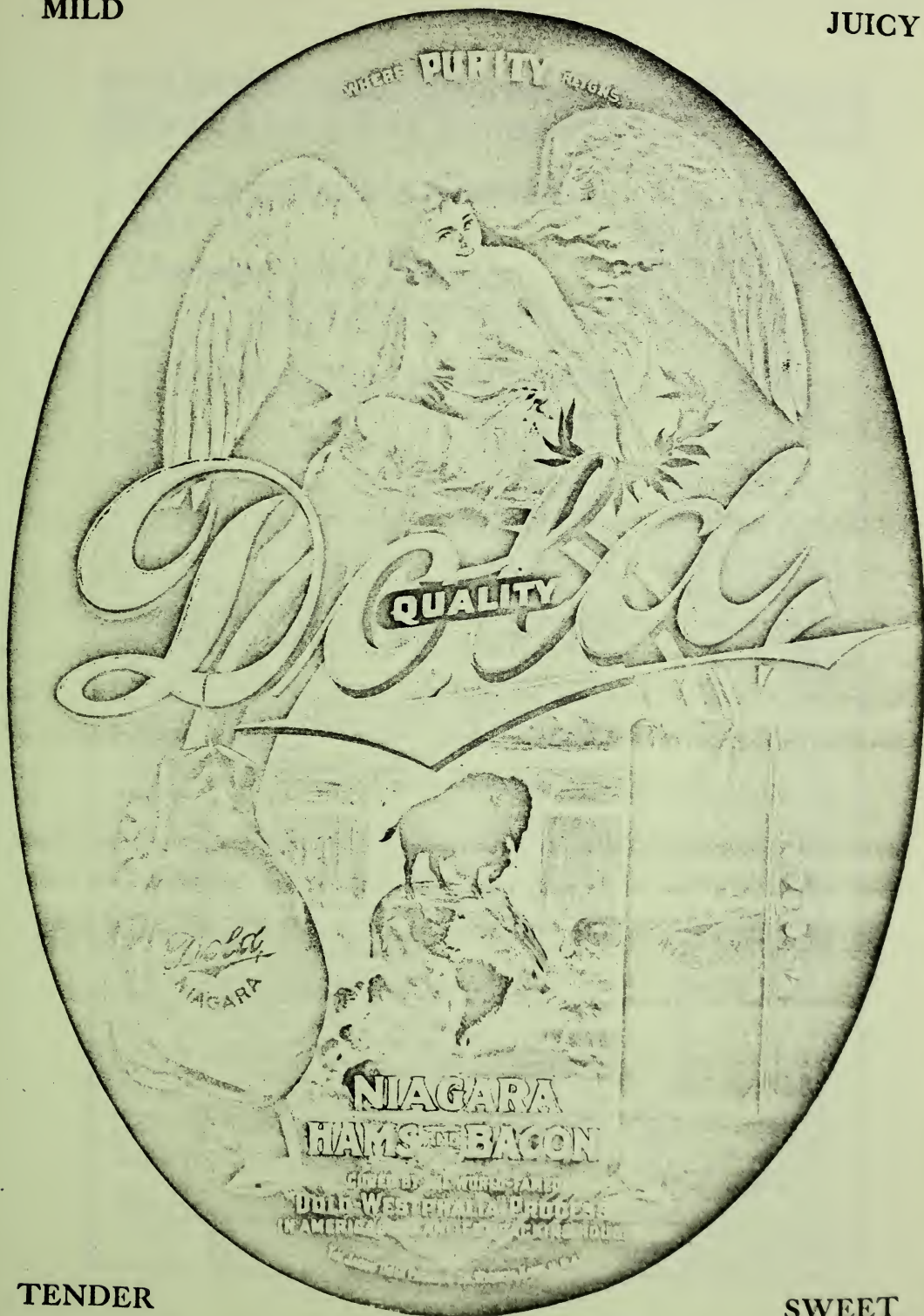
Charles H. Morehouse, an eye witness to many tragedies of the frontier days will tell the thrilling story of the official life of Mike Meager, Wichita's second city marshal. This is a bit of early state history that will be carefully preserved.

A Literary Classic

We have discovered a poet—a real poet. “Wind of the Prairie,” by Willard Wattles, will be read with great interest by the greatest literary critics of the continent. It will be published with elaborate decoration in the September issue of THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

MILD

JUICY



TENDER

SWEET

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To show you what Suesine Silk is like and the wonderfully brilliant and delicate colors suitable for negligee, house, street, carriage, calling and evening gowns of every description.

we will send you, absolutely free, thirty-seven samples of Suesine Silk—more than 285 square inches altogether, equal in all to two pages of this magazine.

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Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasize that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, long silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detracting from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better not only at first sight, but by actual wear. Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

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If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and trading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name

SUESINE SILK

stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine Silk except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in your city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47½¢ a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today. NOW.

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Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine.



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6 Per Cent Bonds Now Being Offered

WITH A LIBERAL BONUS OF STOCK FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company is now offering to conservative, careful investors, an opportunity such as has not been equaled in years. The proposed electric railway will connect Wichita with all surrounding towns and will be the medium through which Wichita as well as every community it touches will broaden out, and acquire a phenomenal increase in every line of business.

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company is now offering for the first time 6 per cent bonds with a bonus of stock in the railway company. The engineers are already in the field and money raised from the sale of bonds will be used for construction and equipment and will be a first mortgage lien on the property.

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company is a Kansas enterprise for Kansas people. The officers and directors of the company are Kansans and Kansas capital is desired to build the road.

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company's 6 per cent bonds are selling at \$100 each. They are payable either in full or in partial payments as follows: Twenty per cent on the 1st of September, 1909, and twenty per cent on the first of each month thereafter.

THINK WHAT THIS MEANS

The actual realization of this interurban railway will enhance the value of every foot of land in every farm and city lot throughout the country traversed. We cannot be too emphatic as to the value of an interurban railway. The business man of today appreciates its importance, the farmer knows its necessity and every up-to-date community is alive to its advantages. Interurban railways in Kansas and in every other part of the country are paying handsome dividends, especially to those who are first to buy bonds and secure some of the stock.

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company is a road to be owned and controlled at home. The greatness of the state of Kansas is due to the loyalty of its people. The success of this enterprise depends largely upon the cooperation of enthusiastic Kansans.

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The sooner the bonds are sold, the sooner the dirt will fly! Your response at once means your being able to traverse the great Southwestern part of Kansas in an electric interurban car. How soon do you wish this to happen? Write us, phone us or wire us. Ask us anything—we'll answer everything. Complete particulars sent by first mail. When shall we hear from you?

Address:

O. A. BOYLE

President and Manager The Interurban Construction Co.

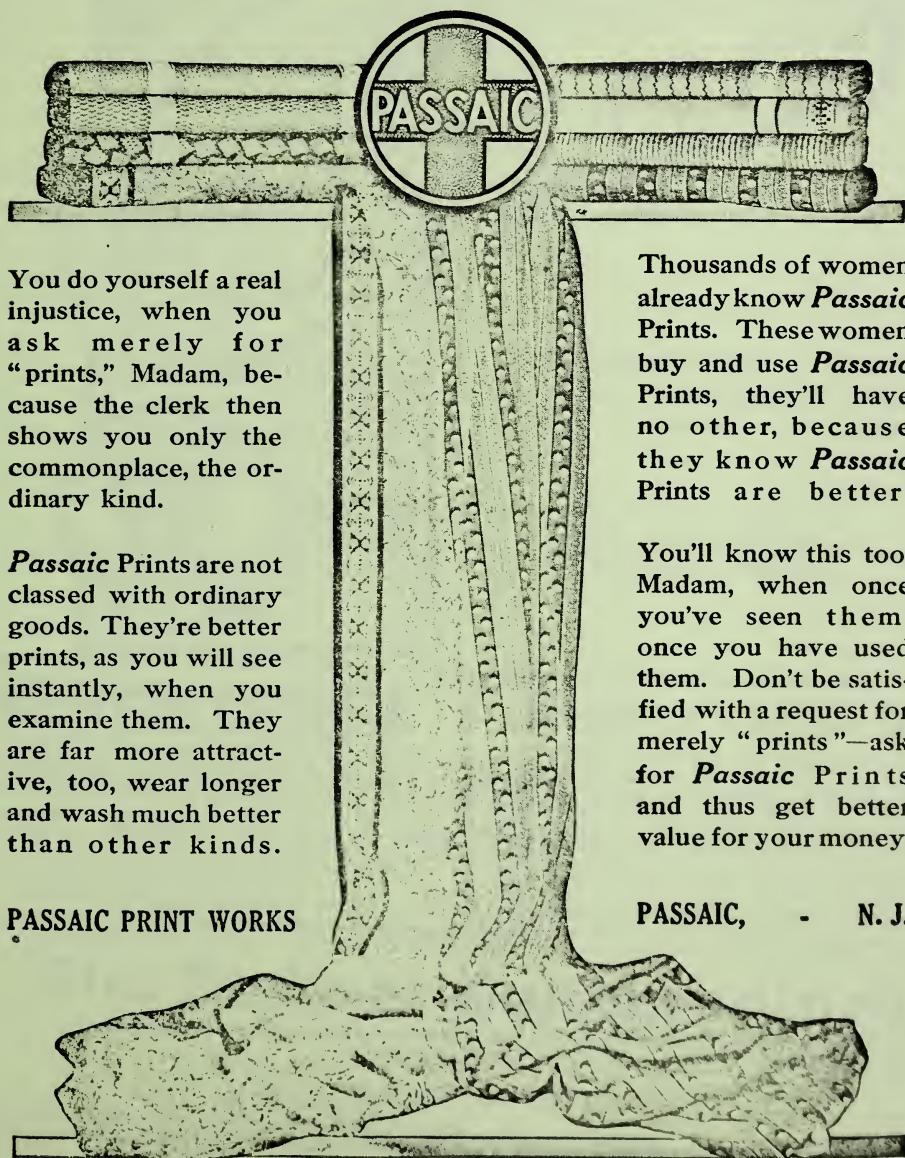
WICHITA, KANSAS

Local and Long Distance Phones.

Reference: The Kansas Magazine Co.

Wichita, Kan.

If You're Using Prints Other Than *Passaic* Prints, Madam, You're Not Getting the Best Print-Value for Your Money



You do yourself a real injustice, when you ask merely for "prints," Madam, because the clerk then shows you only the commonplace, the ordinary kind.

Passaic Prints are not classed with ordinary goods. They're better prints, as you will see instantly, when you examine them. They are far more attractive, too, wear longer and wash much better than other kinds.

PASSAIC PRINT WORKS

Thousands of women already know *Passaic* Prints. These women buy and use *Passaic* Prints, they'll have no other, because they know *Passaic* Prints are better.

You'll know this too, Madam, when once you've seen them, once you have used them. Don't be satisfied with a request for merely "prints"—ask for *Passaic* Prints and thus get better value for your money.

PASSAIC, - N. J.



This Summer—
have a vacation worth while. Picturesque Colorado offers new and interesting scenes—mountains as high as the Alps lakes and streams with schools of fish awaiting the drop of a line. By all means go to

From Wichita to Pueblo	-	\$14.95
" " Colo. Springs	-	16.45
" " Denver	-	17.60

C. K. BOTHWELL,
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The oldest chartered school of music in Wichita. Now in new quarters, with new Grand Pianos
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Fall term begins September 7, 1909. Students may enter at any time. Address for catalogue and particulars.

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Director Sickner Conservatory

THE GREEN RIVER VALLEY

The Green River Valley Is 115 Miles West of Palisade, Colorado.

It is a newer valley, similar to the Palisade Valley in Soil Protection, Climate and Water. Abundance of water, sure crop. Big fancy fruit which leads the world for quality, is the great future for these two wonderful valleys.



Palisade peaches in June. Photographed June, 1909

A SUMMER TRIP

Route: Colorado Midland, via Colorado Springs, Manitou, Hagerman Pass, Glenwood Springs, stopping off at Palisade, Colorado. Take the Denver & Rio Grande to Green River, Utah, and Salt Lake City, and return east through the Tennessee Pass and the Royal Gorge. This is the most beautiful and restful mountain trip in the United States. Low rates from

JUNE TO NOVEMBER.

15 PER CENT NET ON \$3000.00 ACRE LAND

I came here three years ago from Ohio, bought this five acre tract for \$1,650.00 per acre, and I would not trade it for the best 160 acres of farm land I ever saw. I will have from five to seven thousand boxes peaches this year.

J. F. STARKEY, Palisade, Colo.

Note.—Mr. Starkey refuses to sell his land for less than \$3,000.00 per acre.

Three Million Dollar Fruit Crop in Palisade Valley this Year



Cherries—117 to one Limb. Photographed May 15, 1909

That the Palisade, Colorado, and Green River, Utah, Fruit Valleys are the Greatest Fruit Lands in the World, is again proven by:

A BUMPER FRUIT CROP THIS YEAR

Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Apples, Plums, Apricots and Grapes all loaded with Fruit. Although the freeze has killed the fruit crops in many of the fruit districts, Palisade and Green River Fruit Valleys again go clear of damage. The trees are loaded with fruit with 75 per cent to spare in thinning.

Two Wonderful Irrigated Valleys of Fig Opportunity

Secretary of Interior Garfield visited both the Palisade and Green River Valleys last year and was so pleased as to start a government project of a Three Million Dollar Ditch to reclaim more land. Investigate for yourself.

Three Million Dollars For Fruit Crop

This is the conservative estimate by fruit experts of this year's crop in the Palisade Fruit Valley. Seventeen consecutive crops of Peaches alone is the record here. People are growing wealthy and living in luxury in most beautiful homes on ten acres of Palisade Fruit Land. Write for Descriptive Booklet.

THE PALISADE FRUIT & LAND CO.
PALISADE, COLO.

THE GREEN RIVER FRUIT & LAND CO.
GREEN RIVER, UTAH



Ask your dealer for the Ermine Hat. You will be pleased with the style and finish.

Merchants!

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Other Merchants sell good Hats
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Have you bought your Fall
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Some merchant in your town will sell these lines.
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Correspondence solicited. Long distance phones free.

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Wichita, Kansas



KANSAS MAGAZINE



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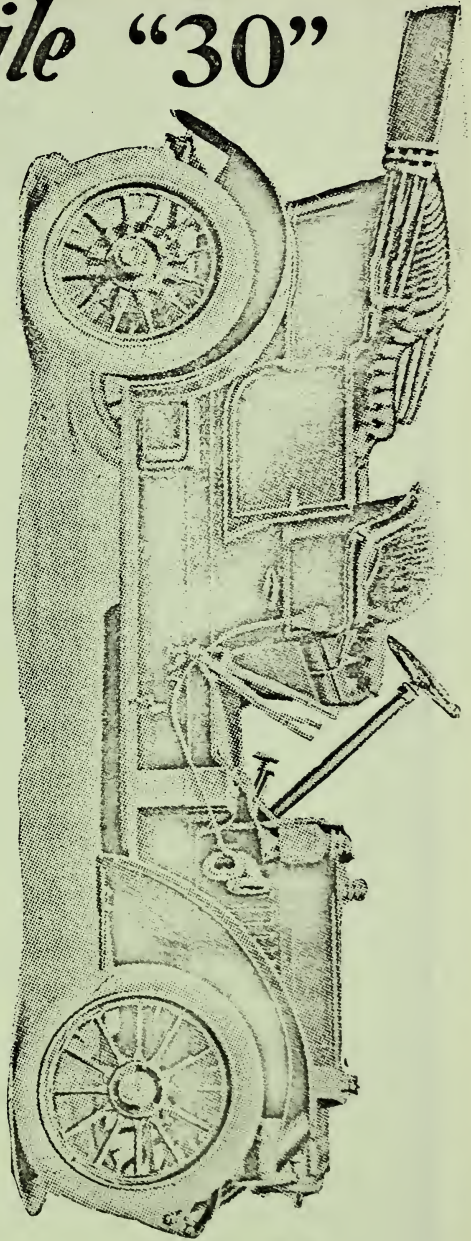
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THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS

The *Locomobile* "30"

America's premier stock racing car—The 1910 Locomobile is now on our floor \$3500.00 F. O. B. Wichita—If you want the greatest motor car made, come and see the '10 Locomobile 30—Shaft driven—All the speed you want—more power than you will ever need and a general makeup to it that will last forever—Ask the owner of a Locomobile—Ride in the new demonstrator and be convinced—Buy the only American car with the greatest and largest endurance record of them all.



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SMYTH MOTOR CAR CO.

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WICHITA,

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KANSAS



GEORGE MELVILLE STONE

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

AUGUST 1909.

NO. 2.

The Millet of the Prairies

BY C. A. SEWARD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS by GEORGE MELVILLE STONE

PROGRESS in art as well as in all other phases of endeavor belongs to us in our growth as a component part of this great nation.

Time was when Ohio was spoken of as being "away out west" and the mere word Kansas brought to the mind visions of gaudily painted red-skins and stampeding herds of long horned cattle or angry buffaloes. If the question should have been asked at that time, "What hope is there for the future of this vast Western Empire?" the ever present vision would have at once prompted the evasive reply, "Can any good thing come out of Kansas?" That many good things have not only come out but still remain in Kansas, goes without saying. Today we point with pride to the magnitude of our twentieth century industries, to our resourceful business men, and to our opulent farmers who carry the largest pocketbooks of the nation. That we also have men who have accomplished great things in the field of art is admirably certified by the numerous canvases from the brush of Geo. M. Stone, hung not only in our own state but throughout the land from Maine to California.

Mr. Stone has been acclaimed one of the greatest of our modern artists in individual expression. He has also done more than any other artist for the development of art in Kansas. He has not only given aid and encouragement to all artistic endeavor that has come to his notice but has also created a "school of devotees" so to speak of

which he is the beloved master. He has spent a number of years traveling in all parts of America and Europe, four years of which were spent in the city of Paris. He has studied art and the methods of artists under all conditions from the fierce heat of a noon-day sun in the city of Mexico, to the cooling breezes in the shadows of the forests of Fontainebleau. His present ability is due not to special endowment or superhuman effort, but to the years of incessant labor.

Scores of admirers know Mr. Stone by his many beautiful portraits. He always gets a likeness, but his paintings show more than the mere external aspect; they penetrate, the character becomes visible under the touch of his magic brush and every canvas displays rare refinement of color and technical excellence. His portraits include paintings of both men and women showing that he is complete master of portraiture and is not limited alone to presenting graceful femininity.

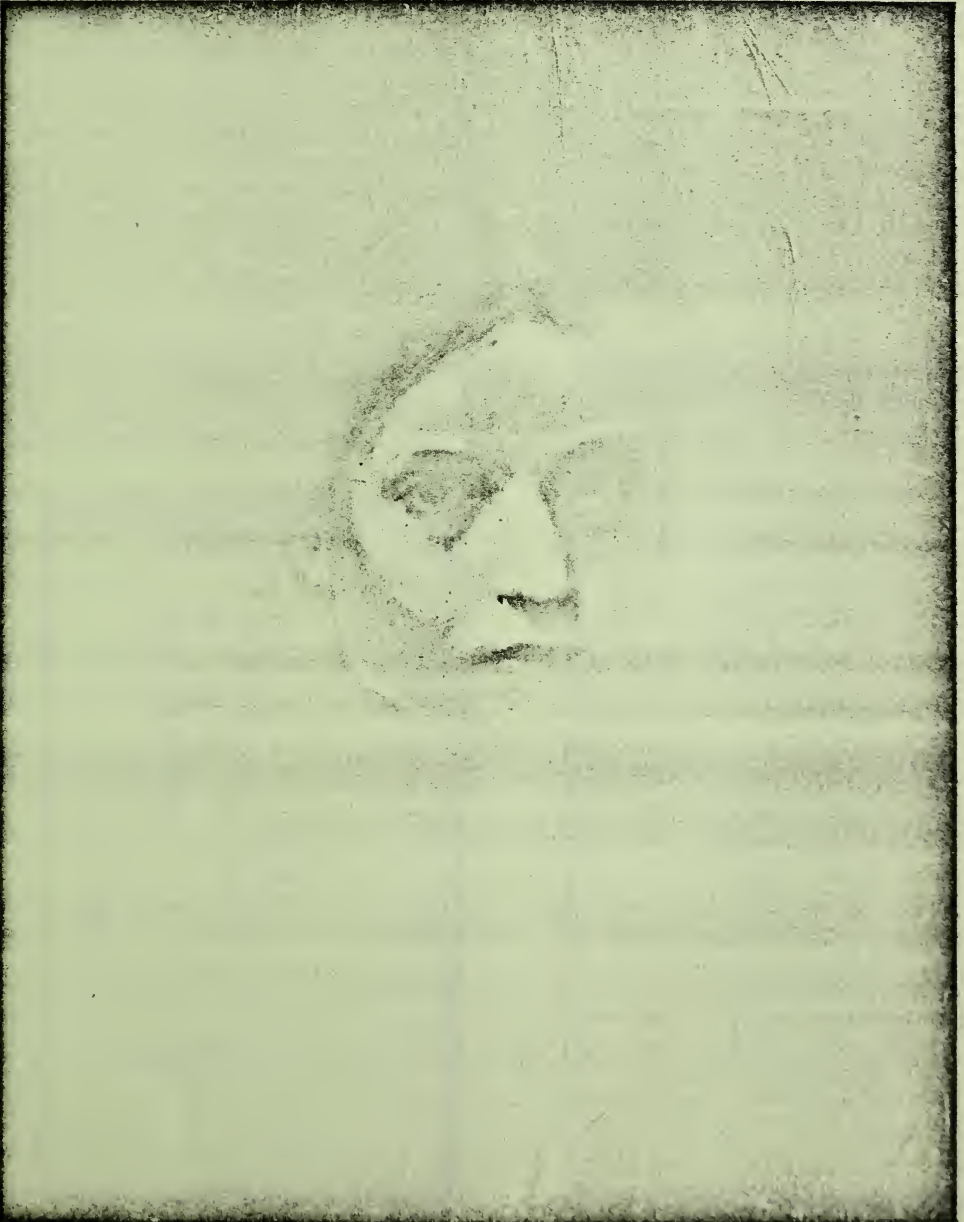
At various times he has painted portraits for numerous prominent citizens of Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco, and more than two scores of his portraits are owned by the prominent families of Topeka, his home city.

However, the work that stands pre-eminent in all that he is doing is the immortalizing of the Western farmer. True to his convictions he paints the life he has lived and known from his boyhood. What Millet and Breton

have done for the French peasants, and what Mauve and Israels have done for the Dutch peasants and fishermen, Mr. Stone is doing for the western farmer of this great nation.

His canvases bear the true marks of the modern school of impressionism. His work possesses that stamp of individualism and true versatility that

marks only the work of one who does not base his art upon ideas or methods derived from others, but upon what is suggested by his own observation and temperament. He spares no pains to obtain correctness in detail and general effect, and at the same time uses his choice in giving what he considers the most salient features of his subject at



The Child of Poverty.

the moment of their strongest appeal.

He is a past master in flooding his canvases with sunlight; his compositions are simple and delightful, showing sound draftsmanship and his resourceful color is laid on with a breadth of handling that reveals wonderful atmosphere and brilliancy.

The accompanying reproductions give as far as black and white can, a fair impression of the artist's powers.

"The Child of Poverty," painted in Paris in 1887, may truly be regarded as one of the masterpieces of American art. A striking face, somewhat suggestive of Rembrandt in style, clear gray eyes deeply set, narrow lips all depicted in a masterly way with an astonishing revelation of truth and an expression that is not easily forgotten. He has not only painted the face but the soul. A friend once said that he might forget in time all of Mr. Stone's canvases save alone "The Child of Poverty," with its set expression, the sallow skin, the oppressed soul, yet through it all a kindly light seemed to shine, the

hope for brighter days—that picture will remain for ever indelibly stamped on my mind.

The "Portrait of Melville E. Stone," the distinguished manager of the Associated Press of America, is one of the great achievements in Mr. Stone's portraiture. The clean shaven face gives an excellent opportunity to test the artist's powers in the delicate handling of the features, which is done with marvelous charm and grace. This portrait is the property of the Lotus Club of New York City, an honor of which the artist may justly feel proud as the Lotus Club includes artists and literary men who are authority on matters of literature and art, and no painting is allowed to hang on the walls of the club rooms until it has passed favorably before a committee of connoisseurs.



Melville E. Stone.



The Bill Collector.

Uncle Joe Baldwin, a character familiar to every citizen of Topeka since '74, is pictured with the usual skill in "The Bill Collector." It is a remarkable study in character, color and technical skill, possessing plenty of detail and yet broad enough in handling to avoid any feeling of being overworked.

"Harvest in the Ardennes" reminds one at once of Millet and Breton. The splendid draftsmanship, the unusual wealth of color and the blaze of sunlight show the artist at his best. The rendering of the figures and the landscape as a whole, are so full of life and truth, that one forgets for the moment that he is pausing before a picture in-



Harvest in the Ardennes.

stead of viewing a real harvest scene in northern France.

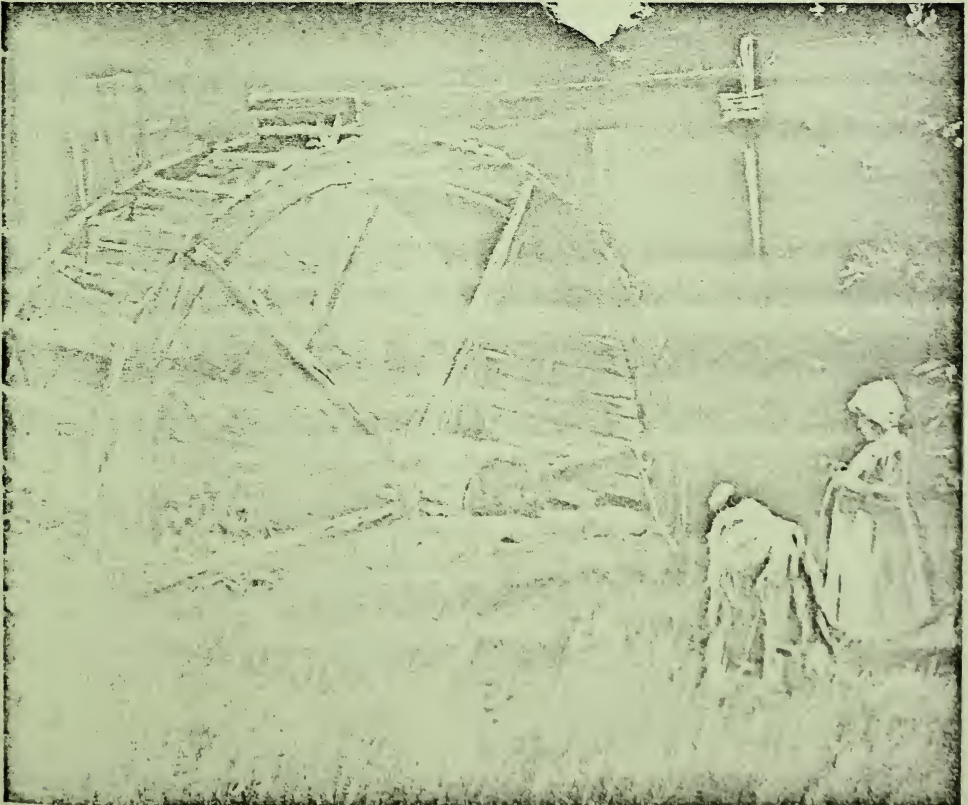
"The Old Mill," is a catchy piece of color, painted in the north of France. It is one of a series of thirty paintings made during Mr. Stone's recent tour of Europe. There is the wonderful depth of tone and a feeling of great breadth and atmosphere that is characteristic of his work.

Many of us who visited the St. Louis fair had the pleasure of seeing a number of Mr. Stone's paintings that have since become more generally known, prominent among which are "The Catboat Men," "The Smoker," "The Horse Pasture," "An Old Magazine," "The Garden Gate," and "When the Fodder's in the Shock." The last named piece being in the Topeka city library.

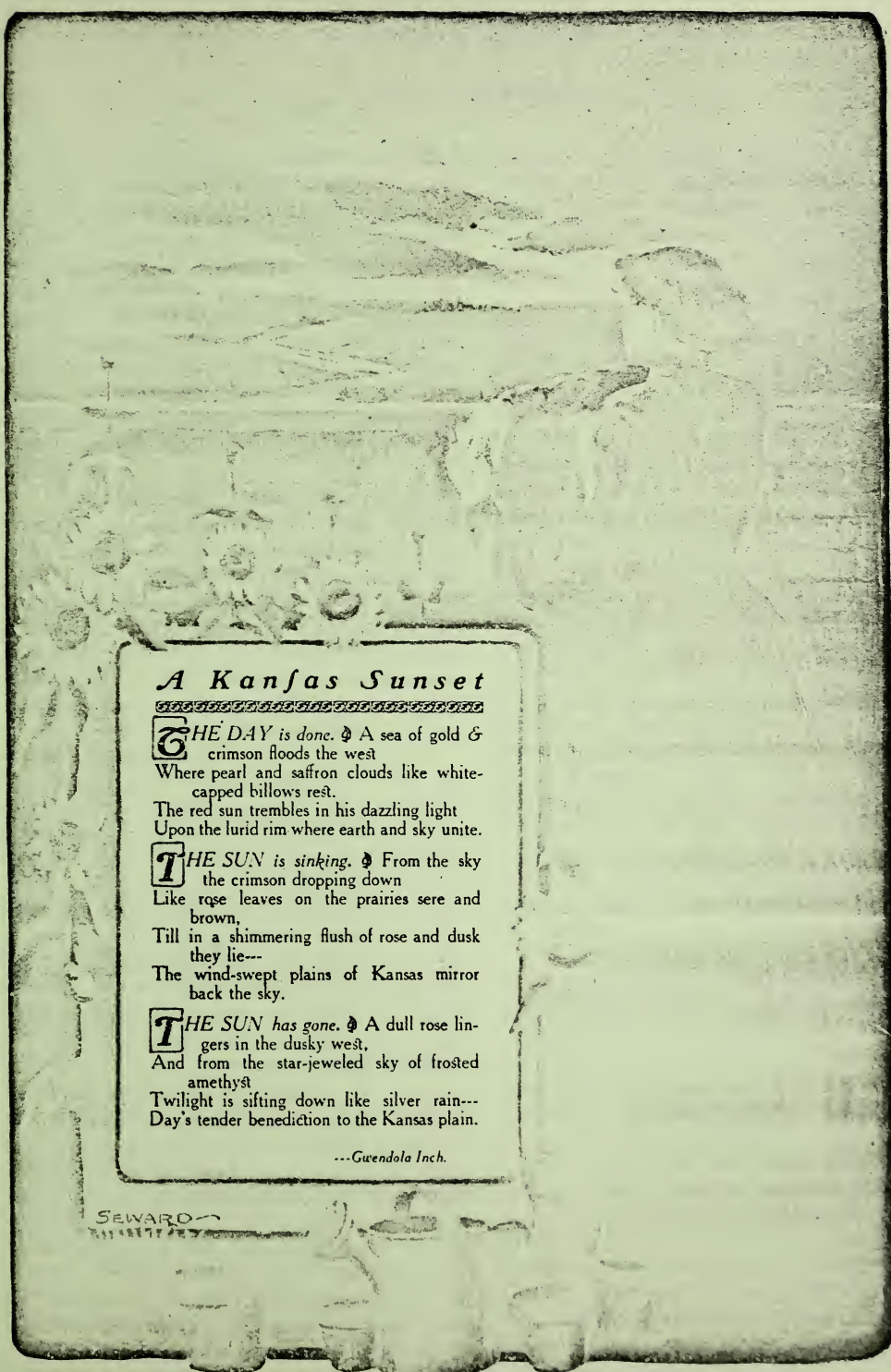
This is one of the first of his paintings depicting the life of the western

farmer. It is a glorious piece of color full of detail and yet broad enough to carry the vastness of the theme. One might suppose from the name that it is a literary picture, but with all of its poetic suggestion, you will find that there is none of the hard realism of the chrome as is usual with literary pictures, but that the whole canvas palpitates with the shimmering sunlight of a Kansas November day, telling a story as it should be told by the brush.

In our cover design this month Mr. Stone has given an interesting phase of his new theme and one that will at once appeal to any one who has pitched hay in August. The scene at once suggests its own title, "The Haymaker," and is so typical of the artist's style that one does not need to look for the signature to know that it came from the brush of Geo. M. Stone, "The Millet of the Prairies."



The Old Mill.



A Kansas Sunset

THE DAY is done. ♫ A sea of gold &
crimson floods the west
Where pearl and saffron clouds like white-
capped billows rest.

The red sun trembles in his dazzling light
Upon the lurid rim where earth and sky unite.

THE SUN is sinking. ♫ From the sky
the crimson dropping down
Like rose leaves on the prairies sere and
brown,

Till in a shimmering flush of rose and dusk
they lie---

The wind-swept plains of Kansas mirror
back the sky.

THE SUN has gone. ♫ A dull rose lin-
gers in the dusky west,
And from the star-jeweled sky of frosted
amethyst

Twilight is sifting down like silver rain---
Day's tender benediction to the Kansas plain.

---Gwendola Inch.

SEWARD

Yaquinola

BY J. E. TORRANCE

“**B**UENOS dias, Senor Jurista,” rang cheerily upon my ears before I was aware of the presence of a visitor. I was very busy with a law point in one of my cases, which had been raised by a troublesome adversary, and did not notice that anyone had entered until I was startled by the greeting. At first I gave a nervous start which quickly modified into a modest frown, most fitting, I thought, with which to receive a prospective grafter.

“Well?” I said, inquiringly, and patiently waited for him to make known his mission, holding in readiness my reserve for a flank movement, should he attempt to impose upon me a tale of inconvenient length. Upon more careful scrutiny, I noticed something about him that seemed vaguely familiar, as he stood smiling pleasantly, not in the least disconcerted by my glacial temperature.

“Of course senor could not be expected to remember me among all of the people who call upon him continually,” he remarked apologetically, in his polite effort to relieve me from evident embarrassment because of my inability to recognize a client. “Besides it has been a long time—nearly three years—since senor listened to my story with so much fortitude. I hope I am not intruding now,” he continued, “for I owe senor a debt which I have called to discharge.

Aside from running in a Spanish word or phrase now and then, unconsciously, it seemed, he spoke the English as it is spoken by an American with a fairly good education, with the exception of the peculiar tone movement which always distinguishes foreigners of Latin extraction. As he stood placidly waiting, it seemed, for me to accumulate enough politeness to invite him to a seat, my memory slowly at first, then more rapidly and clearly, began to drift backwards toward the

eccentric Mexican until I finally recognized him with sufficient certainty to become interested. The look of woe, the shriveled visage, wrinkled with age and sorrow, had certainly undergone a marvelous transformation; but the snowy hair and the gem like eyes of the blackness of night finally recalled to me the forgotten circumstance of the weird interview with the Mexican in quest of treasure.

“Ah, you have guessed it,” he remarked, before I had spoken; “I am, indeed, Miguel, the laborer, who troubled you and to whom you were so kind, but my heart is not so old now, senor, not nearly so old. I am happy now, senor jurista, very happy, indeed.” I was greatly astonished at the changed appearance of the old Mexican, now that every doubt had been removed as to his identity, and could not, for a moment, give expression to my thoughts, but I waved him to a convenient chair, and he at once proceeded with his business with the utmost coolness and deliberation:

“How much do I owe you, senor lawyer? I can pay you now without inconvenience,” he continued modestly.

“Before fixing my charges,” I replied, assuming an intensely business air to disguise my bounding curiosity, “I must know what benefits you received from my advice. It is a custom with lawyers to gauge their fees somewhat by the results,” I explained, in my desperate effort to draw out of him, through the business at hand, as much of his adventure as possible, fearing that he might be reluctant to relate it to me.

“If senor commands,” he said slowly, “I presume he is entitled to know all; but Miguel would not inflict it upon senor, since he has been so very kind and patient.”

“Command is a very strong word,” I replied, “and I would not want to

embarrass my client by going into his private affairs against his inclination; but your experience has certainly been extraordinary and I shall be glad, indeed, to know all you choose to tell me."

"Dios!" he exclaimed, "no one has a better right to know what has happened since I saw him three years ago, than senor."

"Thank you," I said eagerly, "I desire it far more than any fee I might reasonably charge for the service rendered."

"Senor shall hear it all," he began, reflectively. "When I left the office of senor with his written opinion in my pocket some three years ago, I was in a peculiar frame of mind, as senor must know. The advice of senor, a part of which I had received with some show of patience, I must confess, had started a train of thought in my mind that was fast taking on the form of doubt as to the wisdom of my purpose. The fascination and allurements of the story, 'Buried Treasure,' in connection with my life and history, had so wrought upon my nerves that I felt impelled by some subtle force almost beyond the power of resistance. While my better judgment was in accord with the advice senor had given me. The strange influence, therefore, warned me that I must not deliberate if I would not be lost, and I went forthwith to my foreman and begged him to procure me a pass as laborer to El Paso, Texas. The good man was surprised, for my relations with him as well as my labor, had been quite pleasant and satisfactory; but he readily complied with my request, and two days later I was bound for the delightful southland with a heart filled with conflicting emotions. At El Paso I purchased a little pack train consisting of four burros, one saddler and three packers, with tent, provisions and outfit for a long journey overland. When I was properly outfitted, there remained but two pesos of the pay check which senor so generously refused to receive, but as I moved onward toward the goal my heart grew stout and my faith became firm and the lack of funds did

not trouble my thoughts. In short, senor, I felt that I was in the hands of the force and that the success or failure of the enterprise was not to be considered, in determining the course I should pursue. If I found the gold all my personal wants would be well supplied and if I failed it would matter little what should become of Miguel. Of course I realized that I must perform my part faithfully if I might look to al Grand Dios for guidance, and I was resolved to use my utmost effort successfully to carry forth the enterprise.

"Day after day, I trudged along over valley, mesa and mountain pass, now in the jungle and now on open plain, sometimes the country was sparsely inhabited and again a manless wilderness. Although I carried a little tent in my pack, not once during the journey did I pitch it. At night I slept sweetly upon the grass or pine needles beneath me and the sky blanket above, and arose refreshed at break of day, eager to pursue my journey. After many days and nights, I cannot remember how many, I arrived at the spot where we had buried Yaquinola's kinsmen at the verge of the great canon. Without delay I flung myself from the back of my burro and ran to the side of the cliff and gazed excitedly into the abyss where I had once seen the sacks lie. I did not expect that the skeleton of the murderer would be hanging to the rocks, for I knew the vultures must have scattered his bones on the floor of the canon long since; nor did I expect to see the sacks of gold at the base of the canon wall, for reason taught me that the sacks must have rotted long ago and that the gold would be corroded and covered with dust and debris; but I was not prepared to see trees of considerable size growing where I knew the sacks must have lain, and where forty years ago the floor of the canon was apparently solid rock. I gazed for a moment across and beyond the canon where the peaks of the Sierra made jagged the skyline, and then searched the valley as far as I could see, but there was no sign of habitation. Here and there, in

the depths of the valley, appeared small patches of greensward while a clear mountain stream wound like a ribbon in its hurry towards the sea.

"With my hand ax, as best I could, I hewed out of the trees standing near, crosses to mark the graves of the father and brother anew, and then moved on in quest of a trail to the valley below. After several hours I came to the head of a small canon leading toward the great valley, and with great labor and difficulty finally succeeded in bringing my little caravan down to the floor between its dark and towering walls. Just as the sun dropped behind the mountains in the west I arrived at the point where I hoped to find the gold, and at once began to unpack the burros and prepare the camp. First erecting my tent, I then built a fire and cooked supper, while a strange eagerness accompanied with fear and forebodings tugged at my heart. When I had finished my tortillas and coffee it was not yet dark, but I dared not go to the spot, so terrible was my dread of disappointment. Although I had pitched the tent I did not enter it but flung myself upon the ground where I lay watching the sunlight fade into murkiness of twilight and the darkness come gradually on and extinguish the after-glow, with a feeling I shall not attempt to describe. All night long my eyes refused to slumber while my temples throbbed with intense excitement almost akin to delirium. Far above me I could see the little stars hanging in the heavens and I tried to count them as bright coins and to imagine them falling in a shower upon the floor of the valley. Then I would fancy myself picking them up and throwing them into little heaps while gaunt poverty in a thousand wretched forms marched by a long, solemn procession appropriating them to their wants. Ah, senor, I was on the verge of collapse!

"As soon as dawn appeared I arose and bathed my fevered face in the cooling waters of the little brook and, hastily eating a little breakfast, went bravely to the spot where I was sure the gold ought to lie. With my hand

ax I cut away the shrubbery and removed the leaves and accumulated debris until I came to the solid earth, but there were no signs of gold. Need I tell you, senor lawyer, that my heart grew sick as I packed the outfit upon my donkeys to leave that place of disappointment forever? The realization of the folly of thinking that the gold would remain undiscovered by the diligent hunter for mines and treasure all those long years rushed upon, and overwhelmed me. Tired, discouraged and dazed—suffering for rest and sleep and nerve-quiet—I mounted my saddle burro and with my little train, sorrowfully began to move away from the place with no well defined idea as to where I would go or what I should do next. After a long time—I do not know how long—I struck a trail leading toward the little dell which had been the home of my dear Yaquinola, where she and I had felt so much joy and sorrow in the days of our youth so long ago. In a vague way. I believe, I formed a resolution to visit her tomb and, if possible die near her sacred remains. when by sheer exhaustion, it would seem, I fell asleep as my burro ambled along. Then I dreamed—ah, senor starts! I divine the cause. Senor has no doubt heard enough of Miguel's idle dreams.

"By no means, my dear fellow," I quickly replied. "You will remember I requested you to tell me the whole story. You hold my interest, sir. Proceed."

"There is a rational explanation, sir," he proceeded, "and senor will not need to resort to mysticism or attribute what I shall tell him to the supernatural. Nor will senor have to discredit Miguel's statement. As I thus rode along the trail I dreamed that Yaquinola, fresh and beautiful as in the days of her youth, stood before me, more radiant, she seemed, but natural as when she came down the path of a Sabbath evening to meet me in the days of our courtship. When my burro stopped she raised her hand toward the canon and said: 'Why have you not fetched the gold?' I explained to her my futile ef-

forts and my disappointment, sobbing with grief. Never in her lifetime, senor, did I see Yaquinola frown, but there was an angry look upon her face as she took my burro by the bits and turned him around, and said: 'Dig, Miguel, cava!' A moment later I awoke and found the little train of burros moving once more toward the canon. I looked back quickly but my dear Yaquinola was not to be seen. It does not matter, senor, what Miguel may believe as to the power that turned him back upon a forlorn hope; for senor can easily adjust the matter to the satisfaction of his rationalism, upon the theory that Miguel, in obedience to a natural dream, or while in a semi-wakeful state, turned the burros about and started them upon the back trail.

"It was quite dark when I again arrived at the place where I had hoped to find the gold, and after hastily unpacking the animals, I flung myself down upon the bare ground and was soon oblivious in slumber, and did not awake until the sun peeped into my face around a horn of the Sierra Madre. I at once sprang to my feet greatly refreshed, and ran to the place where I had removed the brush, in my eagerness to begin work. Then it was all plain to me. At some time subsequent to the time Yaquinola and I had stood upon the verge of the canon and looked down upon the sacks, there had evidently been a land slide—a portion of the cliff had sloughed off and slid into the valley—and this had covered up the gold. Oh how my enthusiasm bounded at the revelation! Hope returned and my heart beat gladly for a brief moment, then I remembered that I had no tools with which to dig for the treasure, and my grief and vexation racked me. I grew dizzy and weak and sank helplessly to the ground. It was many miles to a settlement, I believed, and it seemed that repeated difficulties and disappointments would surely wear me out. Gradually I regained my composure and, accepting the inevitable, hastened to fetch a burro on which I might ride to some remote settlement or village, if possible

to obtain tools to excavate the earth deposited by the land slide. The beasts, it seemed, had wandered away and I followed their trail along the canon something like a mile and a half when it widened into a pleasant valley where verdant slopes, terraces and mesas succeeded the rugged escarpments of the canon proper. Here, in spite of my perplexity, I enjoyed the sweet mountain air and the soft murmur of the brook and the boundless freedom of the wild surroundings. Here I slowed my pace unconsciously, and for a moment forgot my haste under the charm of the surroundings, when I heard the thrum of a guitar around a bend in the valley not many rods away. I stopped. My reverie was broken; and a moment later there was mingled with the music of the instrument the sweet voice of a child singing a beautiful Mexican song. I stood entranced, senor, for the voice sounded strangely familiar. Oh, senor, I had endured so much and my nerves were in such plight that it required but a trifle to set them quivering and to attune them to psychic influences, or, as senor no doubt would think, folly. I truly believed that I heard the voice of my own beloved Yaquinola, as it used to sound when she was a little girl. Madly I rushed around the bend and there but a few yards distant, sat a pretty *pequeno doncella*, fifteen years of age I guessed, singing and playing while her goats were feeding on the herbage a little farther up the valley. When she saw me approaching she ceased her music and put down the guitar and quickly took up a small rifle and said, coolly:

"'What has brought senor to the valley?'

"I bowed politely to the child and inquired where I might borrow a pick and shovel.

"'And what use, I pray, can senor make of a pick and shovel?' she replied sternly. 'Was it senor that cut the shrubbery and bared the earth at the old landslide?'

"Then I realized the crudeness of my diplomacy. The child evidently had been to the spot where I had located the

gold. If I would tell her why I wanted the tools I should probably be ejected from the valley by her kinsmen and all that I had striven and suffered for would be lost. After an awkward pause, I inquired for her parents without answering her question.

"‘I have no parents,’ she replied, ‘only just Bisabuelo—Senor Valorado—the great, the grandfather,’ she went on in broken English.

"‘Where does Senor Valorado live?’ I inquired, anxious to divert the child’s attention from the dangerous question she had asked a moment before, until I might adjust my thoughts.

"‘Senor Valorado’s cabin—our home—is on the little mesa,’ she said, waving her hand up the valley, ‘but what right has senor to trespass—to want to dig on the lands of Bisabuelo?’ persisted the little questioner, ‘does senor know of treasure?’

"‘My heart was becoming faint. I felt hope slipping away from my soul once more and I was, for a time, lost for expedients. At last I said, tell me all about your great grandfather, senorita, and how many people reside in the valley.

"‘No one,’ answered the child, frowning but not flinching, as she grasped her rifle a trifle more firmly, I noticed. ‘Bisabuelo Valorado owns all the land here and senor had better leave the valley.’

"‘Take me to your great grandparent, I implore you, little miss, I urged, I must see him on important business.

"‘Senor Valorado is very stern. He will not allow senor to dig. He will order you at once to leave the valley,’ persisted the child.

"‘If I had been strangely impressed with the voice of senorita, I was even more fascinated with her looks and manner. Of course I had never seen her before but I could not account for the wonderfully strange effect her presence had upon me; and intuitively, I believe, at least without any well defined purpose, I inquired her name.

"‘Nolita,’ she made answer, with a half smile.

"‘What was your mother’s name?’

I asked, with scarcely more aim.

"‘Yaquinola,’ said the little one, sweetly, and my heart gave a great bound. I staggered to a tree to steady myself, when the little girl, as if inquiring of herself, said: ‘What can be the matter of senor?’

"‘Tell me about her, I almost shout, ed, gazing intently at the child who sat unmoved, the innocent guardian of her ancestor’s domain.

"‘Senor is very much excited,’ she observed slowly, with just a tinge of sarcasm. ‘After all,’ she went on, ‘I know of no reason why I may not gratify him. My great grandfather has lived always in the valley—he and his ancestors—since his people came with the conquistadores. He is very aged, indeed, one hundred and ten years old last Easter Sunday. Many years ago he and his three sons and a little grandson were living here—forty some years, I believe, when some bandits came into the valley to steal their flocks and murder the people. Great grandfather and his sons surprised them in their camp at night and a fierce battle took place in which the sons were all killed; but not until they had put the bandits to flight. In the camp Senor Valorado found a little girl about four years old whom the bandits had stolen for ransom, no doubt, and being sorely pressed by the brave defenders of the valley, were obliged to abandon. The little one could not give any intelligent account of her people, but when asked her name, she replied, Yaquinola. Senor Valorado, my dear great grandfather, cared for the little one until she was grown, when his grandson, who had grown up with her at the home of Senor Valorado, took her to the good priest many miles away and they were married. The little girl rescued from the bandits was my own dear mother. Seven years ago the smallpox crept into this beautiful valley and made it desolate by taking from me forever my papa and mama, leaving only Bisabuella and I.’

"‘I could stand it no longer, senor, and without giving the child any explanation or preparing her in any way



WHAT BROUGHT SENOR TO THE VALLEY?



for my impulsive conduct, I started toward her intending to embrace her; for I knew that she must be my granddaughter. She quickly cocked her rifle and her steady black eyes flashed defiance as she brought it to her shoulder. I knew she would shoot—it was plainly expressed in her countenance—but fear was not one of the many emotions at that time thrilling my nerves. I was possessed with a mad desire to possess the child—to hold her in my arms and claim her as my own. The steady, unflinching courage of the child, added to the other evidences, so aroused my admiration and removed every doubt of our kinship that I lost the instinct of self-preservation, and, with scarcely a pause, I rushed upon her. Instantly the rifle cracked and I felt the sting of the leaden missile on my cheek as my sombrero lurched away with its leathern band completely severed. Oh, my darling! I sobbed, unable to talk intelligently from emotion, as I caught her in my arms.

“The child struggled bravely to release herself, but I do not believe she was very angry or that she was greatly frightened; for she made no effort to draw the little dagger at her belt, and after a moment ceased her efforts and said with far less agitation than I felt, ‘Did senor ever know my mother?’”

“I held her clasped to me one supreme moment and then released her. Yes, I replied, I am her father.

“But I believe I did not tell you, senor lawyer, when I sought your opinion three years ago, that we had lost a little daughter and much that I have related to you has been unintelligible. Our little Yaquinola—I insisted that she should be named for her mother—she was her very image, wandered away from our door when she was nearly four and we never found her. Diligently we hunted the forest and jungle for her and searched every nook and corner of the valley, but she could not be found and no tidings ever came of our precious little one. At last, after many days, we were obliged to give her up; but O, how hard it was! We

thought she had fallen into the river and her little body had found a grave in the changing sands, or had been stolen by the cruel puma. The very uncertainty of her fate made it harder to bear and I assure you, senor, that it tore our hearts most cruelly. From the day of her disappearance my dear wife was different, oh so very different. Her bright eyes lost their luster and her glad smile faded away. Gradually a strange, lingering malady took hold of her which grew worse as the days wore on until she passed away calmly and apparently without pain as I have already told you. That Nolita was the child of our long lost baby I had not a shadow of doubt.

“In short, senor, I told her my whole story without delay, including the murder and the buried treasure, as open eyed and eager she sat listening on the great boulder where I had found her playing and singing. When I had finished, she seemed bewildered and sat for some minutes looking at me. Presently she said calmly enough, without expressing her belief or disbelief in my story:

“‘Senor Valorado will not let you dig, even if you tell him the wonderful story. He will not believe it, and will certainly order senor to leave the valley. If senor should refuse to go he will make me mount my pinto and ride to the presidio for the soldiery.’”

“Show me where Senor Valorado lives, I cried, and I will go to him myself and convince him and obtain his permission to get the gold for his sake and mine and, above all, for the benefit of our—his little granddaughter.

“‘No use,’ said little senorita, with a confirmatory shake of her head. ‘Bisabuelo will never consent. Nolita knows well the obstinacy of her dear great grandfather.’ Then after a few moments she raised her pretty eyes inquiringly, and said: ‘Would it be so very, very bad for me to bring senor the tools without telling Bisabuelo?’”

“Since it is for his good that the gold be recovered, I replied, I do not regard it as a sin against your great grandfather.

"She sprang from the great stone on which she sat and ran nimbly as an antelope to fetch the tools while my heart swelled with joy and admiration for the fearless, conscious little creature. In a very short time she returned bearing a pick and shovel and a wicker basket. The latter, she gravely, reverentially, informed me, had been woven by the deft fingers of her dear mother. Nolita was not, exactly speaking, reticent and yet she maintained a strict reserve as I digged the earth and loaded it into the basket and she carried it away and dumped it. Thus we worked, day after day, the zeal of Nolita increasing as her doubt of my story and her shyness of me wore away. Of evenings she would gather up her goats and return them to their corral, and every morning she would return with them, fresh and happy as a mountain bird. As we worked the goats nipped the herbage or drank from the cool stream and, at times, looked upon our work with almost human interest. One day when Nolita emptied the basket, she uttered a little scream which quickly brought me to her side; for I thought a deadly scorpion must have stung her, but when I approached she was holding in her pretty hand a dull looking coin of ancient mould, eagerly trying to read the inscription nearly erased by time and erosion. She finally read on one side: "PHILIPVS. III. B. I. D. C.," and on the other, "HISPANIARV—1615." We carefully sifted the earth she had poured from the basket but found no more coins. Returning eagerly to the pit where I had been digging, I placed my foot firmly upon the shoulder of the shovel and drove it with all my might into the ground whence I had taken the basket of earth, the great round eyes of Nolita sparkling with expectation. Dios! I felt the blade grind upon yielding, slipping substances and when I lifted it out, senior, as I live in hope of the favor of the Virgin Mary, I tell you truly, there was a pile of coins. I drew back almost overcome with awe, unable to speak or act for some seconds; but not so with Nolita. 'Es possible!' she

exclaimed as she sprang into the pit and began to scoop the coins into the basket with her little hands.

"'Dios, grandfather, see the heaps of them!' she muttered, as she worked away with a fine good will.

"During all of the time we had been working she had not once uttered a word that would indicate her state of mind upon the question of our relationship and this frank remark recognizing me as grandfather, gave me far more pleasure than the finding of the gold had done. I was supremely happy. As for myself, I had not a doubt from the first, but Nolita was so guarded that I felt reluctant to press the matter upon her, preferring to let her mind work it out as matters should develop. Oh what a sad heart with its fountains of love dried up, had I carried all the lonesome years, and what a flood of happiness had burst in upon it at last! When, after some moments of blissful abstraction, I aroused myself to the surroundings, Nolita had finished gathering up the gold and stood looking at me in wonderment with her great lustrous eyes.

"But there was more work to be done if my dream of happiness would be completely fulfilled—if Yaquinola's prophecy was to prove true. We again fell to work and before the sun had set in the far west we had unearthed the rest of the gold and carried it to the tent and carefully concealed it under the pack saddles and blankets I had brought with me when I came to the valley. Then Nolita, happy and tired, bade me good night with a kiss and hurried her little flock to the corral. I had requested Nolita to allow the venerable senior to remain happily ignorant of the important events that had been happening on his ranch until next day, when we would go to him and acquaint him of my presence and of the results of my visit to the valley and reveal all to him. All night long I lay upon my pack saddles thinking, thinking. I could not sleep. There was too much happiness in wakefulness to waste any of it in sleep. Dawn came

slowly, but with it came the tinkle of the little silver bell on the patriarch of Nolita's family of goats and the glad song of the little goatherd.

"We held a council without delay and, upon the advice of Nolita, we put the gold into sacks I had brought filled with meal, packed them upon the burros and went at once to tell Senor Valorado of the good luck which had befallen us and him. As we approached his hut the venerable senor was seen sitting in front of it in the bright sunshine leaning upon his rugged, homely staff which he clutched firmly in his long bony fingers, while his old plaited hat lay on his knee. He received me and my story with less astonishment than I had expected and listened stolidly throughout my explanation of my invasion of his domain. I at first related to him the evidence of my relationship to Nolita believing that if I could once establish that to his satisfaction the rest would be easy. At first he seemed stupefied and speechless. and then he aroused himself and his aged limbs shook with the palsy of years and emotion, and he turned pale as death. Then the blood returned to his parchment face and he burst into a most violent rage.

"'And you have come to rob me of my little Nolita!' he exclaimed indignantly. 'Base, base man! You cannot have her. Get you gone!'

"'No, no, Bisabuelo,' cried Nolita; 'he has not come to take me away, but to remain with us. Please let him stay, dear Bisabuelo; it's so lonesome in the valley.'

"The tears were streaming from her eyes and glistening upon her cheeks as she stepped to my side and took me by the hand and led me closer. The old man raised his hand to his brow as if to shade his failing eyes and said:

"'Can I trust the senor with *pequeno doncella*?'

"By all the saints I swear, I replied.

"'Does Nolita want him to stay?' sighed the old man resignedly.

"'Oh, so very much,' answered the child, coaxingly, as she drew me nearer.

"'Then bless you, my son,' he mumbled, as I grasped his shriveled hand.

"Senor now, no doubt, imagines that the telling of the finding of the gold to the senor would be a delightful experience; but it was not so. When I explained to him how I had learned of the gold and how I had trembled lest the owner would refuse to allow me to dig, believing me to be a mad man, the venerable senor grew furious with rage and indignantly exclaimed:

"'And has senor stolen my blessing after all that? Does he not better deserve my malediction? Senor has come into my domain like a brigand to trespass, and to rob and despoil! The gold is mine—all mine—and I demand its immediate delivery.'

"I confess that I felt guilty for not having consulted the old man before digging upon his premises, but I showed him your opinion and explained to him that I meant to divide with him and that if I had not recovered the gold it would perhaps have remained hidden forever; but, as Nolita had said, it was of no use. He was inexorable.

"'Senor jurista,' he urged, 'is correct in principle, but he is wrong in his application of the facts. The discovery was not accidental. It was designed. When senor came into the valley to dig, was he not hunting for treasure?'

"Not so, senor, I urged. I discovered the gold by accident when I saw the sacks at the bottom of the canon forty years ago, while the body of the villain was still hanging to the cliff.

"'Why did not senor take the gold, if he discovered it at that time,' sneered Senor Valorado.

"Perhaps, suggested I, recognizing the force of the thrust, the discovery was not completed at that time, but it became so when I accidentally discovered the article in the magazine.

"'Even then senor did not know it was gold that he had seen, or, if gold, that it was still there—not until by design he made search and digged, did senor discover the gold, and, under the

law, senor is not entitled to a single peso.'

"The reasoning of the old man might be weak in the estimation of senor, but I was wholly unable to refute it and, without further parley I said rather petulantly: Venerable senor is pleased to deny me the fruits of my discovery and he shall have it all. And I turned away to fetch it, feeling that after all, it would eventually fall to Nolita, who would then see to it that my benevolent purposes were carried out.

"In all our argument the amount of gold had not been mentioned and Senor Valorado, therefore, had no idea how much there was. He was wholly unprepared for the surprise that awaited him when I brought the burros in front of him and unfastened the strings and allowed the coins to spill on the ground at his feet. As the stream of coins poured out of the sacks he began to tremble from head to foot; then giving a shudder and a gasp his head fell backward! His jaw dropped. His aged and leathery face twitched. A few gasps and he was dead. It was a sad sight to witness the grief of Nolita when she saw that her great grandfather was indeed dead. For many hours she wept continually and moaned most piteously, before I could induce her to become reconciled to the inevitable. Then we bore the remains gently to a grassy little terrace on the mountain slope not far from where he had lived so long, where the sighing of the pines will ever play solemn interludes to the song of the brook and the carol of birds until the great day when he, with all that have died, shall come forth.

"The next day after the burial of Senor Valorado, we began preparations for carrying out the request of Yaquicola to use the fortune in ameliorating the distress of mankind. Carefully we packed the gold in sacks and placed them on the backs of the burros in such manner as to best disguise the contents, and deftly covered them with the blankets and the tent. Then I, upon my saddle burro and Nolita mounted upon

her pony, headed the little train towards the capital city of old Mexico, facing difficulties and dangers that almost made my heart fail. We gave ourselves and our outfits as squalid an appearance as possible in order that we might not excite the cupidity of bad people and carefully avoided those districts where bandits were known to infest and by such means hoped to reach our destination in safety. We even had recourse to begging, at times, when the people showed too much curiosity about our packs, telling the story that we had lost all our kinsmen in the epidemic and were journeying to the south in search of employment carrying our little raiment of bedding on the burros. But nine hundred miles, senor is a long distance to travel with a burro train laden with gold through such a country, and even the government would not attempt it without heavily armed guards. I have no doubt now that many a robber through whose territory we traveled, since it is publicly known that we thus carried the gold, has cursed his ill luck or lack of vigilance in letting us pass unmolested. But we do not take unto ourselves all of the credit; for senor well knows that Miguel firmly believes that a glorified saint has guided all of his movements from the first, and to such guidance alone was success possible. Once when traveling through a wild portion of the province of Durango two horsemen hung upon our trail nearly all day when they could easily have passed us; and we were greatly frightened by their conduct. They never approached near enough to address us and most of the time remained a half mile in our rear. When the road was crooked, as it was most the way, we would only get glimpses of them now and then. Sore perplexity was upon us for expedients, for we felt sure they meant to attack us at night and were following us for that purpose. As night approached we came to a place where the trail passed around a narrow wooded ridge and lapped back along the ridge for nearly a mile, so that we would pass very close to the

men with only the ridge between us. At a point where the trails lay very close together, Nolita slipped from her saddle and crept cautiously over the ridge and concealed herself near the trail where the men would have to pass. She had but a moment to wait until the men came riding slowly along talking earnestly as they waved their hands frequently pointing ahead. Upon close view they appeared to be two villains capable of any crime they might find it convenient to commit, and little Nolita's heart thumped so loudly that she feared they would hear its beats as she crouched in a thick clump of shrubs. As they passed near her she could hear their conversation distinctly and readily discovered that we were under discussion.

"'He is doubtless a miner,' suggested one, 'on his way from the mine in the Sierra Madre to a market. His pack burros are laden with rich ore, is my guess.'

'I will wager diez pesos,' boasted the other, 'that he is an adventurous peddler, and his cargo consists of fine silks, jewelry and hosiery. A miner would not have *senorita* with him in the wilds of the mountains, while as a peddler she would be of great assistance to him in approaching his lady customers with the silks, hosiery and jewels.'

"'Well,' replied the first, 'they will soon be in the dark canon and then we shall see. Dios! that is a rare good place to conceal the bodies.'

"As soon as they were safely past, Nolita ran back over the ridge and mounted her waiting pony and soon came up with me as I urged the pack animals forward in the hope of reaching a village before the darkness should come upon us. I dreaded to camp with the strangers so near us.

"'They are robbers, grandfather,' the child cried as she caught up with me; 'we must outwit them or we are lost. They mean to kill and rob us in a canon just ahead. I heard them discussing us and our packs and laying their plans. Here, grandfather, let us

wait until they come up. We must be rid of them before nightfall.'

"The next minute they came in view around a bend in the trail and seemed surprised to find us dismounted and waiting. I was at my wits end and depended entirely upon the force for my guidance, as I had done in all emergencies since I was impelled by it to undertake the perilous enterprise. When the bandits drew near, Nolita ran to one of the pack burros and drew forth from the pack two little prayer books that we carried with us, and, after singing a short solemn hymn, addressed the men in the most pious tones, saying:

"'O senores, most gracious senores; have you the knowledge of the great, true God? It is our mission in life to carry to the godless and sinful the most precious books even three burro loads of holy books. Gracious senores, buy our books that it may be well with your souls. Help us, senores, I pray you, that we may have means to carry on the work of the Lord.'

"Then rolling her eyes in fine frenzy, she began to sing a revival song, apparently drifting along in a most delightful extasy of religious fervor. I, at once, took the hint and assumed a most reverential air, with hands clasped and the corners of my mouth drooping, until she had finished her singing when I exclaimed unctuously, Dios save the wayfaring sinners! And as I opened my eyes I could see disgust and disappointment upon their wicked faces.

"'Los Diablos! religious fanatics!' muttered one of the men as he tossed a peso to Nolita, and cursing wickedly, they rode on.

"Resuming our journey we soon came to a point where the trail diverged, one pathway descending into a great canon wooded with a massive forest and the other turning aside, entered a jungle of smaller trees growing upon the higher land. Senor can very easily understand why we took the trail leading into the jungle. The hoof prints of the horses ridden by the robbers had entered the dark canon. We hurried along until it was quite

dark and then left the road and cautiously picked our way through the brush until many rods off of the trail, when we carefully picketed our animals and went into camp without lighting a fire, feeling that it was far better to have the panther and the puma for neighbors than encounter the cruel bandits. Our precaution was not unnecessary, as it proved; for the bandits, it would seem, upon reflection, suspected subterfuge, and after waiting for us in the canon until a late hour, returned to look for us. As I lay awake trying to devise some way to escape the villains, for I felt sure they were not fully satisfied when they rode away cursing, I heard them gallop along the trail, stopping at intervals, as if listening. At last the hoof beats died out in the distance and I felt that we were safe until morning when they would surely return to take up our tracks and follow us like bloodhounds until they again came up with us. I did not sleep, senior, and I fully made up my mind that if they returned at daylight and found where we had left the trail and started in to where we were camped, I would take Nolita's little rifle and defend us to the utmost. I lay there thinking for several hours when I again fancied I felt the force and then it seemed to me that all would be well and I began to doze; and, after a little while, I thought my lost Yaquinola touched my brow with her soft fingers and said, 'I am still with you; fear not.' I awoke with a start and heard the gentle patter of rain upon our tent and in a few minutes it became a shower and later a terrific downpour. The rain continued many hours and when, near noon next day we heard the bandits pass again looking for us we knew that we were safe; for the rain had completely obliterated our tracks where we turned off into the jungle and the robbers could not find us. An accident, the rain, senior would say. A coincidence, perhaps; but Miguel—he is at liberty to put his trust in the force.

"We did not return to the trail when we started again upon our journey, but wended our way for many miles through the pathless forest until we

finally emerged upon an open mesa and soon found a good trail leading the way we wanted to go and thus eluded the bandits. At another time while we were traveling through a great wood, a puma sprang from an overhanging limb upon our lead burro; but a timely shot from Nolita's rifle sent him scurrying away leaving a trail of blood behind him. But senior will not care for so much detail. It will be sufficient to say that we had many adventures and accidents, and passed through some dreadful perils during the long and tedious march from near the mighty Yaqui river to the ancient City of Mexico. The mountain streams were sometimes so swollen that we dared not venture into them and had to wait for them to run down before we could cross over. We dared not stop in the villages over night lest our secret be discovered by curious eyes and ears, and to stop at a hacienda meant certain discovery. We were obliged to camp throughout the trip whether it rained or the sun shone fiercely. One time we came to a swollen stream near a small village and were obliged to camp until it became fordable. I sent Nolita to the village to buy some bread and other provisions badly needed, and to allay curiosity or suspicion she dressed quite shabbily. In this way she attracted the attention of a meddlesome official who imagined that she had been stolen by bandits or gypsies and was held a prisoner. Despite her protestation and assurance that she was accompanied on a journey by her grandfather, he insisted upon going with her to our camp and investigating for himself. I was greatly worried when I saw them coming for I realized the tremendous danger of his wanting to investigate our belongings; for that would most certainly reveal the presence of the gold and we would be robbed or thrown in prison as robbers and held indefinitely.

"'Buenos dias, senior,' said the official, bowing politely, 'I am sorry to annoy you, but the law makes it my duty to detain senior until I can communicate with the governor and obtain his advice. I shall inconvenience senior and seniorita as little as possible, but I

shall be obliged to detain you. In the meantime, the effects of senor will have to be placed in the hands of the Alcalde for safe keeping.'

"Upon what charge are we arrested? I inquired, indignantly, trembling visibly with fear; but happily, the official attributed it to rage and became, at once, conciliatory.

" 'Senor will pardon me,' he replied, bowing extravagantly, 'senor is not under arrest, but merely under investigation. Senor and senorita will simply accompany me to my house where they will be entertained, under surveillance, of course, until senor the alcalde can advise with the governor. I will send officials to fetch senor's effects.'

" 'Senor officer had better have a care,' remarked Nolita, her eyes gleaming with the intensity of her emotion; 'my great grandfather, Senor Valorado, was once detained in that manner without sufficient cause, and the officers were all thrown into prison for their smartness. Senor can arrest us if he thinks proper, but senor will have to face the courts for his pains.'

"I noticed the officer quail before the burning protest of little senorita, then he began to bow and stammer, as he backed away a little farther, blushing like a fine lady, in his confusion.

" 'Senor Valorado,' he muttered, 'Senor Valorado. Ah, I remember him. It was at—it was at San Nicolas. I was alcalde then. That was a long time ago but I remember how indignant senor was—and, how long we were kept in prison. If senor and senorita are his kinsmen there will be no need of their detention. Investigation is wholly unnecessary, I assure you. Senor Valorado was a nobleman of high rank and excellent character, as we learned when we investigated him. Senor and senorita are tendered the freedom of the city. You have the protection of the alcalde and all of the constabulary so long as they choose to remain in the province. If any dare to molest senor, will senor please call upon me?'

"And at that, the pompous official bowed again and backed off begging a

score of pardons to our infinite satisfaction and relief; and I, once more, believed that we were certainly under the guidance and protection of a power that was more steadfast and reliable than mere luck. It was several days before we could cross the stream and when we notified the alcalde formally that we were about to resume our journey, he gave us his solemn blessing and offered to send along with us an escort of the constabulary to protect us from brigands; but we declined, as politely as we could, the generous offer, feeling that the escort might prove more dangerous than the brigands, because of their opportunity to discover the lading of our little train.

"Nothing farther of a serious nature happened to us, but the strain upon our minds, as we slowly pushed our caravan through the jungle trails and mountain passes was trying, I can assure senor, and the relief felt when we entered the old city at the end of our journey after nearly one hundred days wandering was like a divine blessing to a repentant sinner. We drove the little train laden with the precious treasure to the door of the great bank and halted. Nolita ran in and fetched the banker who threw up his hands in astonishment when I hastily told him the nature of our lading and the tribulations through which we had come to him. Porters were soon busy carrying the sacks into the bank, while armed guards stood near to assure that robbers might not seize it while being thus transferred from our feeble hands to the strong vaults of the great bank.

"After we had found suitable lodging and put our persons in raiment more becoming people of our fortunes, we proceeded to the bank and, with the assistance of the banker, counted and weighed the coins. There were about twelve thousand pieces, worth, by weight nearly one hundred thousand pesos—not so very great a fortune, after all, I thought, for the grand purpose we had in mind. When I told the banker what we meant to do with the treasure he at first smiled incredulous-

ly and shook his head doubtfully. One hundred thousand pesos, he informed us, would not go very far in such a vast undertaking; but requested us to give a little time to think it over when he would advise us further as to the sufficiency of the funds to meet our purpose. I was very much in need of rest and did not again call at the bank until the next day. Upon entering the bank the good banker greeted us with a pleasant smile full of good omen, I thought, and invited us into his luxuriously furnished private room for a conference. When all were comfortably seated, senior banker rubbed his hands almost gleefully, and a triumphant smile stole over his countenance as he opened up the conversation:

"'I have good cheer for senior,' he began slowly, his face beaming with genuine delight. 'I notice that the coins are all very ancient; none of them bearing date later than 1620 and many of them were coined in the reign of Philip I, and his predecessors. I find a few very ancient Moorish coins and some old French and English. These coins are each worth a small fortune in the markets of the world for exhibition in the museums and for the private cabinets of rich coin collectors. You, my dear senior, are fabulously rich and able to carry on your benevolent schemes to the full of your desires.'

"'Dios! senior, how my heart thumped! I sat speechless for more than a minute before I could thank the good banker for his marvelous wisdom. I should never have thought of it and he could have credited me with the weight value of the coins and made a vast fortune out of them in the markets, had he been a dishonest man. We had senior banker appointed the legal guardian of the estate of Nolita and divided the coins equally between us and arranged with the banker, Senior Benevolo, to negotiate the sale of the ancient coins as fast as he could find suitable markets for their disposal, for I was fully resolved to carry out the

dying wish of Yaquinola that I should devote the fortune and the remainder of my life to the alleviation of the poor and distressed of Old Mexico, to the utmost peso. It has been more than a year since Senior Benevolo began to negotiate the coins and he has had splendid success so that the way is clear to realize my grandest hopes in the fulfillment of my benevolent desires. If senior is interested I will explain to him our plans.

"'I am very much interested,' I replied; for I was curious to know how the old man meant to carry out the long deferred bequest of his extraordinary wife.

"'I cannot take my little Nolita into the temptation of the great cities and let her grow up in the dangerous ways of modern society, nor could I even educate her under the influences of such society and protect her from the evils and heartbreaks I saw at San Francisco. She is heartily interested in my plans and future work and I have arranged for her to live in her native valley where I pray al Grand Dios, she will always remain as pure as the clouds that kiss the mountain peaks, free from the wickedness of a giddy, reckless world. At present she is residing with Senior Benevolo at his hacienda near the City of Mexico, but before long she will again take up her abode with me in the beautiful valley where she was born and where I sincerely hope she will always remain. I have been to New York to consult engineers and architects and have let contracts for the erection of a grand asylum and a number of beautiful villas in the valley where I found the treasure on Nolita's estate left her by her great grandfather. The asylum will be on a grand and magnificent scale equipped with all of the modern conveniences and capable of enlargement of capacity as occasion may require. A system of artificial lakes will be provided for the spawning of trout and other game fish, and snow cool water will be brought into the asylum and villas through aqueducts reaching high up into the Sierra Madre

mountains. When it is all completed I will procure a corps of good physicians and plenty of assistants and servants to manage the plant and I then mean to bring into the valley a sufficient number of aged and decrepit poor and destitute little children to fill it to its utmost capacity, and have the youth taught useful vocations and the aged cared for well and tenderly all the remaining days of their lives—their every want supplied. As fast as the little ones grow up or become capable of self support, others will be gathered up to take their places and in that way I hope to do much good for humanity; so that when I come to meet al Grand Dios I can say, with the Job of that ancient day:

“If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless hath

not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or that the needy have no covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he was not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless; because I saw my help in the gate; then let my shoulder fall from the shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.’ * * *

“But how can I run on with my talk, senor, when I should desist. My bill, senor, let me know the amount of my bill and I will pay it and be gone.”

When I named the modest sum I felt I must charge to satisfy his conscience, he handed it over smiling and then pressed into my hand, as a souvenir, a coin bearing the image of Charles Martel, and with a “Dios be always with you!” he grasped my hand warmly and was gone.

THE END.



Senor Valorado.

The Jilted Count

BY WALTER W. REED

ILLUSTRATED BY WINFIELD FAZEL

IT WAS the ring of my telephone that startled me as I sat dozing at my desk at the close of a very tiresome and eventless day.

As I lazily picked up the receiver a sort of a strangled gasp came to my ear, and a woman's voice said: "Is this Mr. Driscoll, Mr. Arthur Driscoll?" "Yes," I replied, "Who is this speaking?" "I can't tell you, no, I can't tell, but I must see you. Meet me to-night at the corner of Forest and Central Boulevards at eight o'clock sharp. Do not fail; it's a case of life and death, and even then it may be too late."

There was terror and anguish in the cry and before I had time to speak I heard the click of the severed connection. I wheeled about in my chair and left the office. "A well planned joke of some college or club friend," I remarked to myself, "but I'll say nothing and let results develop."

On my way home and during my dinner hour the voice kept ringing in my ears—its naked terror became more and more intense, I could not forget it. I tried to read but could not; my fingers refused to respond as I ran them over the keys of the piano attempting to play something heard at the theater only the night before. I walked the floor, whistled, sang and did everything in my power to banish the thought but could not. I was amazed at my own helplessness. At seven-thirty I left my apartments fully decided to keep the appointment regardless of what the outcome might be.

I wandered slowly down the street under the leafy arches of the large trees that lined the walk. The light from the arc lamps filtered through the swinging branches and cast dark, quivering shadows across my path; the pitchy darkness seemed heavy, it lay upon the earth like a vapor, upon my-

self tortured with twitching nerves, upon the trees, the buildings, everything, heavy, tainted without mercy.

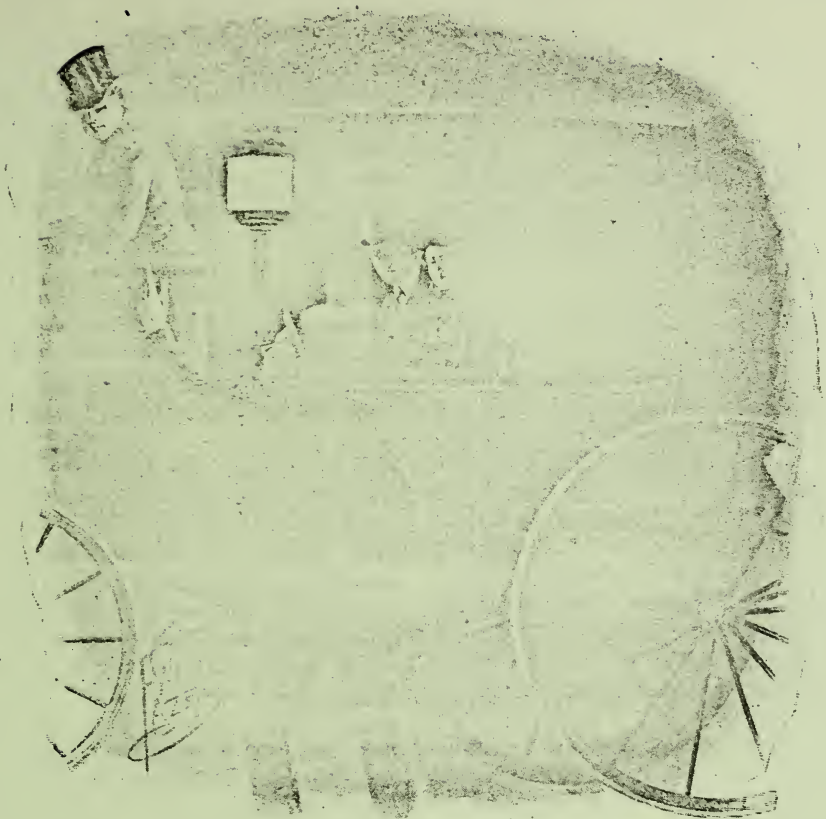
I reached the corner in a short time. I stood at the curb, looked up and down the boulevard's crowded valley of lights, listened to its confusion of noises and lazily enjoyed it all as a spectacle. It reminded me of a log jam. The corner was blocked—blocked with hansoms, autos and broughams for the theaters; motor cars and four-wheelers going I knew not where. Darting in and out were policemen jerking at the bits of chafing horses, shouting, cursing, clubbing. In every crevice and corner were people, wedged in between the wheels, standing under the hoofs of frightened horses, crowding, pushing, struggling to get across. They all seemed riveted and hemmed together.

Above the honk and groan and whir of autos, the crash of wheels, the crack of whips, and snorting of horses, I caught the shrill cry of a newsboy. "Special extra, all about the bloody murder at Dayton and Pine streets." This was less than two blocks from where I was standing, I wanted a paper, but it was impossible to reach him. I shouted. He did not hear. My voice was drowned in the noise of the blockade.

At last the key-log gave way and the jam loosened. The disentangling lines of vehicles and pedestrians moved on again creepingly. Women and children zig-zagged through to the walk and went their ways as though the incident was but a common occurrence: prancing horses' hoofs pattered on the muddy pavements, as cabmen edged their way from the tangle.

I looked at my watch and saw that it lacked only a few seconds of being eight o'clock.

The corner, which but a short time



I was scarcely seated in its tufted depths when we darted from the well lighted boulevard into a dark, narrow side street.

before was a panoramic tangle of life, was now, with the exception of myself, deserted. Each component part of the blockade had disappeared.

Why had I waited? I wondered. "The victim of another joke," I remarked to myself. "It serves me right for curiosity is woman's province any way."

As I turned to go I saw a brougham approaching. As it drifted nearer and nearer the horses were brought to a slow walk. When directly in front of me the sash was lowered and raised in an instant. But in the hooded gloom I traced the dim outlines of a woman's face. I gazed expectantly. She did not speak but swept me with one quick glance. Other than this I apparently was unnoticed.

The carriage passed only a short dis-

tance when it wheeled suddenly and returned near the curb. As it approached the spot where I was standing the face came closer to the window. There could be no mistake about it. When our eyes met I saw a hand move to the door knob. Not a word was spoken. A moment later the door swung open and I stepped inside.

The carriage did not stop. I was scarcely seated in its tufted depths when we darted from the well lighted boulevard into a dark narrow side street. Arc lights gave way to dirty, greasy street lamps which flickered feebly in the murky darkness; against the sky on either side I could trace the shattered edges of long rows of gloomy frame buildings, roofless and deserted. We went on rapidly, noiselessly. The houses became smaller, humbler. We

were following a well directed course.

A thrill of terror swept over me when I realized the situation and I could hardly resist the temptation of jumping from my seat and fleeing to the freedom of the boulevard. The pressure of cold steel against my body reminded me of my Smith & Wesson and gave me confidence. I decided to wait and be content with the cards as Destiny dealt them out.

"I was so afraid you would fail me tonight," she said. Not till the sound of her voice fell upon my ears did I notice the tensivity of her feelings and the nervous strain under which she was seemingly laboring.

I peered through the gloom at the woman and saw that she was one singularly beautiful. She was of the type in which the contributive forces, that go to make up distinctive loveliness, had found ideal proportions. Her features were clean cut and all that could be asked by a painter or sculptor seeking a model. Her teeth were small and regular, and her hair, of which there was a wavy abundance was just dark enough to match her brunette coloring. Her face reflected the changing and growing life of a woman of the world. There was power and cunning behind the soft glances of her lustrous eyes; yet her smile was like that of one who, after submitting to the inevitable, still reserved a hope that something might happen to alter fate.

I knew that I was undergoing severe scrutiny. My silence seemed to annoy her. I was wary. I leaned forward, my eyes piercing the darkness ahead, my ears taut to every sound, for I was possessed of a wish to solve the mysteriousness of the situation as soon as possible.

The street grew quieter and quieter. Only the dull pounding of the horses' hoofs and the hum of the carriage wheels were audible. Everything was swallowed up in the murky darkness. I could hear the ticking of the leather-cased coach clock in front of me. I sat back and tried to think it all out.

The whole atmosphere about me held

a suppressed mysteriousness and I suddenly became conscious of a subtle change in the attitude of the woman at my side. Her fear and nervousness had disappeared. She looked at me wide-eyed. As she leaned from me and placed her hand against the glass door a tapping, a soft tapping, faint and insistent came to my ears. I was alert. I leaned forward and lowered the sash. A feeling of fear swept hot through me when I saw a form emerge from the darkness and, bent low approach us cautiously. In the semi-obscurity I could see his face with blood shot eyes and corroded brow, his mouth was like a straight white scar. "Stop, what are you doing, don't go this way or he'll get wise sure," he growled at the driver as he sprang upon the seat beside him.

We wheeled, returned a short distance, turned a corner, and continued our tortuous course through a district wanly lit up by rare gas lamps. I knew by the rapid pace we were traveling that our new driver held the reins. We darted to the right for three blocks, to the left for two more, again to the right; then doubled and zig-zagged our way back. We passed by the shadowy walls of smoking factories, crossed a network of railway tracks, plunged into a narrow street lined with dingy cottages, and turned a corner.

"Why did you telephone me and where are we going," I finally remarked half meditatively as though speaking to myself. "Because I need your help," she replied, leaning towards me and touching my coat sleeve with her fingers, like one who was not above making the impersonal spirit of her sex help towards the accomplishment of some personal and selfish end. "The carriage is taking us to my home. I thought it better to go this way to avoid detection; as it is, we have barely escaped."

As she turned towards me a new feeling of uneasiness seemed to possess her as though she dreaded some final effort that could not longer be put off. Her mind seemed confused in a tangle of ideas that could not be separated.

"I learned of you through your college classmate, Orvill LeVan," she said, "he was to have been here tonight, but failed, that is the reason I telephoned to you. It seems as though the whole world is against me. He knows my life and my story, the one I am so in hopes you will listen to." There was something strangely appealing in her low-voiced cry for help that seemed to drive away all my suspicion and apprehension.

"In what way can I help you?" I asked.

"My father is trying to compel me to marry a man whom I do not love; I want to prevent it. You can if you only will. If you will trust and believe in me I will tell you everything. No danger or harm will come to you, and you will be saving me misery and suffering—and perhaps death.

"Tonight at eight o'clock I was to be married to Count DeBaron, one whom I loathe and hate even though he has rank and title. He cares for me only because of my father's wealth. He is a blackmailer and murderer. He is worse than that. He has promoted schemes to rob the largest banks of London; he was president of some trumped up concern that fleeced the poor of his own country out of thousands of dollars; he was more," she went on in a rage of indignation; "he was an accomplice of Harry Thorne in the Oregon murder case, the most atrocious in the annals of history; he was twice driven from Paris, put out of the hotels of Madrid, Tokio and Dublin and dares travel on the eastern continent only incognito.

"He will use our marriage to reestablish himself in the good graces of his people, that he may continue these crimes along other lines. My dowry will permit him to do this. The thoughts of such an existence drive me mad."

She could say no more. Her strength had left her. She clung to me as if shielding herself from a blow. Between her sobs she uttered inarticulate sounds as if pleading for strength and grace to renew the struggle with fresh

vigor. Her strength was exhausted and her soul was fast giving way beneath the sway of overpowering human greed. The thoughts of the count beat upon her brain like the strokes of a hammer. "You will help me, I know you will help me," she kept repeating over and over again, as she slowly extended a trembling, burning hand out towards me, wondering at my silence. She was obsessed with human fear, and it swept over her soul like a torrent, lifting her upon its crest as the billows of the ocean lift a frail leaf.

I sat silently beside her, dazed into speechlessness. Her white, twitching face, her agony of spirit, her frankness seemed to dispel all doubt as to the truthfulness of her story. Still I was wary for sentiment has swept many a man from his mooring into a succession of dangerous whirlpools.

Why did she telephone, where were we going; she had told me, but could I believe her, was she to be married that night to Count DeBaron or was it simply a piece of clever play acting in the hands of a crafty woman? The whole affair was an enigma.

I looked through the small window in the back of the carriage and noticed that we were in the most fashionable resident district of the city. Evidently we were nearing her home. Whatever was to be done must be accomplished at once. Not a minute could be lost. What were her plans, she had not told me.

"How can I help you?" I remarked.

The sound of my voice startled her. She arose quickly, sat erect, and looked about, blankly, amazed, her body tense.

"Why," she gasped, her chest heaving, "did I faint?"

"We are nearly to your home," I said, "and you have not told me your plans. How can I help you, tell me quick."

"Say that you and I—"

Her words were cut short by the sudden stop of the carriage. The door opened so violently that it was almost torn from its hinges. "Father!" she said, her two hands half going out to

him in an involuntary, entreating gesture.

"Where have you been?" he growled, his iron fingers sinking into her shoulder. "Who is this with you? We have been searching the whole city for you since noon today. The time set for the wedding is now more than an hour past. You shall suffer for all this."

She was against him; I could see her face, worn out; it was turned up to him wide eyed.

In the light that flickered through the window I could trace the outline of his giant-like form as he towered over her. He seemed like a perfect mountain—an Alp, a Himalaya—of man.

When he stood erect with his immense shoulders thrown back his great chest bulged roundly out in front of me like the sponson of a battleship. His broad square forehead overhung a pair of steel gray eyes that stared at me with a grim and unwavering gaze. His high cheek bones, his great muscular neck, his high beak of a nose with rugged promontories of bone at the bridge like the shoulders of a hill, added to his power. His mouth was a well shaped feature, hard and inflexible. His voice was in harmony with his physique, deep, heavy, rough. His heavy, square jaw, which fairly snapped with every word, indicated unusual strength and showed that he was a dangerous man to thwart.

"Father I deeply regret this whole affair, and as soon as we are inside I will explain matters so that all will understand."

"You will go in at once, but this person with you shall not enter my house tonight or at any other time," he said, his eyes blazing with anger.

"He is here because I insisted that he should be; if he cannot enter your home, I will not," she replied, in a voice that could not easily be misunderstood.

There was no response. As we stepped through the door the perfume of the incense laden atmosphere assailed my nostrils like the sensuous odor of an exquisite exotic. The grandeur

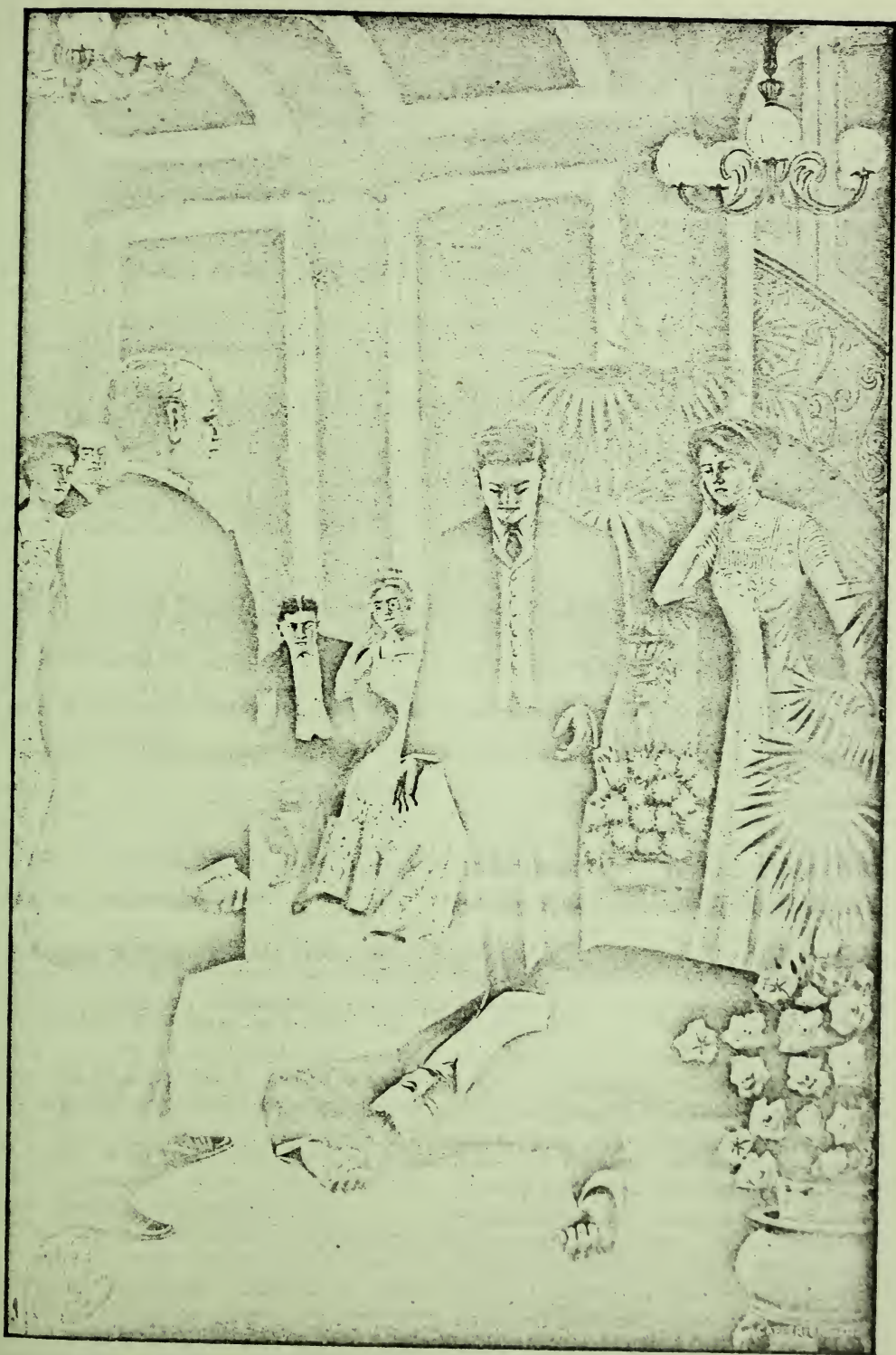
of the surroundings amazed me. I stood dumb. Never before had I witnessed such a display of wealth, such splendor, such magnificence.

The broad, winding stairs were gaily festooned with lilies, and evergreen, and holly, supporting miniature lights. Stretching along the banister appeared here and there, leafy vines which were finally lost in the labyrinth of foliage. In every corner, between every spindle were tucked innumerable boughs with branches of mistletoe and the season's blossoms. From the foot of the stairs to the wall stood soldierly rows of palms with their dark leaves outstretching as if pointing on to something noteworthy or mysterious beyond. Leading away from the landing was a lane of living verdure which deepened as it neared the altar. Pillar and post in added color and bursting bud loosed their fetters and stood full clad in the mantle of glorious fruition: window and ledge showed here and there flowers and foliage neath which were grass and moss and lichen. The dome shaped ceilings, crowned in softened lustre, with contrasting fringe of pine, shared its erstwhile claim to supremacy. The setting was perfect. I recognized it as the home of J. Richard Slavton, the world's richest man, who had accumulated his fortune by questionable means. To him battle meant victory; he had never tasted the bitterness of defeat. He was determined to marry his daughter to a count, that he might have greater prestige, more power; she had begged me to prevent it; what could I do? I was ignorant of the role I was to play.

Turning to his daughter the father said, "Eleanor, will you favor me by apologizing to the guests for your delay—your friend will remain here until we can arrange for him elsewhere."

"I will explain, but apologize for nothing," she replied, "furthermore, this gentleman will accompany me; he does not wish to remain here, neither will I permit him to do so."

She grasped my hand and stepped boldly under the radiant arches that



When I loosened my hold and shoved him from us he fell prostrated upon the floor.

opened into the parlors. "Friends," she said, "I deeply regret my delay only because it has been a disappointment to you. The reason, however, is explained by introducing Mr. Arthur Driscoll, to whom I was married this evening at eight o'clock."

It required a bold heart to say these words, and brave though she was she literally trembled as she faltered out her story. But she had given me my cue.

There was perfect silence. Those present startled, gasped, then sat back and waited.

The look upon the count's white face terrified me as he rushed towards us with clenched fists. There was such naked terror in it as few men ever have betrayed, such pain that it saddened all who witnessed it and yet such anger blazed in his eyes that I trembled as I stepped forward to guard off his blows. "What you say is a lie," he hissed, his face livid, his eyes smouldering as though in a death mask. My efforts to protect her seemed to enrage him all the more and he sprang upon me like a demon.

"Your life will pay the penalty for this," he said, as his eyes narrowed and glowed at me out of his dead white face. "Her marriage to you means ruin for both herself and her family; besides wrecking my life."

As we swayed back and forth his body appeared to stiffen, his muscles became rigid, he stared at me blankly, appalled. When I loosened my hold and shoved him from us he fell prostrate upon the floor unheeding of all that was passing about him. The color left his face and his mouth opened with a curious and revolting grimace. I stood over him and looked into his convulsed face with pity. The rest drew back startled, and watched him.

The father stood aghast; his face lit up with a white ferocity. A scowl deepened his brows. "Sir," he said, "your actions have been so criminal that I refuse to discuss the matter at any length. I shall report the whole affair to the proper authorities at once.

You will remain here until they arrive.

"Why you should interfere with the marriage of my daughter to Count De Baron, who is the highest type of a man, and forever destroy her alliance with the oldest and most influential family of all Europe is beyond my understanding. The disgrace you have brought upon my home and your insult to my guests may possibly be explained, but the breach you have caused in the close relationship between my family and the count's can never be repaired.

"You are incapable of comprehending the atrociousness of your actions. The count is a man of affairs; he is not of the common clan such as yourself. He is loved by his people, and has done more to upbuild France than any of her long line of brilliant men.

"Have you one reason to offer for your actions and insults; why are you here, what does all this mean? I demand an explanation at once, this minute," he hissed, anger flaming through him. His fingers sank into my flesh like steel as he tightened his vice like grip on my shoulders; he stood so close to me that I could feel his hot breath against my face.

"I am here because your daughter insisted that I should be," I replied. "She asked me to prevent her marriage to this man, and I propose to do it if my life pays the penalty. You seem amazed that anyone would even attempt to thwart your plans. You imagine that her wishes are not to be considered; you must be obeyed regardless of the misery and suffering it may mean to her.

"You are anxious to marry her to a mere man, who promises to make her his legal mistress—who would pretend to love and cherish through a short honeymoon and thenceforth relegate her to the meridian of menial and neglected mothers; who would make her a forlorn castaway on the desert island of listless imbecility; a life convict in the workhouse of unloved and barren womanhood; a slave born to shackles, a prey to the debauchery of

an indifferent beast, a pet animal led about within proscribed limits.

"Her life would be a cruel chronology of heart sick hopes and the unbroken routine of weary waiting—a tragedy of sobbing, of hysterical self pity. The thoughts of this dry and barren existence would throttle and choke her—her daily round would be empty avenues of torment through which she would wearily drag a manacled and bruised gentility with no freedom of thought or action anywhere in its soul searching cycle.

"This is the life you are attempting to compel her to live. To her statements as to this man's real character, his intimate associations with the lowest and most undesirable of humanity, his trumped up diamond schemes and other crimes equally as atrocious you have turned a deaf ear. Your great wealth enables you to offer her advantages that no other man in the world could ever hope to vie with. Still you permit your greed for gain, for greater power and more prestige to compel you to barter your only child for self aggrandizement."

He stood in the center of the room, his face grim, and his eyes lit up with something that might have been the shadow of a softness. He did not seem to hear what I was saying or to realize what was going on about him. His clenched fists, his protruding jaw, and the wiry muscles that stood out in knots on his face and neck showed the effort he was making to conquer the flood of emotion that was sweeping over him.

He seemed to be reviewing his whole life. A panorama of scenes and events and persons passed doggedly before his inner vision; strange memories poured

in upon him, scenes of his childhood, long forgotten, swept before him, his start in life, the battle he had fought and won; his wife, her death, and how since the night when he caught her last whispered words he stood a self convicted murderer; Eleanor, his only child, how her name served as a key to release a flood of vivid recollections; he recalled the day of her birth, her childhood, her growth to womanhood; his considerations of her only as a bar to matrimonial success, his efforts to marry her to a mere beast—all came back to him as vividly as though they were occurrences of the moment.

Every fiber in his being began to vibrate, cells long disused, thrilled into life and began to tremble and oscillate to the verge of destruction; every faculty seemed alive.

There was a flash that seemed to light up everything; his mind was aroused to a state of abnormal excitement. He knew what he had done.

Gradually his lips loosened, his heavy jaw dropped, and in his eyes, turned towards his daughter, there came slowly an expression of complete submission; he staggered to her side, buried his face in her lap and burst into tears.

The scene was one that will play itself before me from time to time in retrospect forever—he like a towering cliff shaken by the thoughts of his own deeds, mighty and imposing still; she seemingly forgetful of all that had occurred, caressed him as she bent over his tottering form muttering inarticulate words of pity and forgiveness.

For a moment I studied these people who had so suddenly become worth while to me—then with hat in hand. I closed the door behind me.

My Friend the Enemy's Sister

BY GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

Author of "The Ruling Passion," "The Whip Hand" Etc.

HE WHO has never paused under one of those cozy lounging windows common to the moss grown casas of old Manila, never tarried under one of those repositories of fresh Spanish beauty and, mayhap, charmed away a dragging moment in converse with one of those incomparable daughters of old Castile, whom you will always find there when the languorous, flower scented evening has cast its spell of witchery over the insular metropolis—he who has never experienced the subtle delights of a day end in the Walled City has never stood within the terrestrial reception room of Heaven!

He is indeed unfortunate who has not wandered among the cement castles of the Walled City by night—a night glorified by that matchless tropical moon which seems to lavish its richest splendor where there are romance and youth and love.

Under that magic moon I have seen the gargoyles that grimace down from the Convento de San Sebastian resolved into silvern figures of seraphic grace and beauty. Every narrow street is a baby river whose lazy luster entrances the beholder. From the height of the historic wall prison that girdles the quaint old town I have watched church, convent and dwelling waver under lunar radiance and dissolve into a vast white sea of silver. Where is the equal of that tropical moon—where the atmosphere of romance and mystery hovers about the projecting Spanish windows of old Manila?

On calle Magallanes there stands a rambling concrete building of the old Spanish type. The sun sees little of it save the red tiled roof, partly covered with moss and ferns which have won an existence in the accumulated dust between the tiles. Sunshine in narrow Magallanes is the boon only of high

noon. The street is so narrow that, to pass each other in safety, the native drivers of caraboa carts deem it needful to curse with utmost accuracy and precision. But the house: It has but two stories, though its height might easily admit of three. Its walls outside are seamed and weather marked and hidden in patches by a close lying mat of lichen. The heavy mahogany doors open on the street, and by this entrance vehicles are admitted to the patio, in whose center is a cement fountain encircled by a wide basin. The patio, redolent with the sweet perfume of bright hued pot flowers, is almost as inviting as the cool lounging windows which project over the narrow stone sidewalk. Of these windows there is one on either side the entrance. They are spacious and snug and protected by long, stout rods of iron set at right angles to the wall and shaped like an exaggerated letter S. It was in one of these seductive windows that my eyes first fell upon Paula—a demure, brown eyed girl in a gown of pale pink, and—ah! it was long ago, so I will be frank. In the instant that she turned her face toward mine and our glances met I experienced something akin to a shock. I was but a second lieutenant in those days—an officer in the very division which had so lately torn down Spanish dominion in Cuba. Manila was new to me, its people yet newer, and I had reason to suspect that in the fallen capital the attitude of every Spaniard toward an American was one of poignant dislike. Yet, notwithstanding the quicksand that threatened me, I then and there, all involuntarily, doffed my hat to the princess in the window—a piece of impudence that would have disgraced the most rascally recruit in the proud regiment that acknowledged me—the old

Forty-ninth. I can no more explain why I violated the first principle of "conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman"—I can no more explain this than I can the princess's unexpected return of my salute. Her faint nod was almost impersonal, but what went suddenly to my heart was the tiniest ripple of a smile which came down to me from the fresh, rose-tinted lips and the tremor of her long-lashed lids. And when I had left narrow Magallanes behind me, and twilight had fallen, and I had mounted to the top of the gloomy old wall for a stroll in the moonlight, I drifted back in raptured meditation and stood once more in calle Magallanes beneath a jutting window, whose Venus-like occupant smiled down upon me still again. Her marvelous brown eyes filled my soul with a strange disquiet, the significance of which I could but perplexedly ponder. And as I stood faltering there, waiting—I knew not what, I—God save me!—I saw a shadow descend out of the moonlight night and cast its black length athwart the silvered window between the princess and me. It rested there, forbidding, awe-inspiring, and all about it there seemed to breathe an atmosphere of spirituality and hidden meaning. Its presence somehow impressed me with a quality of melancholy and pity as much as with its menace, and under its queer influence my head sank forward with a sudden overmastering sense of my own puny weakness, my powerlessness to dissipate the thing. Anon I dragged my eyes back to the shadow. Yes, it was still there, but it had turned into a great fantastic splotch of a blood red hue, and—but even as I glimpsed the mysterious change the shadow slipped away, and looking beyond where it had lain I came to know that the princess of the lounging window likewise had disappeared. And with this amazing discovery I all but walked off the wall into sheer space! I had absently pursued one of the paths that wriggle through the vegetation on top the wall, followed it to an abrupt terminus on

the edge of the lofty angle that looks down upon La Puerta de Isabela. Another step and I should have found a lodgment on the flagstones more than a score of feet below. It had indeed been an absurd train of thought that had come so near to a serious ending for me. In my strange reverie the shadow which had fallen across the lounging window had seemingly breathed itself into my very soul. A sense of depression and dread, such as I had never known before, weighed upon me. Could that shadow have been a harbinger—an omen of the insurrection which threatened the meagerly protected capital? Rubbish! I should next be holding my breath to catch the wail of a banshee. A bit of Scotch and soda promised deliverance from this unhappy state of mind. Already I was in the act of retracing my steps when the sound of voices coming from directly under my feet caused me to hesitate; nor was it so much the voices themselves as what they uttered that arrested my steps. Clear and crisp as the clang of a bell the words "La guerra" had reached my ears. La guerra! War! Curiosity at once prompted me to lie quietly down and do a bit of genteel eavesdropping. Peering over the edge of the wall I distinguished, grouped together beneath me in the gloom of the wall angle, the figures of three men. They were attired all in white, and though they spoke guardedly, little of what they said escaped my intent ear; and thus I came into possession of facts of paramount importance, chief among which was the disquieting information that on the evening of February 6th, at ten o'clock, pursuant to orders already promulgated, the entire insurgent force was to hurl itself in a girdle of fury against the capital which it had been compelled to evacuate, slaughter its defenders and build upon the corpses of the hated invaders the gory fabric of a permanent republic! Two of the three below, I gathered, were officers of the insurgent army, even now on recruiting duty, while the third, addressed as Patricio,

was at this minute accepting a captain's commission in the cause. The secret organization of the rebels in the city was at last a reality.

I had lain motionless for quite a space when a twinge in my hip told me of an inequality of the wall under me. Some fragments of stone lay on the margin of the wall, and in changing my position I had the wretched ill luck to brush one of these pieces off the wall and down upon the devoted heads of the conspirators. "Madre de Dios!" came a quick cry of alarm, and then I heard no more for, realizing that I guarded a dangerous secret, I was racing away toward the spiral stairs by which I remembered having gained the top of the wall. Down this passage I was plunging at top speed when without an instant's warning I received a shock which for the nonce bewildered and confused me. I was still blind from the impinge of the collision when I felt strong hands grappling my ankles. Instinctively I kicked with vicious force and was rewarded by the dull sound of a heavy body thumping unresistingly down the stairs. I sprang down the remaining steps, to behold lying prone at the foot of the staircase, a limp, white form. A broad brimmed sombrero, crushed almost out of recognition, I was still able to identify as the one lately worn by Patricio, the newly commissioned captain. Bending over my captive with a lighted match I but half repressed a cry of incredulity. As I had thought, the fellow was a Spaniard, but how young, how classical of feature and, withal, how roguishly handsome! A crescent shaped lesion on his smooth forehead, where the heel of my service boot had fallen, marked the initial American victory in the incipient struggle. After getting my young enemy into better air and vigorously chafing his hands, he soon came 'round, though slightly the worse for his rash attempt to bag me on the wall. He accompanied me with much of the arrogance that distinguishes certain of his race. A night in the guard house at Cuartel de Espara, mayhap,

would be a good antidote for this infelicity. I got on swimmingly with my youthful conspirator until choice or chance, I scarce know which, led me into calle Magallanes, and there—conceive of it—that young scoundrel all of a sudden disappeared right before my two eyes! I was non-plussed. And as if to stamp me all sorts of a villain, the contre-temps had occurred almost under the princess's lounging window. Ah! At this moment I beheld her distractingly perched above me. Simultaneously I remarked that the street door of her casa stood slightly ajar, and I made hold to beg admission, explaining my purpose.

"Seguramente, senor, seguramente," she acquiesced, "you may search where you will; dzhat you should find dzhe—dzhe mal preso, I desire."

Ah, the princess spoke English, and with the quaintest, sweetest accent.

I heard her trip lightly round to the driveway, where she met me with a small hand lamp. I noted that she was rather small, this bewitchingly beautiful girl, with a perfectly oval face and a complexion that was a revelation in pink and cream tints. Her eyes were not black, only a hazel brown, as was also her hair, yet they were the background for myriad varicolored lights, whose constantly changing fires could depict as many emotions in a breath. She was a breathless study, a marvel of maidenly fascination.

Together we searched the house from parapet to basement without success. On the way back to the street, however, the sound of stealthy footfalls beyond an angle of the corridor caught my ear. I hastened forward, whipped round a corner, and then suddenly I came to know that my head was exactly on a level with the long, blue barrel of a cocked revolver. The muzzle all but touched my nose. The fellow just beyond the weapon was not very big, but there was enough light to show his eyes, wide and brown, and they were so steady and hypnotic and—something else—that I resisted a quick impulse to dash the weapon up and

grapple. To all appearances my opponent was clad only in a night shirt, but I seemed to know intuitively that that garment concealed street clothes. But surely this could not be my quarry. Hardly—too young, too short, a trifle too girlish, still— He spoke, and for a boy's, I thought his voice had a most unusual feminine vibration. One thing else. He so closely resembled the princess herself as to suggest kinship.

"No," he announced in Spanish, "you are not mistaken—I am—I was your prisoner."

He was as calm as a June morning, this young rascal, and his manner unbelievably nonchalant. He was much smaller than I, and at the same time he was a most important prisoner. It can be seen that I was shaping a course. My thoughts flashed like electric sparks. I knew that I must lead my enemy forth from this house a prisoner, but how to effect his capture was a problem which for the nonce baffled me. I called to the princess, as I supposed still behind me, but she had vanished like a wisp of vapor. It needed no turn of the head to know this, for the smile in the mesmeric eyes that held me as if in a spell, answered my unuttered query.

What a wonderful thing is thought! With what scrambling haste conflicting ideas, root suggestions, will sometimes tumble over each other in their mad gallop across the impression plate of one's mind! In this first real dilemma of my life I was subconsciously glad that none might see, particularly Dobson, who ever rejoiced in flouting my courage; and be it known that with all my six feet of trained muscles and jitsu art acquired at West Point, I somehow doubted the outcome of this untoward meeting.

To this distant day I recall the withering maledictions which that plucky boy poured out upon me and my genealogy as we leaned panting against a banister, for, diverting the young rogue's eye for the space of a heart beat with a movement of my left hand, I had shot my right hand upward and

seized his weapon. His lips parted for an instant and the white even teeth flashed grinning malevolence upon me as with right good will the rascal pressed the trigger. Ha! Beaten, you little fiend! For already my thumb was under the hammer of his six-shooter, the sharp steel plunger biting into my knuckle joint. The pain of it was exquisitely sweet. Crash! We found the corridor wall in a lively scuffle as I forced him backward, crushing him down to his knees. Then after a succession of furious wrenches I had his weapon, and sent it flying. But the young scamp was tenacious as his native bejuco; and always as we struggled he found time to curse. He had the tender, red lipped mouth of a girl, but the horrible, full throated oaths that ripped from it fairly bewildered me. And victory was not yet. Inch by inch we swayed over to the railing of a crazy stairway, which resisted the shock of our combined weight with a creaking shudder. Dobson, West Point's center, would have said that I was a devil of a while about doing nothing. But now at last I had the devilish little squirmer. His breathing was the breathing of a hard worked bellows, his resistance almost that of a child, but his yielding that of a tigress with young. If I recollect aright I was making shift to secure my captive's hands, exulting the while at my ultimate triumph, when the very strangest thing on record, so far as I am aware, suddenly happened. It seemed to me that every light in the house, and in the world, for that matter, was simultaneously extinguished. My perception told me this much; further I was left to grope. My captive, seemingly, had all at once taken the nature of intangibility, had slipped mysteriously from under me, drifted away like this-tle down. The floor on which we had struggled dissolved into nothingness, the roof above resolved itself into a vast dome of pitch blackness. For a frightful time I was poised without perceptible support in sheer space—dangling, clutching air in a darkness

that was suddenly crowded with horrific figments. After a while this hideous environment passed away and a vague conception of things mundane came back to me. I could sense a slow numbness in my hands. A strange, icy coldness seemed to have come over me. It was not unlike a nightmare which I had once experienced. But this was no nightmare. Surely it couldn't be—death! I was conscious of no pain, only a gradual sinking. But, God! I must not die—too young, too well satisfied with the world, too—Dobson would have said cowardly.

Slowly I grew out of a world of fairy fancies and vague speculations into a world of order and grim reality. I was lying flat upon my back on a moldy cement floor. Four close, bare walls of the same material rose dimly about me. Faint, gray tendrils of light crept in from somewhere diffusing a wan, spiritual glow. So, after all I had lost! I was a prisoner. I went back over the closing scene. No detail of the encounter escaped me. It was clear there had been foul play. The youth had not been without confederates, who, come to think of it, may have followed me from the wall. But the princess. Whither had she gone? She must have swooned, else she would have summoned someone to my relief. I was conscious of a strange throbbing at the back of my head. I sent a tentative hand in search of possible injuries. Where the dull pain throbbed it encountered a mass of jellied blood. The discovery, somehow, frightened me not at all. I went on with the examination, I dare say, as coolly as I should have inspected my company on a propitious Saturday morning. I guessed vitality to be at a low ebb. I found where the scalp parted in a long, wide gash. Dobson would have pronounced the wound a scratch, but I felt that I was fortunate to be alive. It had been a smashing blow, right enough, delivered from behind. . . . And only the princess had stood behind me!

That sound! A low, muffled roar, dully punctuated at short intervals by

heavy, thunderous booms. One awful afternoon I had lain under a mango tree in far away Cuba and listened to those same portentous sounds. Obviously somebody had bungled the surprise—the secret opening of hostilities. The cat was out of the bag. The second battle of Manila was on. I tottered to my feet and reeled about my small prison like a man drunken. My fanciful brain conjured up pictures of big Dobson, the masterful Dobson. How very plainly I could see him cutting and slashing—and smiling—at the fore of his crack company! And here was I—here indeed! I thrilled with a sickish disgust at my woeful plight and collapsed upon the dark, cement floor of my cell.

A lapse of time, a minute, a month—it was not mine to know.

At last! Footsteps outside my cell door. A faint, grating sound at the keyhole: I had scant time to feign insensibility when the huge door swung slowly inward. I heard the plaintive creak of the disused hinges; then curiosity, insane curiosity, pried open my lids ever so little. It was she—the princess.

"Que lastma!" she exclaimed in her rich contralto, gazing round.

Was there, or was there not, in her tone a note of insincerity? Impossible! She held a tallow dip near my face in a close scrutiny of my features. The dancing flame wrought a golden halo about her queenly head. Her great eyes, I thought, looked darker and more somber than before and there seemed to be a new droop at the corners of her sensitive mouth. A little space she knelt, gazing steadily into my face; then she put out a slim, ringless hand and felt for the pulsation of my heart. The princess's self possession must have been in some degree shattered by the gory spectacle of an Anglo-Saxon occupying the family dungeon, for she sought my heart on the right side. Perceiving no movement there, she rose, her lips moving in an inaudible whisper, her eyes raised as if in prayer—for what or whom? I won-

dered. A vague hope fluttered up in my bosom. The chance! The girl was not strong. If she obstructed my escape I might overpower her. The street outside, I doubted not, was teeming with friendly patrols. Once there I should be safe. The door stood ajar. The girl moved slowly toward it, when a pina kerchief fell from somewhere at her girdle. The light fabric twice resisted the air in miniature swoops, then, as a thing bewitched, it alighted full on my face. Through my narrowed lids I solved a name silhouetted against the stronger light above—Paula. So some romance loving parent with little foresight, or no regard for future island faring male hearts, had named the princess “Paula.”

Through the partly open door of my cell the booming sounds reached me more distinctly, accompanied always by an uninterrupted rumble as of distant thunder. They swelled suddenly in volume as Paula stooped to recover her kerchief and I thought her curved lips compressed into a straight red line of resolution. To me, an officer absent from his command at such a time, the sounds were torture excruciating. What would Dobson say of my absence? It were the work of a worthier man than I to wipe out this disgrace. I reasoned more coherently now. Whether the pretty rebel girl would return to dress my wound was a matter of rank speculation, and this was no time to rely upon ambiguous friendship.

Paula had reached the door, her back to me, and I had found my feet noiselessly. Momentarily giddy, I swayed there like some gory phantom of Island tradition. Then, with one despairing effort, I flung myself forward and seized the girl uncertainly from behind, my arms encircling her slim body, my red stained hands clutching her wrists. The breath went out of her in one little gust of emotion and I felt her trembling helpless in my arms. It was an awkward moment. It was an asinine piece of work, and although born of

desperation it deserved the reward it got when Paula's flashing scorn anon sent me into the street without so much as a word of farewell or a hint of solicitude as to my precarious condition.

Magallanes was black as the pits of Erebus. All about me was a tumult of racing quilees and caromatas, the shrill staccato of excited voices and the crash of colliding vehicles. Ragged points of flame flashed queerly from doors, windows and roofs, and the whine and whir of ricochetting missiles rose dolefully on the multisonous night. From the direction of San Juan road came the far carried detonations of full, round Krag volleys blent with the explosive cracking of Mausers in ragged but ponderous volleys.

As I hesitated opposite the entrance to Paula's house, two sharp reports in rapid succession came, it seemed, from the driveway right behind me. Simultaneously something went past my ear with a serpent like hiss and I sprang sidewise out of the doorway with all the quickness I could summon. A queer, stinging sensation in my right arm above the elbow, however, apprised me that I had not escaped the bullet of an assassin hidden somewhere in Paula's own house. I felt the fresh blood creep slowly down my arm, and I cursed—cursed everybody save the princess, whom I knew was at this moment much less discriminative as to me. The collision near me of two rapidly rolling quilees sent half a dozen contraband rifles clattering to the pavement. Under cover of the cochero's confusion I seized one of these—a Mauser—and made off in the darkness. I was but a minute from quarters, God to be thanked. But the way was beset with a thousand contingencies. Shadowy figures, friends or foes I could not distinguish which, flitted here and there in the gloom. All ran frantically. And everybody shouted admonitions or curses. It was a wild night.

My weapon, I discovered, was load-

ed chamber and magazine. This gave me added strength to struggle on.

Three barefoot natives under wide brimmed sombreros dashed into view beneath a street lamp and I paused abruptly in the shadow, for I recognized the green-blue uniforms of Aguinaldo's regulars. They carried long Remington rifles and shot sharp glances to either side as they trotted warily along. One, I fancied, looked straight into my eyes as he hurried past me, and I brought my rifle to hip; but the brown warrior kept on, and I drew a deep breath of relief.

A bewildered native pony, attached to an empty, half wrecked caromata, came down the street, terrified into a jerky trot, and a moment later I was inside the quile, lashing the poor beast toward Cuartel de Espana. A block from my destination a man, a white man he looked, stepped into the street ahead of me and scrutinized my outfit minutely. Its appearance must not have been to his liking, for he was almost instantly joined by four natives who carried their hands beneath their long camisas in mysterious fashion. With raised hand the white man signaled me to pull up, but already I had beaten my nag into a swinging gallop. By the dim light of a distant street lamp I saw the white man suddenly straighten a hand in my direction, and with that something thwacked the top of my vehicle smartly and a shower of splinters pricked and stung my face. But the offenders spun round and sprawled on his face when my Mauser spouted a stream of flame, and for the moment I thought I had won clear. Not so. The feet of my caballito suddenly flew from under him and then we were on the cobbles together. I was not additionally hurt and still clung to my weapon. A missile ricocheted unpleasantly at my feet and a second passed my ear with a great rush of air then I beheld the four strange natives of a moment before. They were armed with revolvers and were using them on me at point blank range. I tried a shot at the nearest of the enemy and saw him

stagger. Something touched my back. It was the barracks gate. I reeled in, at last almost oblivious of the leaden pellets which zipped and spat around me. Somebody banged the gate to behind me with a mighty oath. A pair of tentacle like arms went around me and I rose easily on a broad shoulder. A moment later I was sat down in the regimental dispensary and surveyed by a towering, big man who was cursing as few men can. Dobson!

At sundown the round volley of the long afternoon had dropped off into a scattering rifle fire that licked out its red tongue as if in satisfaction of an already gluttoned appetite.

The men dropped tiredly behind a knee high rice dike, for whose meager shelter they had paid in grim coin as they raced yelling across a bare field to gain it. It is always expensive to advance in the open.

Dobson's crack men, next on the right, had fires going before the rifles were cool, and now the aroma of boiling coffee floated across to me tantalizingly, rousing my own command to sudden activity. Dobson himself, looking much the brigand in a grotesquely shaped campaign hat and baggy fatigue trousers, shortly came over to me with a tincupful of the steaming beverage, which he shared with me disdainfully.

"I'm sorry to note that you are unchanged, 'Warbie;' (my name is Warbusson) "you make the same kind of a company commander as you did a halfback."

He enthroned himself on an ammunition box and continued prophetically: "I wager that Colton's shot-up leg isn't causing him one-half so much anxiety as the present well being of his pet company; and think, Warbie, of the storm that will agitate your vicinity when he discovers you've already got seven of his best men trussed up in 'wooden overcoats' for shipment back to the States!"

The sergeant of the rear guard suddenly took form before Dobson in the failing light.

"Sir report to the officer of the day that there's a classy looking Spanish woman back at the line that wants to get out to Caloocan. Says she's muy amigo to the Americanos but that she's afraid to live in Manila and chance the danger of more outbreaks and so forth; and, sir, if I may say so, she's the only one of these fugitives so far that's impressed me as being straight goods—that is, sir, being what they claim to be."

Dobson looked puzzled. "An unusual request for the hour," he observed, as together we followed the sergeant to the rear.

A royal pageant of coloring was marching slowly down the west in the wake of the departed fire ball which all day long had glared down stolidly upon the well balanced contest. In its place now hung a golden round moon, which seemed to have been thrust suddenly from behind the diamond-bedeked curtain of the firmament. A great circular globe of marigold hue, it swung so low down that surely one might toss a stone up to it; and though eyeless, it peered down as steadily, as intensely as though possessed of keenest vision. It turned its innocent face down upon the panorama of demolished shacks, fire swept splotches of country and riddled vegetation and beheld with what amazing cost all this demolition had been wrought, for there, rigid under besmirched shelter halves were strange, straight lying forms in long rows. The moon stared down upon this extraordinary spectacle as if in shocked surprise.

"There's only one way out of it, Warbie," said Dobson with half a sigh when he had exhausted his meager Spanish in parley with the "classy looking" female. "She's got to be searched. A concerted attack from front and rear would scarcely appeal to us at this time. This woman certainly is a stunner. And I for one don't associate her for a moment with Aggie's messenger service—especially her eyes! But we're not in a position to be generous, you know. You'll have to escort

her back to the First Reserve and subject her to Mrs. Sanderson's regular process. You'll find an ambulance in that banana grove there. So long."

The face that had impressed Dobson had suddenly masked its charms behind a black veil. The ambulance rumbled away, but soon brought up abruptly at the signal of a dismounted cavalry messenger laden with reports. He clambered in, saluting awkwardly as he discovered his intrusion. A piece of the veriest mischief all at once flew into my head. I edged close to the man, a young trooper, and whispered half a dozen words, whereupon he turned upon me a look, half of wonder and half of panic. He partially recovered himself after a moment, however, and saluted sitting. Ten minutes later when the trooper rose to leave the ambulance an untoward thing happened. The vehicle may or may not have lurched, but however that may be, the soldier in passing out, brushed the wide hat of my charge sheer off her pretty head and onto the seat beside her, the black veil accompanying it; then he sprang from the ambulance and made off in unfeigned alarm, leaving me to excuse American ungallantry and to view, in the canopy shaded moonlight of the rolling vehicle, a pair of great dark eyes set off by a perfect, oval face which at once gave me a great start.

"You, senor?" queried my companion, likewise surprised.

"I," I acknowledged.

"Had I recognized you before, I would have begged your help," she said in sweet Spanish.

"And perhaps I should have denied it," I returned uncompromisingly.

"I admitted you to my house once," she offered.

"I have a distinct recollection of the visit—at least a part of it."

"Your behavior outraged that hospitality."

"I admit that my conduct was anything but becoming."

"You would jest, Senor Tiniente.

You fought with a man who, unknown to me, had concealed himself in my house. That man evidently had a confederate who came later and struck you from behind. Then you were confined, as was I also, by those strange men. My maid later found and released me, and I went to liberate you, but thought you dead. You tricked and then insulted me. I was indignant. Was it not natural?"

With Paula's compelling beauty, supplication was a thing incongruous. From lips like hers, entreaty jarred upon me. That I had suspected her unjustly, there was little doubt. I had jumped to the conclusion that it was Paula's own fair hand that had so nearly done for me on the night of my fateful adventure. From a mere resemblance I had believed the youth with whom I had battled to be her brother—herself my would be slayer. Were not those conclusions, after all, a trifle far fetched? Did they not lack feasibility? As the ambulance jolted on, the romantic atmosphere of the lounging window again fell round my petit princess like a mantilla of witchery, and the still wondering moon—or else my fancy—wove a Circean halo about her small, troubled head. A sense-seducing quality was in the air, and its subtle forces were not lost on me. And at last, almost at our destination, the princess, almost in tears, entreated me to spare her the humiliation that the carrying out of Dobson's orders involved. At last I had indeed brought up between the devil and the deep sea—Dobson truly possessed all the attributes of the former when disobeyed. To play with Dobson was to play with fire. And for the indignities that I had put upon her I owed Paula reparation. I chose with deliberation, not the lesser of two evils, but the greater, so far as concerned my personal risk. Mrs. Sanderson's services were not enlisted. The four mule ambulance trundled monotonously back to the lines and Paula was passed through to Caloocan with many apologies from Dobson.

For many another than Jesus, I thought rather confusedly, had betrayal lain hidden in a kiss. I lay me down to dream under the quizzical, round faced moon, wondering if the princess's reward for my treason—yes, a kiss—might not result thus unhappily.

A great fire swept Tondo that night, and a second wave of internal revolt shook Manila to its basements. These events would not have been extraordinary in themselves had they not been accompanied by a spirited attack on the lines by Aguinaldo's entire force of regulars outside. The whole affair bore the unmistakable stamp of prearrangement. It had been timed to the minute. And the curious part of the surprise was that it had been expected. Never before had greater care been exercised to prevent an event which cast its shadow before, and never before had the best laid plans of mice and men gone so completely for naught. Gray haired generals, studying maps and figures, stamped up and down and through, and not infrequently swore. But there is always a modicum of comfort left. The scheme for turning the tables of a budding war, though a clever one, had failed—by a very small margin, it is true—but nevertheless failed. We had invested a few more lives, to be sure, in the night's defense, but the investment had yielded frightful interest in the grotesquely sprawling things which the four mule teams handled the next day!

At two o'clock on the day following the repulse of the insurgents, the new officer of the day admitted to Manila, without challenge, from the direction of a "first aid" station on Caloocan Road, a quilez driven by a youthful trooper and occupied by a white-uniformed female nurse. Later, upon chancing past the first aid station, the officer of the day rallied the surgeon in charge on the uniqueness of his newly adopted cab service, to the blank puzzlement, however, of the latter. No female nurses had been on duty at any of the field hospitals since

the day before yesterday; no youthful troopers, or aged, had been "coaching" as described.

The officer of the day bantered no more. He left the station rather hastily, the surgeon thought, and then, as soon as he believed himself quite alone beside a sun seared field of maize, he paused and spat and stroked his lately unkept beard—and then he spat again, preoccupiedly, uneasily. He started half guiltily when big Dobson slapped him affectionately on the shoulder.

"I'm afraid I've raised hell, Dobson."

A smile on Dobson's face slipped away as suddenly as the sun slips under a cloud.

"What's the row, Spurlock?"

"I've let in two nigger spies—that is—"

"The h— you have—when? Here, man—a rig—"

Dobson's roar died away in the sudden crackling of foot crushed corn-stalks as he ploughed helter skelter toward the road, Spurlock, now roused to action, eagerly heeling him.

"Oh for a wire reaching to Estado Mayor" panted Dobson.

But there was no wire, no means by which to intercept the carrying out of a really pretty subterfuge by the enemy. A cavalry escort to the commanding general had just drawn rein in Caloocan Road. "Two of those horses!" preempted Dobson, and two saddles emptied abruptly. Dobson had a way of using shoulder straps as a magician's wand. A driving gale beat in their faces as the officers leaned over the extended necks of the powerful American cavalry horses. The wind rushed past their ears with a sound like the tearing of cloth. They were riding for stakes that might mean everything. They flashed through Binondo, clattering over the cobbles of Rosario with a veritable hurricane of sound, nor slackening speed for the jam of vehicles that freighted the Bridge of Spain. And in all the mad race, Spurlock had caught no glimpse of the strange quilez but now, midway of the

bridge, he rose suddenly in his stirrups and gazed fixedly in the direction of La Puerta de Isabela. A quilez, somehow strangely fascinating, was just disappearing within the Walled City. Twenty seconds later the pursuers, riding carefully, swung over the moat and through the narrow gate onto the smooth worn flags of Magallanes. A block ahead rattled the quilez of the chase, its curtains drawn close. The lust of a near won game intoxicated as a wizard's wine. The riders descended upon their quarry like avid birds of prey. The galloping caballito between the shafts was brought to its haunches with a mighty jerk, whereupon Dobson's manner changed. His big face relaxed in a playful smile. Then he lifted a curtain and peered into the captured quilez. "The devil!" he gasped. The quilez was empty!

Two o'clock in the morning and a sentinel moon slanting toward the west. How still the night how vast the world! The enemy had advanced his lines at midnight, pushed them forward as silently, as insidiously as a slow rising tide creeps inland over a wide beach. But I had heard. A field piece may be dragged through tropical tangle no faster than a mile a day, yet in the deep stillness of the Luzon night, when the snapping of a twig vies with the crack of a pistol and a nameless expectancy had set the blood romping and the sensibilities ajig, then it is no easy matter to occupy a position almost under the guns of an enemy without revealing to attentive ears the stratagem. It was clear to me that the little brown men were preparing to give us the surprise of our lives at daybreak. Since eleven o'clock I had been alone at my post of duty. Dobson had left me then, little guessing what began on our front immediately he lounged away to his tent under the bamboos. At first it came over to me through the voiceless night, the faintest tinkling as of far-off sleigh bells. The sound would hardly have been worth notice had I not happened to be familiar with the little men's custom of slinging their mess

pans on the straps of their canteens. Here they clinked rhythmically, with the motion of the march, against the metal ears of the canteens. And so by the faint, far-off tinkling I was enabled to conclude that perhaps five thousand riflemen had marched forward and taken up a position within point blank range on our front! I had put the outposts on the *qui vive* with hurried orders of my own making; then I had reported to the colonel, a hard headed, sound sleeping individual, and had promptly been pronounced a "raw nerve" and "an imaginative young person." Since then, with jaw clenched firmly and face as white as the surrounding moonlight, I had sat motionless on an empty hardtack box beside Caloocan Road and thought—just thought! I was still floundering in an ocean of thought when I looked up and saw in the moonlight right there before me—a ghost! Whew! What a relief to behold a ghost at such a time of mental mutiny and murder! I knew that what I saw was a ghost because I had never yet seen one of those nebulous quantities, and because the figure I saw was attired in the conventional white gown which any school boy will tell you ghosts habitually wear. I was jolly glad. I was taken somewhat back, however, upon a closer inspection, to perceive that my strange visitor was not, strictly speaking, a ghost, but rather an angel—one of those angels here below that turn men's worries into laughter and make even the good better. All of this means that Paula—my Paula, almost—had skipped away to Caloocan a little while ago, absently leaving behind in Manila all of her pretty jewelry, to recover which she had prankishly beaten her way back into Manila toggled out as a Red Cross nurse. What a colossal joke on Dobson of the late wild goose chase!

"But, *mi tiniente*," she told me in conclusion, "I have them now, all the dear little trinkets which I so much feared I had lost. Something seemed to tell me that I should find *mi tiniente* here tonight. I came alone at this

hour—can you guess why? No? Well, I will tell you, *mi querido*. You have suspected me of disloyalty to your government; you have believed me to be in league with the savage hordes of Aguinaldo, those unspeakable fools who are incapable of reason, whose cause is but the cause of paganism and rapine. I am a Spaniard. Is it thinkable that I would abet a cause so ignoble, would lower the standards of proud birth to a level with vicious stupidity and disgrace? No, *tiniente mio* and because you, of all men, have questioned me, and because I have a misguided brother who has dishonored his race by casting his lot out there—"pointing to the front—"I have come here tonight to prove my loyalty!"

The white moonlight made her a sculptured goddess as her small hand swept the foreground.

"Their battle lines are under your very nose as the moon sinks. They have tricked you. They occupy the Sunken Road, which you abandoned at sundown. At the first streak of dawn they mean to precipitate themselves upon you from the flanks, as nearly as may be, and at the same time there will be a rear attack by seven thousand armed sympathizers, now assembling behind you in the city. To obtain what I have told you I risked my life. Do you still doubt my loyalty?"

I needed not to grasp Paula's small hand. Already it had crept, like so much warm velvet, into my own. And for a space we stood in rapt silence, the princess and I, gazing up thoughtfully at the great golden ball of the westering moon. And who doesn't know that that old planet can at times hold us slaves in its thralldom of wineless intoxication? Was it indeed strange that I should quite forget the rebuff of the colonel, and that the disaster which threatened soon to overtake us should dwindle to the proportions of the merest trifle?

A music of enchantment died out somewhere and I dropped back to earth beside the princess, who at once startled me with a man's size scheme

right out of her own small, distracting mouth. And all of her useful information Paula had wheeled out of her effeminate brother, who, she now confessed rather amusedly was no other than Captain Patricio of my adventure on the wall and also the young scamp with whom I had tried conclusions in her Manila house who had so berated me in combat and who, with the aid of an opportune confederate, had sorely worsted me. He was indeed a fiery little scoundrel and, in anger, desperate. Paula told me that he would kill her without compunction should he discover her perfidy to the cause he championed.

Now this was the plan of my sweet Castilian beauty—(and only because I, Thomas Warbusson, chanced to be a much favored mortal, were American arms about to achieve a great coup!).

Caloocan Road was the vital thread. Over Caloocan territory alone was the advance northward possible. The enemy, during the night, had concentrated his forces in the Sunken Road beyond and to the right of Caloocan Road. The Sunken Road was a water course, now dry, which Nature had made almost impregnable as a fighting position. We had withdrawn from it on the evening before in order to straighten the bellying firing line with the lagging flanks, little dreaming that the brown enemy in front possessed the audacity to reoccupy and use the position against us as it was now on the verge of doing. But Paula knew a way of tricking the tricksters. At four o'clock, an hour before the time of attack, the little men, she had learned, would stack arms in the Sunken Road and, arms folded, march solemnly, in line of masses, two hundred yards to the rear to guard against being overheard. Here the whole brigade would bow and receive the blessings of nine priests. Meanwhile, Second Lieutenant Thomas Warbusson, leading two battalions of picked men, would march quietly into the Sunken Road, seize every fire arm it contained, and march quietly out again! Such was the

scheme of Paula, my princess, for putting an end to the insurrection. She was almost as clever as beautiful, was my friend, the enemy's sister. She was determined that I should not spare her the risk of accompanying me on my record making expedition. And I, in turn, was determined that I would not again that night ask lief or license of a certain hibernating colonel. It was a quarter past three. Forty-five minutes in which to assemble my detachment. The time proved ample. The men, crouching in the long shadows by the roadside, even found time to consume a cigarette before they obeyed my signal and wormed noiselessly away through the bamboo clumps in a long column of twos, their pieces carried at "the trail." The moonlight filtered through the tall bamboos and mangos and wrought beneath our feet a patchwork of fantastic designs in silver and ebony. By my side Paula chose her way with the natural grace of a fastidious fawn. After a little space the broad furrow of the Sunken Road stretched white and deserted below us. Slowly, silently the column descended into the great groove, turned and extended itself like an interminable snake. Ah! There indeed, were the stacks of rifles, two long rows of them. Presently the column halted and faced the stacks and then all at once there fell over that glorious night such a breathless hush as only God sends that doomed men may make their peace with him. Tricked! Christ pity such a fool as I! There fell no word, but I read my sentence in the merest tracery of a smile that suddenly lighted two strange flames in Paula's great eyes and twitched her matchless mouth. I looked at the stacked rifles and saw that they were only "dummies" of wood and tin, and then I think I tensed my nerves to meet the volleys that I knew were about to rain upon us. A voice instead came out of the jungle. It was a voice of calm assurance, and it was the voice of Patricio. "Lay down your arms!" Paula darted toward the nearest cover, but, dazed

as I was, I sprang after and overtook her. There was something in her hand that deflected the moon rays like silver spray, and there was something in her eyes which made my seizure of her guarded. Again came the voice, shrill, imperative: "Lay down your arms or you shall all be shot where you stand!" "Fire a gun," I cried, "and this woman shall die at my hand." And I believe I was equal to that threat. But justice was snatched out of my hands. I stood a trifle too near to a certain patch of lime scrub. In a twinkling this cover vomited a score of dark figures which flashed down upon me with fixed bayonets. Of course, few of them reached me, for my own men were trained and seasoned soldiers and lightning quick on the trigger. A bayonet struck my raised revolver from my hand and I felt a twinge in the arm that shielded my breast, and then Paula was torn bodily from my grasp, whereupon the contention quickened into a brisk engagement.

My two battalions were only a little more than decimated that night, and the thick muscle of my arm rendered Paula's dagger thrust a mere pin prick over my heart. But I knew the keen delight of killing Patricio in single combat when we of my detachment literally cut our way out through the brown walls of his command. We raised so much mischief with the enemy's plans that night though that the good secretary at Washington only set me back twenty numbers for being a fool. But think of being boloed and shot and stabbed by the prettiest girl under all Heaven! Yet it was she, my friend the enemy's sister, who did all that.

"Woman! woman! Thou art the author of such a book of follies in man 'twould need the tears of all the angels to blot out the record!"

I came up to Manila from Mindanao six months ago, homeward bound and happy. How changed the old city! Nine years had slipped away since this same Manila rose up in arms and the cordon of Aguinaldo's army, like the

coil of a great boa, hugged the hapless city. The Walled City of yore was no longer a walled city. Great gaps had been torn in the crumbling pile to admit clanging street cars, and in the cramped streets small native children prattled in scholarly English. I strolled into the old Spanish city and ere I was aware of my course I came to know that I was wandering in calle Magallanes. I had long forgotten Magallanes and its rather fantastic associations. Paula had faded from my memory as an unpleasant dream is forgotten in the bright sunlight of morning, and back in "God's country" the very sweetest little woman in all the world had for five happy years been my own. The stamp of change had touched Magallanes but slightly, and as I swung leisurely along its narrow way my thoughts trailed back to a night long gone when it had vibrated with the tumult of an infant war. Well! There across the street was the curious old house that had been Paula's. The moss and ferns on the red tiled roof grew slightly more rampant; a few more wounds were in the walls, and some of these a crude mason had made a feeble attempt to heal with cement and trowel; the lichen patches had spread a little. But for these little finger marks of the dead years it was the self same somber vault of a place which had once bid fair to be my tomb. I paused in a whimsical inspection of the seamed, inscrutable front which the dwelling presented to the street. To my eyes it looked a wizen rogue, a monument to seduction and treachery. I wondered idly if Paula still lived, and if so, where. And then as if in response to my fancy's query, the lounging window before me suddenly grew to hold an occupant. It was she—my decoy of years ago. Paula. Well, her coming didn't startle me much. Somehow I had thought that she belonged where I beheld her, that she would fit in and harmonize with the grisly, repulsive front of that building. And she did. Gone forever was the flashing charm of Paula's face.

Her eyes, once beyond esthetic description, were as lusterless and devoid of expression as the hideous walls of her tenement, and the Cleopatra like lips that had been the price of my honor were horribly shriveled and colorless. I had once seen the photograph of a beautiful woman held before a furnace fire. It seemed to me that Paula's beauty had shriveled up and vanished as did the beauty of that picture. Some force besides the years had been at work here. And then came a strange thought—had the Great Judge of fair play—even in war—taken her beauty as a forfeit for the lives she had wantonly sacrificed that night in the Sunken Road? But I was to know more. I have said that Paula's eyes were without expression, and they were strikingly so. Too, their original hazel-brown color seemed actually to have given place to a dull, whitish blue. There was something almost uncanny in their steady stare. I drew nearer to the window to test her recognition, for

I owed a full beard and an additional shoulder bar to Mindanao, and then I made a discovery which repelled and chilled me in a manner which words fail to describe. The pupils of the woman's eyes were the color of skim milk. Paula was blind!

Can a rough army officer depict fine emotions or define that quality of pity we feel for those who have disillusioned our love and damaged our honor?

The Hancock awaited me in the bay. Guardedly, lest she in some manner divine my presence, I stole away forever from Paula's window and sought the Hancock's merry launch in the Pasig. Aboard that launch, just down from Pampanga, was a homing major who gave me absolution for self confessed treason nine years old, and wished me eternal happiness with her beyond the Pacific whom God had bestowed in rebuttal of my once faltering faith in woman.

The major—I nearly forgot to say—was Dobson.

Hendrick Friesen's Homestead

BY CORNELIUS M. ENNS

CHAPTER XIII.—THE ELECTION.

MRS. WILLEMS was aflame again. She was certain that the sentence imposed was too severe, certain that her son Peter was no guiltier than the others and that the mayor's partiality and injustice had given Peter two days more, very certain that the wretched Schniek had himself to blame for the whole affair. Day after day she expressed her feelings and convictions in a continuous flow of words to all of which Peter Willems Sr., said, "Yes, yes," while Peter Willems Jr., kept silent, diligently attending to his daily work and no less diligently and quietly waiting on Sophia.

"Pauls," said Willems one day, "there will be an election of village of-

ficers before New Year—yes. We have to vote for mayor—yes. Now, I am going to, yes, going to vote for you—yes, for you."

Pauls fixed his keen eyes on Willems. He understood human nature fairly well, and particularly Willems's nature. Besides he felt that he ought to do something to please Willems and to compensate him for a number of indignities heaped on him. "Willems," he therefore said, "I want you for mayor."

"No, no, no," exclaimed Willems, raising both his hands in self protection, "don't do that, don't, I am wholly unworthy to be mayor."

It is doubtful if there ever was a man in the village Friedensfeld, unless it was Friesen, that did not feel wholly

unworthy to fill the office for which he was elected or was to be elected. Pauls now was certain that Willems wanted to be mayor, and he repeated, "I shall vote for you, Willems." When a few days later Mrs. Willems in a conversation with Pauls called up the subject of the election, and the robust woman gave out that if her husband was elected mayor, she would straightway fall into a swoon, Pauls could have no further doubts, if any there had been left, that Mr. and Mrs. Willems wanted to be Mr. and Mrs. Mayor. "I shall vote for Willems," he repeated.

Seeking office and electioneering were things that no man of taste and character would be guilty of in the village Friedensfeld. Nor would Pauls ever have stooped down to so low a practice as working for a favorite candidate, not he. But whenever after that day a neighbor of the conservative party of whiskey drinkers called to pass a jolly hour with Neighbor Pauls, as they all liked to do, Pauls would pour out a glass of excellent whiskey, of which he always had a liberal supply, and would remark incidentally that the election was at hand, that Mayor Friesen had been in office these twenty years, had made an excellent mayor too, and would probably be glad to be relieved, and that he, Pauls, was thinking of putting in his vote for Willems. He usually concluded, "I think, Willems would make a very good mayor." The caller had probably never thought that Willems might make a good mayor, or probably had thought the opposite. But there they were, to be considered and to be weighed a most agreeable chat with the jolly Pauls over a good glass of whiskey, and the opinion of the jolly good neighbor as to the best vote for mayor.

But Paul's friendship for Willems was not a full explanation of his preference. Following his caller to the door, he was almost invariably struck by a sudden thought and exclaimed in his lively way:

"Say, neighbor, before you leave

come along with me and take a look at my sheep."

The neighbor was, of course, in no mood to refuse and would ordinarily be very glad to see Pauls's little fold. For whatever might be said against the fat little Pauls as a farmer, in the care and choice of sheep he was a model. And even had the neighbor been in a mood to leave, Pauls's friendly thrusts and enthusiastic ejaculations affecting sheep would surely have landed the caller in the sheep shed which leaned against the barn. Here fifty or sixty well kept woolly pets crowded to meet their lively boss and the bunch of fragrant steppe hay which he swung above their heads. His little eyes gleamed with pleasure as he patted their soft backs and called them funny names.

"We will vote against the parcelling of the sheep pasture, won't we, darlings?" he shouted. And the familiar, confiding bearing of his innocent clients indicated that they were one with him on the sheep pasture question.

Like his father, Pauls made sheep raising his hobby, and even after many householders had almost quit the industry, Pauls continued to keep the full quorum of sheep to which he was entitled by the books of the herdmaster, and often he acquired the rights of some neighbors. He harbored a secret contempt for those neighbors who from year to year reduced the number of their sheep, who on all occasions, with pencil and paper in their hands, figured up expenses and profits, and in cold blood figured sheep out of existence. Pauls, and of course his sheep in him as their other and higher self, looked with suspicion upon Mayor Friesen whose abominable practice of paying more attention to his pigs and his wheat than his few sheep indicated most dangerous views on the question of sheep pastures, although the mayor refrained from expressing himself freely on the question.

This question had agitated the minds of the voters for more than two years,

had been discussed in private and in public, and had created a great deal of feeling. It was expected that a vote would be taken at the next meeting, and everybody was intensely interested in the result. Most of the full householders kept sheep. But as the sheep had badly injured the village pasture and were sure to injure it much more, the motion had been made to discontinue sheep raising, at least sheep pasturing, and to parcel out part of the village pasture to the full householders to be used for agriculture.

The meeting was called in the usual way. "Mayor's meeting tonight. Forward notice to next neighbor," was the usual form of the mouth to mouth notice. The householders came in, one by one, and took seats in the mayor's office. They engaged in good natured conversations, and many smoked their pipes. Pauls in the presence of a few fat friends traced his genealogy to prove that a certain Pauls of the village of Spikolaithal was a distant relative of his. But before he could complete the demonstration, the words "sheep" and "parceling sheep pasture" struck his ear, and he immediately dropped his relative and dived into the sheep discussion of a neighboring group. What! Abolish sheep raising! Banish the sheep which gave him so much pleasure and which he tended with his own hands! The beautiful, white fleeced spring lambs should have no right on the village pasture! After the sheep had faithfully stood by the village for so many years, had supplied the yarn for the stockings, savory mutton and delicious soup for the tables (here his little eyes glistened), now a sudden, rude stop should be put to the system? The sheep should go? No, indeed, not as long as he, Pauls had any breath left in him. And as Pauls had evidently a great deal of breath left in him, and other warm friends of the attacked sheep came forward, it seemed that there was not a shadow of hope for the enemies of sheep.

When the mayor called the meeting to order and announced the subject of

sheep, the discussion became very animated. A householder had ventured to say a few words in favor of banishing the sheep from the village pasture and of parceling the superfluous pasture to those entitled to it. He concluded, "I believe that the extensive sheep raising on the large ranches, as also the destruction of our pastures, will make it more unprofitable for us to raise sheep. The wise thing for us to do is to raise more wheat, for which there is an increasing market abroad and to buy the wool and mutton we may need." Hardly had he finished when Pauls and half a dozen friends of sheep jumped to their feet and raised such a tumult that the mayor had difficulty to repress them, and his assistant threw his head back and made a tremendous noise on his table.

The company became quiet again, and a few more neighbors expressed their views. At last the mayor said, "Neighbors, you have now had two years to consider this question. Again and again it has come up at our meetings, and the vote has been postponed from time to time. While the sheep sentiment seems to be as strong as ever. I think there are some good arguments for the other side, and a formal vote should now be taken. The assistant and myself will go into the adjoining room, and you may come in the order of your house numbers to give your vote for or against the proposition."

When all had voted, the mayor and his assistant returned and announced that twenty-nine out of forty favored the parceling, and as the required two-thirds vote in favor of the change had been given, the sheep pasture would be parceled. Pauls and the other friends of the sheep, who had made enough noise to persuade themselves that the sheep would win, were most severely shocked and disappointed. Pauls fell into his seat, as though he were a dead sheep himself, rolled his little eyes that had lost all their keenness, and mumbled some lurid predictions of disaster in consequence of this radical change. The sheep pasture was parceled, and

the new fields were thereafter known as the "quarrel fields."

The mayor next announced that the orders for electing the village officers had been received, and that the vote for mayor would be taken first. Friesen and his assistant again passed into the adjoining room, and the voters again passed through that room in the order of their house numbers to express their secret preference for mayor. It was not customary to name candidates; each voter was free to vote for any other householder, and a plurality of votes was sufficient to elect. The returned officers brought in this surprising result: Willems, seventeen; Friesen, fifteen, and others scattered. Willems was elected.

One of the Friesen voters cried out, "There must have been an agreement to vote for Willems!" This being a very serious charge, Pauls and other voters indignantly shook their heads and denied the charge. The disgusted Friesen voter then went on. "Well, since one Peter is in, I suggest that we make the other Peter his assistant." The voters were so much impressed with the propriety of keeping the Peters together and so great was their sympathy for the defeated Pauls and his defeated sheep that the vote on assistant stood thirty-nine to one in favor of Peter Pauls, the one unfavorable vote having doubtless been given by Pauls himself, as no villager would ever have had the indelicacy or selfishness to vote for himself.

CHAPTER XIV.—MR. DICK.

Before the election Friesen had seriously thought of declining the office in case a plurality should declare in his favor. But when the neighbors unexpectedly chose a new mayor he could not suppress a feeling of disappointment. Sitting in his office, he looked with heavy heart on the old office table, the official records on the shelves, and the other appurtenances of the office. Twenty years ago all the older books had come to him when a goodly plurality had first honored him

with their confidence. How proud and pleased his little wife had been when she heard the news! For twenty years he had identified himself with all the interests of the village. The village school, the village alleys, the village fences, the canal, the village stallions, the public order, all, had had his constant and most painstaking attention. He felt a sort of property in all these public matters, and when he thought of surrendering them into other hands, his features darkened with that cloud of deep melancholy which of late came often upon him and which his pride and manly courage could calm, but not wholly dispel.

Long had he thus mused in his office, when Anna's voice called him back to himself. She had guessed his troubles, and placing her hand on his arm, she said, "Father, you will at last get the needed relief from public duties. Jacob and I shall now have great claims on your time. We can now make more visits to the neighboring villages and cities, which will be an education to your children. We can give more attention to the homestead and make it more beautiful than ever. And then, you will still attend the mayor's meetings and the annual village meetings, and your experiences will still advise and assist in the conduct of village affairs. Is not that true, father?"

"You speak well," said the father, pressing her hand, and with lighter heart he rose to go about his duties.

In the afternoon a heavy top carriage drove into Friesen's yard and stopped near the door. The Russian coachman had difficulty to stop the beautiful black stallions, which neighed impatiently at the sight of the open stable doors. The carriage door opened, and down stepped a slender, pale gentleman. Like one who is accustomed to command, he bid the coachman to give the horses a slow drive on the street and then to water them. He took another critical look through his golden spectacles at a bunch of willow rods tied to the side of the carriage, and then turned to the threshold, where the

mayor had just appeared to welcome the arrival.

"How are you, Mr. Dick," the mayor greeted with that humble and respectful bearing, which long experience had taught him to observe toward his superiors. "I will have your team unhitched and fed in my stable."

"No, mayor, thank you," answered the gentleman with a rather shrill voice. "I wish to have a conference with you."

"I suppose it is official, and we can step into the office," inquired the mayor.

"You are quite right," was the answer.

They entered the office, which the assistant had already blessed with his benevolent presence; he rose and bowed his small head and long neck deep down his breast. Mr. Dick seated himself in the most comfortable chair and invited the officers to sit down near him. The gentleman was evidently displeased about something, and Friesen became rather anxious to learn his wishes, and still more anxious was his assistant, who stared with eyes wide open.

"I am at your service, Mr. Dick," said the mayor.

"Your neighbor Schniek has laid a certain matter before me," began Mr. Dick with a searching look through his spectacles. "His account convinces me that a crying outrage has been committed here by young men on the white poplars. The beautiful row along the canal broken and disfigured, three naked poles pointing heavenward! The offense displeases me much, very much. How properly trained young men could ever do such a thing. I am unable to understand. Villains! Villains!"

The displeasure of the gentleman, whose voice had become very shrill and piercing, can be better understood, when it is borne in mind that he was the leading member of the Agricultural Society, and that his untiring efforts to beautify the German villages and to tree the steppes had had excellent results and were highly appreciated by

the Imperial Committee which had charge of the Southern colonies. Everywhere he had encouraged the culture of trees, and often he had forced uniform and general participation in the setting out of trees and hedges. No wonder, he felt a personal interest in the welfare of every tree. No wonder, his heart bled at the dismal sight of three despoiled poplars pointing their naked stumps to heaven in a mute appeal. Probably upon the principle that men are made for the sake of trees, and not trees for the sake of men, Mr. Dick and the Agricultural Society interested themselves in all human affairs that directly or remotely bore on agriculture and trees, put lazy men to work, reviewed the actions of the village officers, and often disregarded local customs.

The mayor gave Mr. Dick a full account of the proceedings in the Schniek affair, his assistant corroborating the statements with deep nods. The mayor concluded, "As the mayor can judge in all smaller offenses, and as Schniek sought relief before me, I hardly see why the matter should be opened and reviewed."

"I expected that you might not see that," cried Mr. Dick sharply. "It seems that you advised the offenders to confess quickly and undergo ridiculous penalties in order to forestall action on my part."

"I advised the young men," replied the mayor calmly and respectfully, "to confess and receive their punishment."

"You certainly proceeded with unusual promptness," Mr. Dick sneered. "But our society cannot allow a mayor's hasty action to deprive it of its right to inflict an adequate punishment in a matter that concerns it most vitally."

"What is the pleasure of your society?" asked the mayor with some hesitation.

"You may again cite the guilty persons for another hearing in my presence and for another sentence, a sentence that will deter others from committing similar outrages in future."

The slender gentleman pronounced these last words in a loud, threatening tone, and pointed his long finger to the bunch of willows tied to the returned carriage.

"You do not mean corporal punishment!" exclaimed the astonished mayor.

"Nothing short of that would be effectual. For many years my pride and ambition has been to encourage the planting of trees and alleys, and we cannot tolerate such wilful and reckless destruction."

"Mr. Dick, Mr. Dick, let me argue with you," entreated Friesen. "As one who knows the inhabitants of the village, who knows their sentiments regarding corporal punishment, who knows the young men in question, I should consider anything like the suggested proceedings as very unwise and unjust. The offenders are not children, nor are they destitute of judgment or feelings. The stigma and lasting disgrace of such a punishment would be out of proportion to the offense. You would not deter, you might exasperate."

"Our society will enforce this punishment in all cases of this kind," was the shrill answer of Mr. Dick, whose indignation seemed to increase with every word the mayor spoke.

Friesen paused much disappointed. He pondered, and again that cloud of deep melancholy stole over his stern features. "Mr. Dick," he said slowly, "I am sorry you insist on that course. I must ask you to excuse me from taking any part in the proposed proceedings." The assistant almost forced his eyes out of their sockets and bent his head forward in feverish expectation of what would follow.

"What!" cried Mr. Dick, nervously readjusting his golden spectacles. "What, you would refuse to carry out our orders? I tell you mayor," Mr. Dick continued with angry voice, clenching his trembling thin fists, "I tell you, if I ordered Friesen to inflict the punishment with his own hands, he would obey me and do it."

The mayor rose to the full height of his strong figure, and with iron determination written on his grim face, before which the slender member of the society involuntarily recoiled, he said, pronouncing every word in clear, defiant voice, "If Mr. Dick should give Friesen any such order, Friesen would certainly not heed it."

The eyes of the two men met, Friesen's flashing with indignation, Mr. Dick's gleaming with ill concealed fear and hatred. Nervously dropping the pencil he had held in his hand, Mr. Dick silently stepped out and cried for the coachman. "You will hear from me again, Friesen. Believe me, you will hear from me again," were the last hoarse words of Mr. Dick before he disappeared in his carriage. The assistant raised his excited hands over his head and rushed out of the back door to tell the neighbors what had happened.

Friesen walked his office much agitated. When he had mastered his emotions, he admitted to himself that he had made a very dangerous enemy, all the more dangerous because his powers were ill defined and measured by the favor he enjoyed with the committee. He felt that the offense against the white poplars would be as nothing by the side of the offense of the mayor.

Like wildfire the news spread from house to house, from village to village. Wherever the news was told, animated discussion followed, and wherever there was discussions, Friesen was either praised for his courage and intrepidity, or condemned for his insubordination. Sides were chosen, factions arose, bitter feelings were created, reproaches were made, a thousand other issues and disputes were drawn into the controversy, more discussions followed, and more bitter feelings resulted. Here was a congregation that condemned Friesen because he had not obeyed the government, as the Bible enjoins. There was another congregation that commended him for loving justice, as the Bible

commands. A fearful storm of dispute and passion thus swept the peaceful steppes and scattered broadcast the wrecks of friendship, happiness and good fellowship. Apart from his thirst for Friesen's humiliation, Mr. Dick became convinced that, to preserve his authority, some decisive step must be taken.

Nearly all the villagers of Friedensfeld arrayed themselves on the side of their mayor. In season and out of season Peter Pauls defended the mayor's position with more pepper and bitter vehemence than he had ever put into the sheep controversy. Elder Lehmann kept his own counsel, but it was well understood that he did not at all uphold Mr. Dick, although one of his assistant ministers renounced disobedience with much earnestness. Gabriel and his Mordvins as one man stood by their mayor, regretting that they could not settle the question with their big strong fists.

There was one man more unhappy and excited than all the rest, and that was the new mayor, Willems. When an account of the controversy reached his ear, he turned deathly pale and, forgetting his cap, ran out to decline the office. Passing by Peter Pauls he, with many an excited "yes" communicated his intention, when Pauls poured cold water, nay dropped a load of Arctic ice, on his back by telling

him that a first term could not be declined. Henceforth there was no peace for his tortured soul by day or night. With a pang he received the official records, which were transferred before the first of the new year. When the sign post with the words, "Mayor of the Village," was erected near his street gate, he ran from room to room, and from stable to barn, as though he was sentenced to be hanged to the sign post. In his feverish imagination he saw Mr. Dick drive up the yard. He felt the willow rod in his unwilling hand; he heard Mr. Dick's sharp order to whip the offenders, his own son, yes—yes, his own son, to cover his flesh with disgrace. While Willems, getting leaner and leaner, flitting around pursued by his fears, Mrs. Willems raised her strong voice in passionate protests against the threatened proceedings. She gave out in unmistakable terms that Friesen was right, absolutely right, that he had acted with wisdom and courage, and that the new mayor would act with the same invincible courage and the same consummate wisdom. To all of which Willems stammered, "Yes, yes."

Young Peter was much bored by this new excitement. Quietly and diligently he attended to his daily labors, and with quiet, diligent fervor he courted the pretty and jolly Sophia.

(To Be Continued.)

St. John's Military School

BY THE OBSERVER

THIS is an age of specialties. The military school professes to be a specialist in the training of boys. There are many parents of the present generation who confess that they are unsuccessful in this task, and that is the reason why so many military schools are growing up in all parts of the country.

There is only one military school in

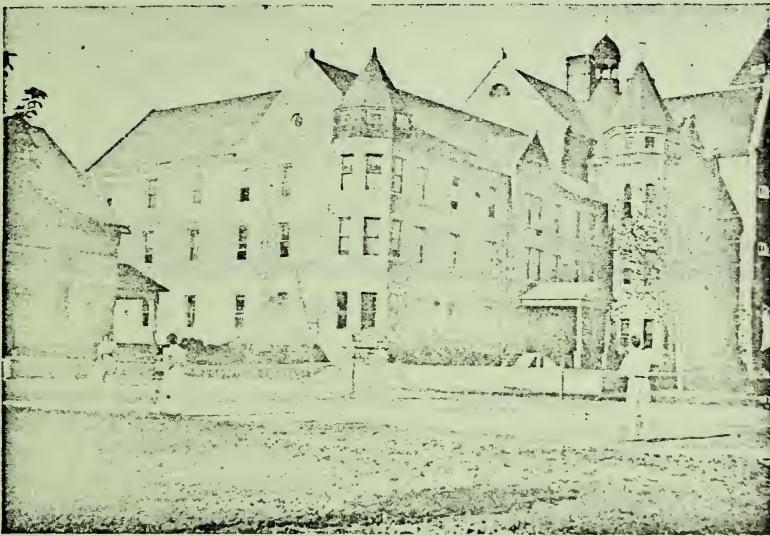
Kansas. St. John's, Salina, now twenty-two years old. There are six or seven in Missouri. Many Kansas boys go thither, and others go farther—to Upper Alton, Fairbault or Culver. Probably there would be more boys in military schools if there were not so much misconception of the system. The average man or woman, noticing the boy's love of "playing soldier" is apt

to imagine that the military school simply makes use of this proclivity, and by the bravery and trappings of war seeks to keep the boys amused—in short; that it is a continuous game of “soldier.”

But anyone who visits St. John's in the midst of the year sees immediately that there is no play about the military side; that it is a serious reality, and is so regarded by the cadets. The drills are work, not play; the uniform stands for duty and sometimes for important responsibility; the daily inspection of

felt consciously, any more than the necessity of breathing. The life is precisely what the boy would least think of proposing to himself; and yet it is so far adapted to boy nature that the average boy is happier in this routine than he is in the comparative freedom of home.

There it takes the united efforts of the family to get him down to an eight o'clock breakfast; here he tumbles out when the buglers sound reveille at 6:20, pulls on a garment or two and is ready to answer to his name in ranks ten



Tennis Courts. Barracks in Background.

the cadet's quarters and person is not lightly regarded. Military schools are not great feeders to the army; this fact may be surprising, but the reason is that the cadets get a large acquaintance with barracks life and know something of its reality stripped of the glamour; hence any who do not possess a real taste for the military profession doff the uniform when they leave school with the feeling that they have had enough.

The routine of a school like St. John's is simply the West Point system modified to suit younger cadets. To the visitor it seems an irksome round, yet it has a way of getting into the system, so that its iron demands cease to be

minutes later. At seven o'clock he breakfasts; then comes “fatigue,” which is what his mother calls “doing the housework;” and barracks is transformed into “Spotless Town” with astonishing speed, the boys folding their bedclothes, sweeping, dusting and “tidying up” as cleverly as a good chambermaid. Then follows inspection, when the commandant scrutinizes the floor, the furniture, the arrangement of the clothing in the lockers, runs his finger over likely places for dust, and notes the appearance of the occupants of the room, standing at attention before him.

Chapel follows; school from 8:30 to 11:30; drill for forty minutes; dinner;



St. John's Victorious Ball Team.

school again from 1:30 to 3:30, and then the boys go to the play ground, excepting those who are on the delinquent list. Cadets who did not study their lessons at the appointed time are given another opportunity; while those who are subject to discipline for misconduct are marched by a corporal for an hour under arms. Evening study lasts from 7:30 until 9; "taps" is blown at 9:30, and all lights are extinguished excepting in the rooms of the commissioned officers and those who have permission to study later.

"Who sees that the boys conform to the regulations?" is a question one asks when he realizes the magnitude of such a task. The answer is, that the task is performed mainly by the boys themselves. The commandant, a West Pointer and a former captain of artillery in the army, is in command of the corps, but according to the West Point model, the direct responsibility rests upon the cadet officers.

Each day a detail is made for a "tour" of twenty-four hours. The of-

ficer of the day is responsible for all discipline and order except in the class rooms. He is presumed to be constantly on duty until all lights are out, and to report all delinquencies to the commandant. The officer of the guard has charge of the delinquents, and sees that they serve the penalties assigned to them. The musician of the guard sounds the bugle calls for all formations, classes and other duties; as there are about forty calls in the course of the day, and each must be sounded precisely on time, the office is no sinecure, but it is an admirable training for a careless boy. There are also six division inspectors, responsible to the officer of the day for the maintenance of order in their respective divisions.

If you think this is "playing soldier," ask the cadet officers. It is true that they wear their shoulder straps, sabres or chevrons with evident pride—they are boys enough for that—but these insignia are not easily won, and to retain them costs a good deal. The cadet officers are subject to penalties

for any failure to perform their duties, and their life is not altogether a bed of roses.

One may feel inclined to ask how boys can "tell on" each other without

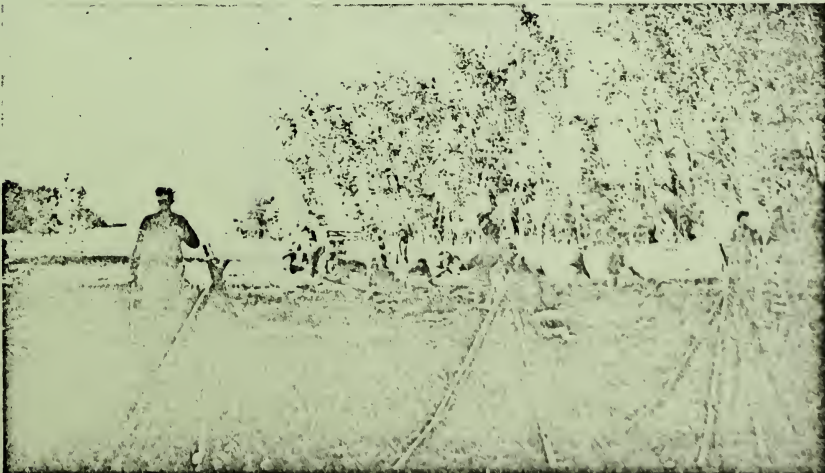


William N. Colton.

losing their self respect and the respect of their mates. As a matter of fact, these very boys would not "tell on" another cadet for any consideration apart from the line of military duty. But when they are acting as officers they look at the matter in a different light. They know that if they

fail in their duty they will not only "catch it" from the commandant but will be despised as inefficient officers by those under their authority. The delinquent knows that the officer cannot avoid reporting him, and expects no favors. Furthermore, the irresponsible private hopes to be an officer himself some day; it is his chief ambition to reach the position of the one who "rams" him for breaches of orders.

"I suppose," said a visitor to the headmaster, "that you use the military system as a means of controlling the cadets." "No, for its educational value," was the reply. It is obvious that the cadet officers receive a lesson in responsibility which ordinarily waits until one is out of school. Watch the "O. D." on his rounds with clanking sabre; his face is not that of a boy but of a man. Tomorrow, when he leaves the commandant's office relieved by the next detail, he will be a boy again, and possibly will seize the first opportunity for a little "rough house," but today his views on the subject are different. As he paces about, answering the salutes of his inferiors, he is conscious of representing the law, and very anxious that it shall not be violated. At the same time, a cadet in this position soon learns the unwisdom of exaggerating his office too much and making it unduly burdensome to

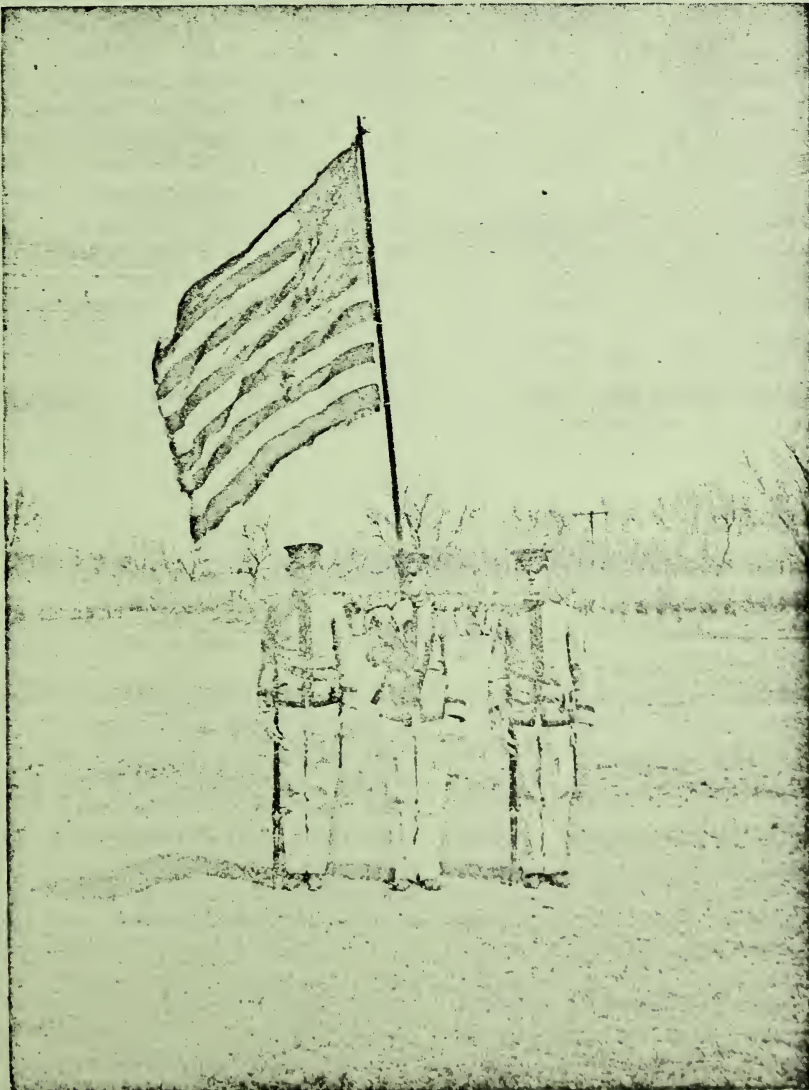


In Camp.

others; this makes one disliked, and one's duties correspondingly harder. So he gradually finds the happy mean, using personal authority as much as possible, rather than reports; seeking to prevent disorder to avoid the necessity of punishing it—in short, doing just what his father does in the management of his railroad, factory or store.

St. John's is conducted by a rector, a headmaster and a staff of six masters. All are young men, college graduates of a more or less athletic turn. The

traditional gulf between the teacher and the scholars does not seem to exist; at all events, the boys and masters mingle constantly in the barracks, where most of the masters live; and the masters are found daily with the boys on the football field, the baseball diamond and the tennis courts. The rector, the Rt. Rev. S. M. Griswold, is bishop of the diocese of Salina in the Episcopal Church; the headmaster, the Rev. William Neely Colton, is both a clergyman and an experienced teacher. Through this connection with the



Color Guard, St. John's School.

church it is natural that great emphasis should be laid on moral development, although the formal religious services are limited to prayers each morning and the usual Sunday services. It is noteworthy that the services are so arranged that the cadets have a large part in them, which they perform in a remarkably hearty way. The singing in the school chapel is a thing to be remembered for its enthusiasm.

It is an interesting fact that the social life of the boys centers in the school and not in the town. The semi-rural location makes the school a self-sufficing community, and many cadets rarely go to town except for shopping.

The original building of St. John's dates from the boom days, but it is still a good specimen of school architecture. To it was joined in 1904 a three story annex of L shape, called the "barracks," which provides quarters for eighty cadets, two in a room, beside rooms for masters. The "lower school" dormitory, for boys under fourteen, is in the main building, and is arranged on the alcove system. Strict segregation is the policy with the little boys.

The gymnasium, 72 by 44 feet in dimensions, has not only the usual equipment, but is so arranged that the whole floor is available for basketball. The floor is an excellent one for dancing, and the monthly school hops are held here.

Noticing the contentment of the boys at St. John's and their manifest freedom from so many distractions which tend to draw the boy who lives at home away from his lessons, one does not wonder when he is told that many of these boys have been failures in the public schools but have achieved success under the military system. The headmaster will point out one boy after another who has emerged from the careless "let-it-go-till-tomorrow; who-cares" state of mind into something approaching the steadiness and seriousness of purpose which belongs to manhood—a change wrought simply by the environment and routine of a military school. And as one thinks of the boys growing up in apparently utter indifference to their opportunities, he is thankful that there are schools like St. John's and wishes there were more of them in Kansas.

In a Bucket Shop

BY T. MAJOR

"BOYS," said Uncle Jim Willis. "I have succeeded through an old friend in obtaining positions for you in the Merchants National Bank of Kansas City. You will have a salary per year of \$1,200 each. That is three times as much as I earned at your age, and if you are industrious and prudent, you can become reasonably forehanded in a few years."

The young men addressed were Frank Spencer and John Willis, nephews of James Willis, a Kansas banker. They were twenty-three years of age, well educated, and thoroughly posted in the theory of banking. They were

to be bookkeepers in a national bank whose president knew their uncle and their family antecedents.

When they arrived at Kansas City they found a common home with a private family where they were comfortable and happily surrounded. The society in which they were thrown was composed of excellent people, belonging to that class in every large city which lacks wealth; but which in other respects is equal to the best. The gentleman with whom they lived was himself a salaried man. He had a wife, one son who was away at school, and one daughter who had graduated and

was adding to the income of the household by her work as a stenographer.

Mary Pogue was a very bright girl. By some she was considered pretty, but their judgment was influenced by friendship and was formed after a series of "evenings." She was a plain, good natured girl. Her peculiarity was an irresistible fondness for repartee. She enjoyed an encounter with anyone who was bright and quick witted and she laughed alike when receiving or inflicting thrusts. She could be ugly at times.

For instance, in her church circle was a gossip mother who could outtalk a phonograph. Her daughter was about to marry a country minister. One of the neighbors remarked that Mary Lascell, the bride-elect, would be the belle of the church.

"She would better take her mother along for the tongue," was the comment of Miss Mary Pogue.

Frank Spencer was a really brilliant young fellow. He had the faculty of attracting attention. John Willis was reserved and leaned somewhat upon his cousin, contented to see him shine and happy in his successes. Both were fond of Miss Pogue and she was uniformly kind and agreeable to them. She was naturally more spirited with Frank who afforded more opportunities for her sparkling wit.

At the end of the first year Frank Spencer was promoted to a position of responsibility, and his salary was increased to \$2,000. John Willis remained plodding at his old desk. He acknowledged to himself that he was receiving all that his work was worth. That he was a mere machine incapable of better work he would not concede, but he knew that assertive qualities were necessary to gain advancement and these he lacked.

Frank Spencer's advanced position exacted new social duties in his judgment. He left his old home, joined a club and became somewhat of a worldling. John Willis could not afford to go with him and thus their lives began to drift apart, although Frank

made frequent visits to the Pogue residence. Their friendship continued as firm as ever, but they knew less of each other's social life. Frank's calls were always timed when Mary was at home. He rarely failed to find John there. Every time he left after an evening's call he found himself more deeply impressed with the admirable character of Miss Pogue.

Matters continued thus for five years. John had worshiped at the shrine of Mary Pogue and was used to the sensation of hopeless adoration. He was satisfied that Frank loved her and he could not imagine indifference on the part of any girl to Frank. So he said nothing but as he thought concealed his feelings. But he became dreamy and practical by turns. When he was not dreaming he was figuring percentage. In other words he began to accumulate money and at the end of five years he owned \$3,000 in bonds.

One night at a late hour he was aroused by a knock at his door. He opened it and was surprised to admit Frank, who was pale and nervous.

"What is it, Frank?" he asked.

"Disgrace," was the laconic reply.

"Tell me," said John.

"The market has taken an unexpected turn. I am long on wheat. I have 300,000 bushels and at 12:20 this afternoon my margin of \$10,000 was nearly exhausted. I gave a check for \$10,000 believing that the decline was about ended. the market slumped 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents in ten minutes and closed there. My check will be presented tomorrow and I have no balance in the bank."

"What is the net loss?"

"The curb was one-eighth weaker and if it opens tomorrow at that figure I can close out and realize about \$3,000 of the entire \$20,000 put up as margins."

"But what of the first \$10,000?" asked John.

"That is lost beyond hope of recovery, but it has only returned whence it came. I have dabbled in wheat for some time, beginning at a bucket shop, and had cleared that \$10,000 and it

has gone by a reverse process. It did not belong to the bank."

"Then the bank will lose nothing?"

"No, for of course they will throw out my check, and the broker will lose unless I can make it. But my reputation will be lost and I shall be a ruined man. I shall not be prosecuted probably, but that is a secondary consideration. To lose my place and character is what I fear. Punishment would have no terror to me after disgrace."

"I have \$3,000 in bonds which I can cash in the morning. If the market improves so that you can raise \$7,000, or if you can secure the \$7,000 in any other way, I will loan you my savings. If you cannot meet the check I shall decline to advance the money unless it becomes necessary to prevent criminal proceedings."

"Will you do that for me. John?" asked Frank.

"Yes, and without any pledges," was the reply.

They parted for the night but not to rest. Frank Spencer thought over his list of boon companions but he could not recall one from whom he could borrow five hundred dollars. His only hope rested upon a favorable change in quotations. He studied the recent reports. The situation favored the bull side. Every logical argument yielded higher prices.

John Willis began to study also. At last one idea took possession of his brain.

"They call them bucket shops. Why are they so named? Option dealing is like those old buckets at Uncle Jim's well. While one of the buckets is descending, the other is ascending; while one is being emptied the other is being filled."

This picture persistently dwelt in his mind. Even in the broken sleep which soon overtook him, he could not get rid of those buckets. They rose and fell. The large drinking trough beside the well ran over and yet he kept the buckets moving. One ascended full as the other descended empty. He had

to step aside to protect his feet from getting wet. He left the well but was so startled to see the buckets continue to rise and sink, filling and emptying, that he awoke.

It was morning. He dressed rapidly, took a hurried breakfast and started for the bank. Arrived he went to his private desk, withdrew his bonds, and excusing himself for an hour or two, went to a broker and pledged his bonds for a call loan. He took a check for \$3,000. The bonds were at a small premium so he readily raised the desired amount.

"As one bucket rises the other descends; as one is emptied the other is filled," he mused as he hastened to the bucket shop.

He had not seen Frank Spencer. At noon when the check would reach the bank through the clearing house, they were to meet. If Frank had the \$7,000 he would have the \$3,000. That was the arrangement, but he had studied the problem and had concluded that Frank could not possibly raise the money. He entered the bucket shop.

"What is the price of wheat this morning?" he asked.

"It is selling on the curb at 75½ and may open at those figures," was the reply.

"Here is a check payable to bearer for \$3,000. You know the signature. Please sell for me 300,000 bushels of wheat at the opening figures, no matter what they are. As soon as you have filled the order I wish to give you further instructions."

The Chicago wheat pit was soon surrounded by a howling mob. A bullish feeling had suddenly struck the crowd and buyers were plentiful. The market opened at 76 cents. Shroeder, who was game for any amount, sold 300,000 at the opening tick. The market advanced by splits to 76½.

Frank Spencer was on hand at his broker's office and he closed his deal withdrawing \$7,000. He hastened to the bank and deposited the money. He observed that John Willis was absent. He went to work waiting impatiently

the return of his cousin.

In the meantime John Willis was watching his trades.

"My bucket is being emptied but Frank's is filling he reflected. "If the market changes," he said to Shroeder, "close this deal at $72\frac{1}{2}$. I will call at 11:30 when I shall wish to settle."

He returned to the bank. Frank met him with a cheerful expression.

"I closed at $76\frac{1}{2}$," he said, "and have \$7,000 deposited to my credit. Your \$3,000 will just save me."

"You emptied your bucket before it was filled?" asked John in the wildest agony.

"I closed out because I feared a reaction and thought only of safety," replied Frank.

"Come to the well with me," whispered John, grabbing his hat and running wildly to the door. Frank followed in amazement.

"What is the matter with you John?" he asked.

"How can the buckets both be empty at once?" he gasped.

"What buckets? What do you mean?"

"Why, as one bucket ascends the other descends; as one is emptied the other is filled—don't you see?"

"John have you become crazy? I do not understand your talk."

"Why are they called bucket shops?"

"Bucket shops are places where small deals can be made. They trade in five hundred and one thousand bushel lots. With five or ten dollars you can speculate and because of the trifling amount involved, they are mere drippings and from that the name is derived."

John stopped in his walk and taking Frank's hand he said: "I interpreted the expression differently. I had not studied the matter. Let us hope that the market has broken. Come with me."

They walked on and entered the broker's office. Frank took up the printed tape from the ticker basket and read $76\frac{5}{8}$.

John fell into a chair, turned pale and handed Frank his bucket shop receipt.

"Here Frank," he whispered, "make your last deal. However this comes out, promise me you will never draw another bucket from the well."

Frank looked at the memorandum and whistled in amazement.

"You too, John?" he said to himself.

He again grasped the record of the ticker.

A messenger entered hurriedly—

"Brown & Co. of Wall Street have failed," he said.

Seventy-six and a half ticked the instrument— $76, 5\frac{3}{4}, \frac{1}{2}, 74, 73\frac{1}{2}, 72\frac{7}{8}, \frac{5}{8}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{3}{8}$.

"Wake up, John," he shouted. "Order your deals closed before Shroeder fails. This will swamp many bulls on the board of trade."

"Seventy-two and a half," said the ticker, " $\frac{3}{4}, \frac{7}{8}, 73, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{3}{4}, 74, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{2}, 75, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{3}{8}, \frac{1}{2}$."

"What the dickens is the matter now?" said Frank. "Tell Shroeder to close this deal at once."

"It is closed. Frank," said John coming to his side; "I saw the water wasted all last night, and I knew when the bucket was right for easy drawing. If Shroeder hasn't failed we are saved. But Frank, give me your word that you will drop this bucket business."

"I certainly am through with it, John," said Frank.

"I have been dreaming, Frank, ever since you left my room last night, and I have learned how little safety there is in dreams. I have long known that arguments are not reliable in forecasting markets, but I never saw both buckets so nearly empty at the same time. Logic is worthless in the option business."

They went to the bucket shot and Shroeder gave John Willis a check for \$13,125, including his original deposit and his profits. His commission of one-eighth of a cent had been subtracted from the profits. John gave up his

memorandum which he had taken from Frank and started at once for the bank where he deposited \$10,000 to the credit of Frank Spencer.

"My day's work is worth \$125," he said to himself, "and I shall have to pay the broker his interest for the use of the money."

He walked to the broker's office, redeemed his bonds and replaced them in his private drawer.

When the check reached the bank from the clearing house, there was a deposit of \$17,000 to Frank Spencer's account and the check was charged up without comment.

The Brown & Co. failure proved to be that of a small stock broker firm and not the great grain dealers of that name.

While Frank Spencer escaped, hundreds have been detected. His action was as bad as if he had lost. Had the bank authorities known the facts he would have been dismissed.

As to John, it was his own money and he was under the influence of a dream.

His act was reprehensible, but his motive was excellent.

Six months later Frank Spencer took John Willis aside.

"John," said he, "I have not made an option deal since the great event and I never will, but I have drawn a bucket from a very deep well, and I tugged hard, but when it reached the surface it was empty."

"Frank, I have dropped the word bucket from my vocabulary. I do not know its meaning. Tell me in plain English what you mean?"

"Mary Pogue told me last night in one of her amiable repartees that she could not possibly be more to me than a—cousin. I have a month's vacation which I shall spend with Uncle Jim. I congratulate you sincerely. Good bye."

John Willis was not too dull to comprehend the situation. Mary Pogue became a cousin to Frank Spencer.

That extra \$7,000 has furnished Mrs. Willis a regular income, as it stands in bonds registered in her name. John Willis continues to study etymology.

Our Model Western Enterprise

BY C. J. M.

EACH year as the summer fruits ripen and the fall crops are assured, a feeling of thankfulness mingled with an inclination to be indulgent and merry comes upon the population of our western states. The farmer is anxious to find recreation in the city where he may find a variety of entertainments and the city merchant whose business has left him at home through the heat of the season is anxious to join him in the creation of fairs, festivals, carnivals and other enterprises where all can be benefited socially, morally and financially. The fair or festival is as old as humanity. Each nation and race has set, as by instinct, its regular time for recreation and display. The ancient inhabitants of Greece and Rome mixed games with wine and awarded prizes to those who excelled in strength and skill. The Hebrews, from the time of deliverance from the bondage of Egypt, celebrated appointed days with feast and song. The Marathon was the perfect example of the

athletic festival. The man who won't play, won't pay, nor stay, nor pray. The average American works hard, not because he is obliged to do so, but from choice and that sort of labor produces results. This is characteristic of the Westerner and with the same zest with which he engages in labor he enters into the various sports and pastimes of his day. A most successful example of the American idea of useful pastime is found in the annual Cattleman's Picnic held each August at Kingman, Kansas. It is doubtful if there is a more widely known annual event or a more successful one in the middle west. It is true it is held in a western county seat with only 2,700 inhabitants, but thousands of people representing every phase of professional and domestic life attend it regularly from all the states adjoining Kansas. For the benefit of the reader who is unacquainted with the proportions of this worthy enterprise, we submit a few facts which feature

its place in the calendar of modern entertainments, which bring prosperity to their promulgators and the city where they are held and at the same time give perfect satisfaction to thousands who patronize them year after year.

The Cattlemen's Picnic Association was organized eleven years ago by a few live business men of Kingman county. It was conducted for three seasons as a one day free picnic, then for four years as a two days' free entertainment, when it was found that its popularity would justify something larger to meet the insistent demands of its patrons. At this juncture the company purchased grounds, built fences and erected substantial buildings for the display of products and the protection of stock.

The paid attendance in the four days in August, 1908, was nearly 24,000 and preparations to accommodate a greater number this year are being made. The members and stockholders number about one hundred and true to the fashion of Kingman county, during the eleven years of the existence of the picnic association, a large number of members have held office and positions of trust which ensures that community of interest which has produced the success that has marked this enterprise from the beginning. The membership is composed of merchants, farmers, bankers, doctors, stock raisers and retired citizens, every one of them long time residents of the country. The names of the officers follow:

Jno. McKenna, president.

J. I. Wrenchy, vice-president.

H. C. Leach, secretary.

Paul S. Woods, treasurer.

The directors are as follows:

Jno. Arrington, J. I. Wrenchy, Paul S. Woods, P. H. Parmenter, Chas. Settle, Jno. McKenna, James Crossfield.

The company is capitalized for \$5,000 and there has always been the best of system in its business methods and especially has Secretary H. C. Leach shown wisdom in the selection of plays and sports to be added to the regular amusements. A profitable feature was added in 1908 in the engagement of a show company which presents a large one ring circus performance of two hours' duration each evening.

To insure a clean program, with satisfaction to all classes, the Cattlemen's Association buys the individual acts for their merit and assembles them before presenting to the public. The association is a member of the Kansas and Oklahoma racing circuit and as in 1908 they offer for this year \$10,000 in cash prizes. Cattle roping and bronco busting are the chief amuse-

ments, but there will be harness races and running races with the best horses in the west, reputable high class baseball games, agricultural, horticultural and live stock exhibits, with big parades and street shows daily. One thing should be especially remembered, and that is that all programs will be carried out, rain or shine. Three large bands will provide music. All arrangements to handle the multitude will be made by the railroads and special trains will be run. Unlike other fair associations the management reduces the price of admission from 50 cents to 15 cents for children and 25 cents for adults. The cowboys who take part in the Cattlemen's Picnic are of the genuine western stamp. There is a product of states further east where a young man reads a red-backed novel or two, dons top boots, a pair of corduroy trousers, a blue shirt, a red tie and a white hat, shoots a cheap 38 revolver and yells as he rides out of town after a drink of pop and attracts much attention, but they of the west know he is only an imitation. If you squeeze a lemon over his head he would become intoxicated. The cowboy at the Cattlemen's Picnic can ride anything, hoofs or horns, can shoot a wren off the top of the court house or the debt off of a church and can smoke a modern cigarette and not die; yet in society he is as mild mannered as the new pupil in the kindergarten and as gentle as a poetical suggestion of spring.

As the writer has intimated, the Cattlemen's Picnic is not the scheme of a few who enjoy the protection of a ninety year lease or a franchise. It is the product of scores of public spirited men who reside in different parts of central and southwest Kansas. There is no "graft" or corruption bait for patronage. Every member of the association from the president to the track tender, pays the regular admission price and the books and records are open to all.

Kingman county is proud of her annual picnic—yes, picnic, for that is the word that describes the spirit that actuates the managers who prepare its attractions. Every citizen of the town is a full charged battery of good will to take you by the hand and give you a wild shock of welcome that will start your circulation and cause your legs to carry you to the gate where for a quarter you will be admitted to a series of entertainments that will quicken your pulse, sweeten your temper, correct the vermiform appendix and send you back to your toil feeling that you can forget your enemies, love your friends and lay for them that despitefully use you with better success than ever, and—"come to the picnic again next year."

A Pioneer Panic

BY CLARENCE J. MARTIN

THE definition of the word "panic" is extreme, sudden, causeless, unreasonable, groundless fright, terror, widespread misapprehension. The subject introduced in the caption of this article can well be described in the foregoing definition, as the event to be described was a sudden, unreasonable, groundless fright and the terror that accompanied it caused a widespread misapprehension that affected the inhabitants of at least a dozen counties. The scenes to be narrated occurred in southwestern Kansas, something like twenty-three years ago, shortly after the U. S. troops and frontiersmen had engaged in numerous encounters with different tribes of Indians in widely scattered portions of the west. The participants were largely new comers from eastern states who were unused to the west and whose imagination had been dilated for years by the recital and by the reading of exaggerated reports of the depredations of Indians. We refer to the event known to the people of southwest Kansas as the "Indian Scare." Doubtless there were many scares of a similar nature in those early days, but none of them of such proportions as the one of which we write. There were only a few in the vast area affected by the Indian scare who had an accurate idea as to the equations of danger and safety in the west and the prairie, in the minds of many, was like the unknown seas to the early navigator, a thing of almost superstitious dread out of which at any moment death-dealing monsters might arise and whose distant vista was the harbinger of the terror that lieth by night and the pestilence that walketh at noonday.

The "outcast coyotes" wailing across the desert waste in winter midnight storms could start a panic of fear in the lowly dug-out that would cause the pioneer to stand guard, rifle in hand, by his wife and babes till the sun came with the assurance of safety in the light of another day. Living "close to the ground" did not always inspire courage.

The government had removed 1,800 Cheyenne Indians from Wyoming to Indian Territory and part of them had left the reservation and had started back to their former habitation. Somewhere, somehow, a report had spread that these Indians had taken the warpath and were crossing Kansas killing, pillaging, and burning, while en route. As an example of the elasticity of memory and the unreliability of verbal and even written history, it will be noted, that in the minds of many yet living who participated in the lively scenes then enacted, a doubt remains as to the actual date of the scare. Clippings from two newspapers published at that time

and now in the possession of the writer, give it as occurring on different dates. A recent visit to that part of the state, with diligent inquiry did not establish the date beyond the shadow of doubt, though many were encountered who had very pronounced ideas in regard to it. But the purpose of this article, however, is not to reiterate long columns of Kansas history, nor to impose upon the good natured reader in the presentation of an array of data to prove actual dates and places. Much doubt exists as to the cause of the aforementioned "widespread misapprehension." Old settlers who were at that time developing new lands still declare that the panic was started by cowboys who wished to frighten the people from their homes and thus delay the wave of agriculture that portended the ruin of the grazing lands, while others say it was the result of a desire by three men riding by the field of a particularly nervous neighbor to perpetrate a joke upon him by shouting that the Indians were on the warpath and coming his way; but whatever the date or the cause of the fright of the settlers, there remains no doubt as to the extent of the excitement and the terror that for a few days affected the greater portion of southwestern Kansas. The report of the advance of the savages gained credence with distance. Its progress remains to this day a mystery. Railroads had not gone far into the affected area and rural wire connections were unknown. Houses on the border were frequently twenty miles apart, yet within twenty-four hours from the first alarm, over 8,000 people had rushed into Kingman and many hundreds did not stop there, but rushed on east with what facilities they had for travel, and it is a fact that some returned to their homes in the east and never returned to Kansas again. There were other small towns in the vicinity, but Kingman seemed to be the point for congregation. For years the citizens of that town while speaking of Kingman history, have referred to the two greatest crowds the place has ever known: One was at the time of the "Indian Scare," and the other was when Jerry Simpson spoke there at the climax of the Populist propaganda. An article in the Kingman Democrat of July 9th of that year (1885) speaks of the occurrence in part as follows:

"About 3:30 p. m., Tuesday (July 7th) this town was thrown into a fever of excitement by a report that the Indians were on the warpath and were only a short distance below Maud, a little town eighteen miles west of here. They had appeared at Lawndale and were coming this way with all speed. Messengers were scouring the country warning the settlers and with a brief farewell to their homes, they hitched up their teams or

mounted horses and sought various places of refuge, the central point being Kingman. Many rumors were rife and exciting stories told. A perfect stream of wagons loaded with families, came pouring in. A man living east of Lawndale reported that he saw a lad of twelve years of age who said he had seen his father killed and home burned from where he was at work in the harvest field and that he had jumped on a pony and saved himself. A lady, whose name could not be learned, living three miles southwest of Maud, on Panther creek, gave another report. She described the Indians, of whom she thought there were about 1,000, about a mile from her home, coming with the wings of the wind. The family whipped up their team and got away, but were not very far before they discovered their home in flames.

* * * Thousands left their homes and congregated at different points; some at Trenton; some at New Murdock, Cheney, and hundreds came to Kingman.

"This same scare is now reaching out and taking in other fields and is as a mighty wave passing over the ocean. Sumner and Harper counties, south and east of us, and the counties east of us along the Santa Fe road are all excitement today and there is nothing that will restore confidence except the appearance of soldiers. Every day is costing the people thousands of dollars. The crops are left to the mercy of what stock is loose and ripe wheat is left standing in the fields and cattle at the end of picket ropes without water."

The writer has collected the account of a number of humorous incidents where many people, moved with the hysteria of fear, said and did many things which surely they had never thought themselves capable of saying and doing and of which they tell today with shouts of laughter. Some pathetic things also occurred, but it is intended to leave the recital of these to the more serious historian.

Judge J. Q. Jenkins was then living on a claim 26 miles west of Kingman with his wife and three children, boys, the eldest 7 years of age, but spent some time in shipping lumber from the town to points farther west. Mr. Jenkins started for his claim the first day of the scare and when some distance from town met a man who had left in the morning for his claim with a load of lumber. The man, though he had a wife and several children at home, had heard of the supposed Indians and had dumped his lumber beside the road and was returning to town with the empty wagon, at top speed. When the frightened man was asked where his wife and children were he replied that he did not know; he did not return to his family for two days.

Another man came riding along on the gallop and on meeting Mr. Jenkins, stopped long enough to point to a grove of catalpa trees on a distant ridge and cry out: "They are Indians! I'm going! Come on!" and then disappeared.

Another horseman declared he had seen a band of 1,000 redskins not far away, and galloped on as the first had done.

This proved to be a large herd of cattle in motion.

It was in the time of wheat harvest and scores of horses with the harness on were wandering across the fields where the reaper lay idle and deserted like a dismantled battleship upon a lonely shore. Along the road were sections of broken wagons, household utensils, clothing, etc., thrown away in the mad rush. Mr. Jenkins met one train of wagons two miles long, all going the same direction—townward. In many homes, fire was still burning in the stoves under half-cooked food and tables were fully set with victuals untouched and chairs in proper array.

In one locality a company of neighbors, having no way to escape, spent one night in a corn field where not an eye was closed in sleep. Crying babies were almost smothered and a small pet dog that endeavored to guard the party by frequent barking, was choked to death and buried without song or ceremony.

A farmer near Lawndale while departing from his home with his family in the wagon was followed by a swift-footed, squealing pet pig. He sprang from the wagon and killed it with an ax, amid the tearful protestations of wife and child. Another settler got his team only half prepared for a drive and drove many miles with only one line, a feat that could not be performed outside of a circus ring in times of peace. An excited man lifted a huge header box from a wagon alone, which, before, he had been unable to do, though he had frequently tried.

In one county over 200 people hid in a young peach orchard, almost wholly without firearms or food. One family came into town driving two yokes of panting oxen, and another arrived drawn by a team composed of a mule and a cow, the cow's milk being immediately used as an adjunct to the family's evening meal.

A man living northeast of Kingman, hitched a span of unruly half-broken mules to a wagon, loaded his family in and started to safety. While crossing Smoote creek at a railroad rate of speed, one of the children, a lad five years of age, was lost out of the rear of the wagon and was not missed till the roll call some time later. Major Brown found the little fellow and restored him to his parents.

In spite of the inconveniences of the frontier, Cupid found abode among the younger element and in one township a young couple had become engaged and had set the day for the marriage, but when the panic struck the people, the groom-to-be hastily hitched his horse to a buggy and broke for a place of safety so earnestly that he drove right by his lady's residence without stopping for her, when he might have known that her desire for a buggy ride just then was not alone for the purpose of es-

caping from the Indians. The young lady walked three miles to a neighbor's house and rode to town, where she met the recreant young man and promptly broke the engagement.

A man, a German, by the name of Miller, kept a saloon near where Willowdale now stands. Some one told him that it would make the Indians more murderous if they should secure and drink his liquor. Miller started to empty out the entire stock before leaving the place, but another friend told him it would be a shame to waste so much property and suggested that the crowd drink it. The German at once consented to the plan and remained with the rest to take part in the exercises to show his interest in the lesson of economy.

A man who was digging a well when the news of the approach of Indians arrived, secretly let himself down into it after dark, where he remained all night, only 30 feet away from his house, where his family, unaware of his whereabouts, stayed alone.

It will readily be understood that this class of men so sadly in need of courage have removed from that locality long ago.

Kingman was the terminus of the Wichita & Western railway and large numbers came there. From the tops of buildings, immense clouds of dust could be seen that marked the location out on the plains of coming refugees. The panic did not subside with the growth of the multitude. Every caravan had some additional news of murder and fire. The towns reported burned were Maud, Saratoga, Greensburg, Sun City and Lake City, and the news was telegraphed to the eastern dailies, where it was published repeatedly.

The scenes at Kingman will never be forgotten. Thousands slept in the streets, on

the walks, and almost immediately provisions gave out. Camp fires were built around which the people gathered, a few fights occurred. Some were drunk and swore loudly, while others held small prayer meetings, though praying occurred more frequently than profanity. An attack was expected every minute and firearms were loaded. A few talkative individuals had gathered little groups and were adding to the excitement by relating stories of Indian outrages that had occurred elsewhere.

Three children were born to mothers the first night of that memorable occasion and many strong persons had been made ill with simple terror.

After a night of groundless fear, and when no one had been killed, the multitude became somewhat quiet, but at dawn three men rode into town and created the panic anew by reporting the Cheyennes only a few miles from town. These men circulated everywhere, spreading alarm until a committee, consisting of J. J. Strickland and Major W. L. Brown and A. M. Jackson, was appointed to inform them that if they did not cease they would be hanged.

At last in answer to urgent appeals, Col. Geo. B. Sanford, 1st Cav., and his battalion, consisting of 250 men, arrived by special train on the morning of July 9th and went into camp south of Kingman. In the afternoon Captain Johnson, with soldiers went out through the country and found nothing plundered, though it had been quite deserted for two days and nights. The towns reported burned had not been molested. Not an Indian had been seen. It would be hard to conceive with what emotions and ludicrous sense of shame the population returned to their homes.

Kansas

By "Doc" Divilbiss.

Bounded on all sides by wealth,
Progress, intellect and health,
Got her share—but not by stealth,
That is Kansas.

Center of the greatest nation,
With residents from all creation
And every one writes his relation—
"Come to Kansas."

Politicians by the score
Crowding, jamming through Fame's door—
When they're all in there's plenty more
Here in Kansas.

Home of Mrs. Carrie Nation,
Creator of agitation,
Jointists' fear in great vexation
Over Kansas.

Showed saloons, first, what she meant,
Next one-half the drug stores went,
Nothing left but "two per cent,"
Here in Kansas.

Once the "happy, happy home"
Of Eastern men with coin to loan—
Mighty few mortgages they own,
Now in Kansas.

Cyclones, blizzards, dug-outs too—
Seems as if all three have "flew."
That's history now—they're all through
With Kansas.

In their stead are mansions grand,
Automobiles, and a brand
Of breezy weather we can stand
Out here in Kansas.

You're a freak without a doubt,
But you know what you're about
And every child you've got will shout
"Here's to Kansas!"

With all your faults we love you still,
Always have and always will,
And when we die we want to fill
A grave in Kansas.

Short Grass Eclogues

BY WALT MASON

Grief is never worth what it costs.—*Mallock.*

SOME folks I know are born of grief, and nothing ever brings relief. If Manna fell, for them to eat, they'd raise a roar for shredded wheat; if they had nectar in the shade, they'd howl for circus lemonade. When drouth was on the Kansas plain, they stood around and prayed for rain, and then for days they had the blues because they needed overshoes. Their hens laid eggs, and then they sighed, because they weren't already fried. When people have made up their mind that Providence is most unkind, not all the gifts the gods bestow can make them drop their tale of woe. If they, when they have journeyed hence, should enter heaven through the fence, they'll say that harps are not worth beans, and ask for bones and tambourines.

The fool and his money are soon parted.—*Proverb.*

IT IS a thousand pities, and yet it's certain, quite, that nations, towns and cities, throw money left and right. We're blowing in the boodle, like spendthrifts on a tear, and singing Yankee Doodle as though we didn't care. To blow in paltry millions once scared us half to death, but now we squander billions, and never lose our breath. We're sinking endless riches in taming Moro scamps, and digging silly ditches through deadly Southern swamps; we're burning up the plunder, we never stop to fret; but how, O how in thunder shall we get out of debt? And how is Kansas going? She ought to be in line; her wealth she should be blowing, as though she had a mine; she ought to have a navy to plow the raging Kaw, and float upon the gravy that forms the Nemaha; she needs a standing army to guard the railway tracks; the man upon the farm he will gladly pay the tax. But any plan that's hazy and wild will hit the spot; and any scheme that's crazy—just so it costs a lot.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.—*The Poet.*

THERE have been circumstances, at least so people say, that made men tired of Kansas, and so they moved away; they packed up chair and chattel, their doll dress and their rattle, and harnessed up their cattle; they simply wouldn't stay. For some more favored region they gaily hit the trail; some place where joys are legion, and riches never fail; some place where balmy breezes blow through the orange trees, and where it never freezes, or rustles up a gale. They went in all directions, to every sort of shore; they took up quarter sections, and some a whole lot more; and in those regions charming they settled down to farming, where nothing is alarming, and all man's woes are o'er. But soon they felt a yearning they could not understand; they hankered for returning to good old Kansas land; they said: "We may be quitters, but we'll hook up our critters, and, though the whole world titters, trek back to beat the band!" Men hear of distant places, magnificent, sublime; and so, with hopeful faces, they out of Kansas climb; they go where moonshine quivers upon the silver rivers; but, sure as geese have livers, they all come back in time.

All that glitters is not brass.—*Anonymous.*

WHEN I was but a little lad, I often went to town with dad. At early morn we made our start, and when we reached the busy mart, 'twas dinner time and we would eat our dinner from the wagon seat. And when we'd traded at the store, we drove the old nags home once more; they went no faster than a walk, and as they jogged, my dad would talk. I seem to see the old man now, the gray hair tangled o'er his brow, his stooping shoulders, bent with toil, his hands all browned from sun and soil. And all the tales he told me then I know and could repeat again. But dad long since has gone before; the old red wagon groans no more; the fat roan nags I used to know are gone where all good horses go. The home dad built belongs to me, and all the flocks and stacks you see, and I have wealth and some renown; and when I want to go to town, I go there in an auto-car, that moves without a groan or jar, and am half an hour away—it took dad's horses all the day. But never shall I know the joy that filled me when, a freckled boy, I rode with dad to town and back, along the rutty wagon track! I'm tired of gasolinemobiles—I want to hear those wagon wheels! The fool of his possessions brags—I want to drive those old roan nags! I want to see my dad again, and hear the tales he told me then!

Our Prize Scenery Contest



Lane to Woodlief's, northeast of Ottawa. Photo by Arthur Bridwell, Baldwin, Kans., winner of 1st prize.



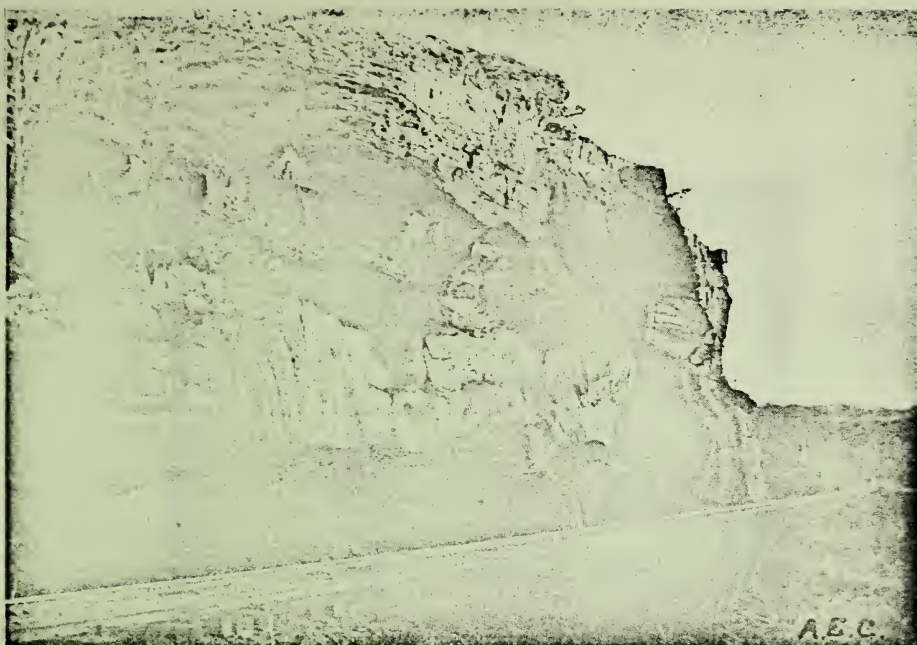
The Daisy Field, on Brewster Farm, three miles southeast of Independence. Photo by C. C. Jones, winner of 2nd prize.



Abandoned Mill, at Arlington. Photo by Harry Anderson, winner of 3rd prize.



Scene on Little Arkansas River, near Wichita. Photo by J. N. Chapman, winner of 4th prize.



Cliffs on Fall River, one-half mile east of Fall River. Photo by Ada E. Caldwell.



The Mill Dam in Winter, at Altoona. Photo by M. A. Rhea, Yates Center.

OUR CASH OFFER

A prize of \$3.00 will be given each month for the best photo submitted.

A prize of \$2.00 will be given each month for the second best photo submitted.

A prize of one year's subscription to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE will be given each month for the third best photo submitted.

A prize of one year's subscription to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE will be given each month for the fourth best photo submitted.

Awards will be made promptly upon publication of photos submitted. Contest open to everybody, but all photos must be of Kansas scenery.

Address THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Kansas Scenery Dept., Wichita, Kansas.



Dr. Earnest Fox Nichols.

The New President of Dartmouth College

A HIGH honor has recently been conferred upon the state of Kansas by the election of Doctor Ernest Fox Nichols to the presidency of Dartmouth College. Doctor Nichols is a son of Kansas, having been born in Leavenworth, June 1, 1869. He was graduated from the Agricultural College in 1888, when but nineteen years of age, and received from that institution the degree of Master of Science, in 1893, and from Cornell University the degree of Doctor of Science four years later. He took post graduate

work in Cornell and the University of Berlin. After completing his educational courses he was elected to the professorship of physics in Colgate University where, after serving two years, he accepted a position in Dartmouth College and after several years connection with that institution was elected to the department of experimental physics in Columbia University, where his work along the lines of astronomical research has made him famous throughout the world.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

(To Mansions Through Dugouts.)

In this August number of THE KANSAS MAGAZINE is published an unusual amount of fiction. The old saw, "Truth is stranger than fiction," would indeed be verified if this issue contained a narrative describing the evolution of the Kansas dugout of yesterday to the Kansas mansion of today. Upon Kansas farms in this year of our Lord 1909, can be found more residences costing \$4,000 to build than there are dugouts and shanties.

The story of this development is more remarkable than the wildest fiction and it would arouse distrust in the minds of those not familiar with the changing conditions of our state during the past twenty years. Where once lived the farmer, struggling against the eight per cent mortgage on his ten dollar an acre farm, his cattle and horses chattels of the local banker, that he might raise cash for interest and taxes; now dwells the same producer, his land worth fifty dollars an acre, free from encumbrance, and money in the bank with which to purchase his neighbor's land if the latter will sell. It is a real "Count of Monte Christo" tale with a count on nearly every section.

The Kansas motto, "Ad Astra Per Aspera," may be rendered freely and have an ever present application. Not only did our beloved commonwealth gain its membership in the union through asperities; not only did she wage a preliminary civil war with Missouri; not only did she contest almost every county with the Indians who claimed the state for a hunting ground; not only has her frontier line been extended in the face of drouth, grasshoppers and hot winds, but she has also been compelled to struggle upward against foes within. Political demagoguery, civic graft and treasury looting are not unknown to her. Extravagance has at times made the tax rate keep pace with accumulated wealth. Until very recently the individual has been compelled to bear not only his own tax but also much of the share of the corporation tax.

The stars still shine above the sunflowers, however, and although the citizens of our own commonwealth are a little nearer the

milky way than those of many other states, there are yet a few aspera to overcome and many unconquered evils remain to cloud the astra.

The gospel of relaxation must be put into practice if we wish to endure this torrid temperature gracefully. Relax the muscles of your throat; command that wrinkle upon your brow to fade away; allow the chair in which you are sitting to support your entire weight instead of trying to support the chair. When you go to bed don't try to pull the bed away from the floor by means of your own tense muscles. Imagine that you are a half gallon of molasses gracefully poured out upon some level surface. In other words, when you rest—rest. In this way your temperature can be kept down to the minimum.

Kansas bankers want to limit the rate of interest to be paid to depositors to three per cent. This amount is undoubtedly conservative and is as much as commercial banks should pay, especially on daily balances. Savings banks should not be limited to such a rate. Such a law put into operation would certainly favor the banker rather than the depositor for whose benefit it was supposed to be made. It is significant that the bankers do not demand a maximum rate for loans.

We are receiving many flattering comments upon our plan to conduct a prize contest for Kansas scenery. There is no question but that this will do much to advertise our state abroad. There is nothing so fascinating as beautiful scenes from nature. Kansas has a wealth of them as will be seen by the splendid showing of this issue. Call the attention of your friends to our scenery contest.

Texas brewers declare that there is more liquor consumed in prohibition states according to population than in states where license to sell liquor is granted. We dislike to say it, but, such a declaration in face of the facts drives us to the conclusion that Texas brewers are just plain liars.

Kingman on the Ninnescah

BY CLARENCE J. MARTIN

IF THE reader has ever spent a few days in Kingman, Kansas, we will not have to speak of the state to which it belongs when we mention the city, nor affix the name "Kansas" by way of designation when writing, for every aspect of the town declares that it is distinctively Kansan. There is the Kansas, and especially the Kingman spirit in the hearty salutation and hand clasp of her business and profes-



F. J. Cloud, Mayor of Kingman, Youngest mayor in Kansas.

sional men. They treat the stranger, rich or poor, as though they acknowledged his right to the streets and walks and the mayor does not have to tender the newcomer the "keys" to open the gates of the city, as they are always open.

Like many other towns of the west, Kingman has passed through the refining crucible of business reaction—a crucible heated with the fire built of the debris of unwise speculation. It grew suddenly from a town of three small frame buildings to a city of many square miles with three miles of street car lines and was for a while the terminus of a busy railroad; then the rail-

road went on and left it sitting out on the undeveloped prairie. The wealth of the sod had not at that date been demonstrated and while some larger towns were being built along the railroad some distance north, many of the houses in Kingman were torn down and moved, some to other towns and some to distant counties to make "shacks" for the holders of claims. For several seasons the spectral fevered hand of drought waved over southwestern Kansas and hope fought with despair in the bosom of the man who ran the reaper and the plow, but the railroads which the people had helped to build continued to lend aid to bring



Hon. P. B. Gillett, Judge Twenty-fourth Judicial District.

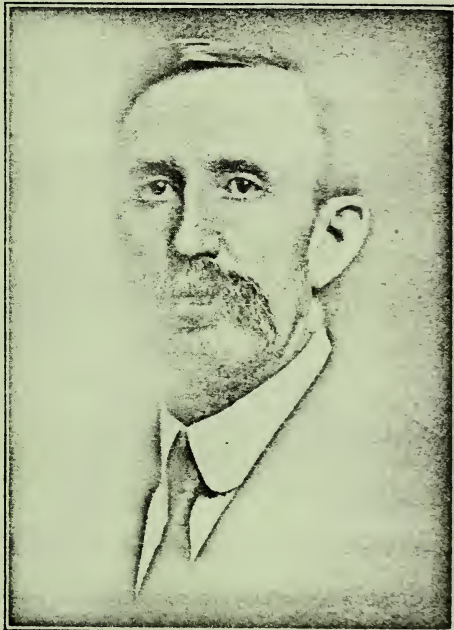
the settler many evidences that he had not been forgotten by his friends and then the gods sent rain and soon upon the same railway platforms where castoff clothes and donated seed had been deposited, huge sacks of grain

were piled and shipped east as the very material compliment and token of gratitude of the sunbrowned holder of the Kansas claim.

So look with me now upon a city of 2,700 inhabitants with four churches, two large schools with several hundred pupils enrolled, six blocks of prosperous business houses, a public library of 2,500 volumes, three banks with total capitalization of \$125,000, a colossal court house, an immense flour mill, two elevators, an ice and creamery plant, three hotels, and three railroads that come from and lead to everywhere.

The city's water supply is furnished by a number of natural springs three miles west of the town, and Secretary Crumrine of the Board of Health declares there is only one other spring of equal purity in the state, that at Abilene. The city has fifteen miles of water mains and the average cost to

of the largest of these being "Willowdale," which has for many years been the home of F. H. Weinschenk. An account of the operations and industries of this community for the past twenty years would make a chapter of history. One of the vital secrets of the pros-



Major W. L. Brown.

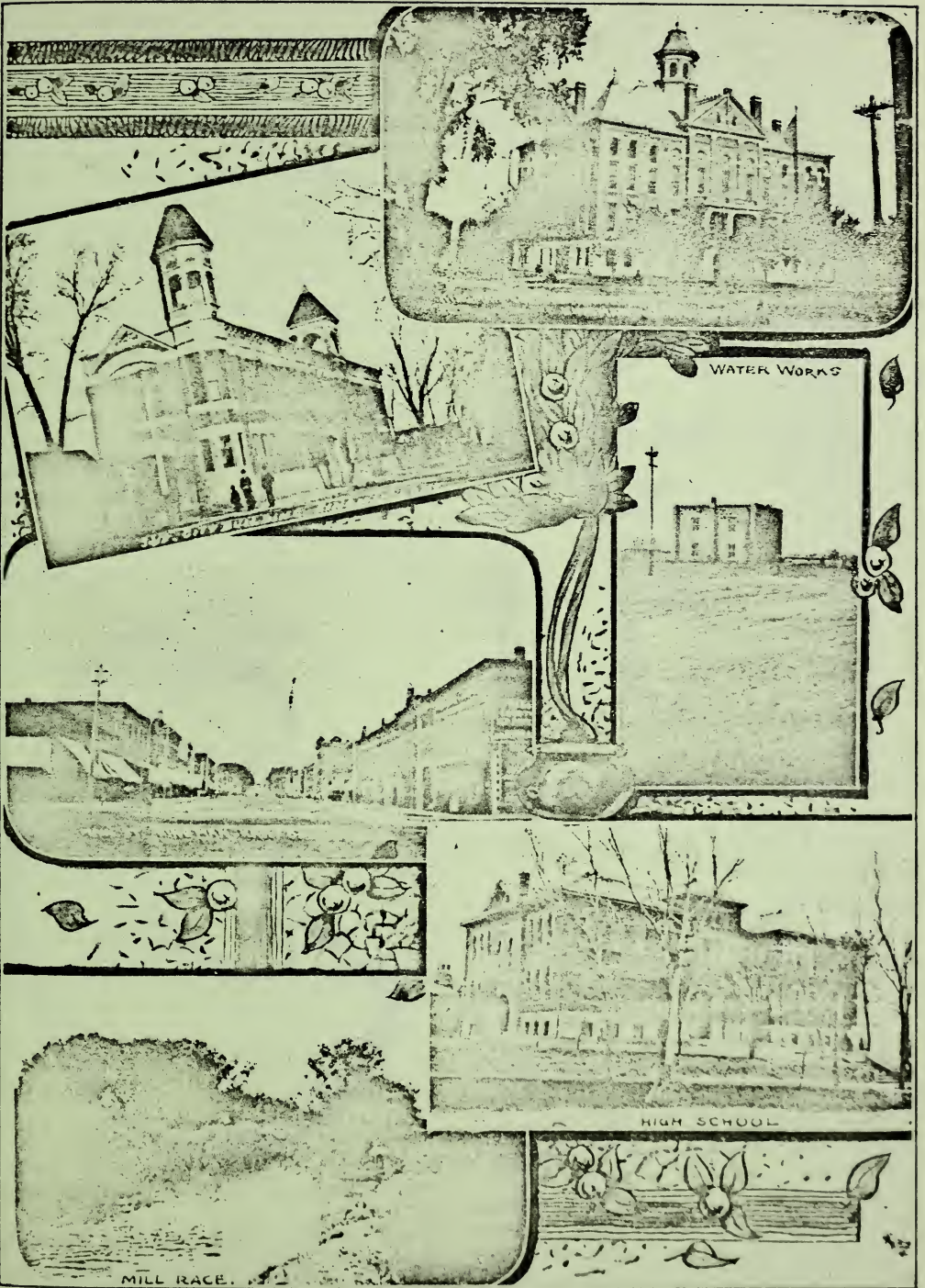


Jno. A. Cragun.

each family for household use is only \$7.00 per year. An electric plant furnishes light, and work on an enlarged sewer system will begin in September of this year. Wealthy communities exist only a few miles from Kingman that contribute to its prosperity, one

perity of Kingman's people is their cooperation in all that pertains to the general welfare. Their last "knocker" was buried years ago and his relatives own no property there. Factions are unknown. Every man elected to office for the past twenty-five years was elected not because he wore a Cleveland or a McKinley badge, but because he was the unanimous choice of the people coming in on a tide of civic progress that was irresistible. The two newspapers published in the town, the Journal and the Courier, are in perfect accord. The musicians, public speakers and literary writers of the place are appreciated by their fellow townsmen. There is no "complaining in the streets;" all seem satisfied. Cain would not have killed Abel had he lived in such an atmosphere.

We devote a few columns to a de-



WATER WORKS

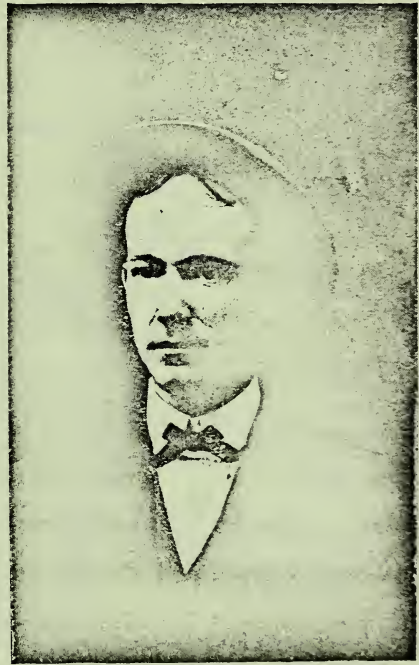
HIGH SCHOOL

MILL RACE

scription of a few of the many enterprises of the city:

As you approach Kingman on any of the railroads that enter the city you see from a distance of several miles a large brick building which raises many stories in air accompanied to an equal height by a large frame building and three immense circular steel tanks. This is the Kingman Milling Company's plant, which is one of the largest in the southwest. It was erected in 1905 at a cost of \$100,000 and the mill itself has a capacity of 600 barrels daily and the elevator with the storage tanks which have been built this year at an additional cost of \$10,000 has a combined capacity of 170,000 bushels. The Kingman Ice & Creamery Company, built a creamery four years ago and added an ice plant with twelve tons daily capacity two years later. They are handling the butter business of the

feet where they will handle all kinds of grain and seeds. This company is capitalized for \$25,000 and with Mr. G. P. Nelson, as secretary and manager, the plant is conducted in a systematic, modern and sanitary way that places this institution among the best of its



H. C. Leach, Secretary Cattlemen's Picnic.



John McKenna, President Cattlemen's Picnic.

country and are making 400 gallons of ice cream per day. They have cold storage room for 10,000 bushels of fruit and vegetables. They are constructing an elevator of 17,000 bushels capacity to be finished in August of the present year and a warehouse 20x100

kind. They are going to double their capacity in 1910.

The J. E. Ferguson Hardware Company was established in 1889 as the Ferguson Brothers Hardware Company, and at its inception boasted a \$3,000 stock in a 20x40 foot building. In 1893 they moved to larger quarters, operating in a building with dimensions 50x100 feet. In 1889 they moved to their present location where they occupy 22,500 square feet of floor space. They have purchased ground and will erect soon on the main street a two story building, 75x100 feet. The present building will then be devoted to hardware sundries and the new to implements, harness, buggies, etc. The company was incorporated in 1902 and



FARMERS' STATE BANK



W.E. JETT MERC. CO.



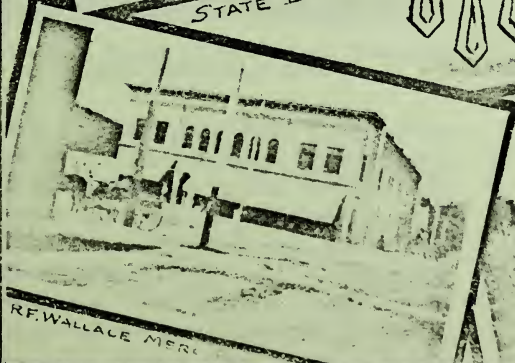
STATE BANK



C.R. FURROW -
MERC. CO.



J.E. FERGUSON
Hdw. Co.



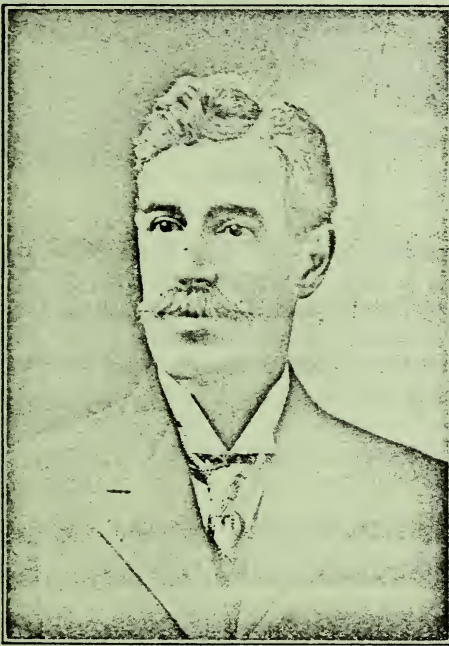
R.F. WALLACE MERC.



H. NORMAN ICE AND
CREAM CO.

the capital stock is \$20,000. The names of the members are J. E. Ferguson, W. H. Klaver, Ernest Osterhout, Clark W. Summers. The stockholders are all employes who have been engaged so long that they became members of the firm and are identified with Kingman and its institutions socially and financially.

The C. A. Magill Mercantile Company was established in 1883 under the company name of Magill & Smythe. In 1903 it became incorporated and is now known as the C. A. Magill Mercantile Company. It has a capital of



Mr. Oscar S. Capps, Organizer and Conductor
Capps's Kingman Band.

\$30,000 and occupies 10,000 square feet of floor in its various departments. John A. Reed came to this firm in 1903 and now occupies the position of overseer and buyer for the dry goods and millinery department. J. I. Wrenchy came to the company in 1885 and is manager of the store and has charge of the credit department and general financial affairs of the company. The efficiency of these two men with the able assistance of the clerks employed, makes this a well ordered department store.

The R. F. Wallace Mercantile Company began business in 1886, with a capital stock of \$500. The old shack then used as a store still stands on the corner of Sherman and Cedar Street. In those days chickens were bought for



Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKenna.

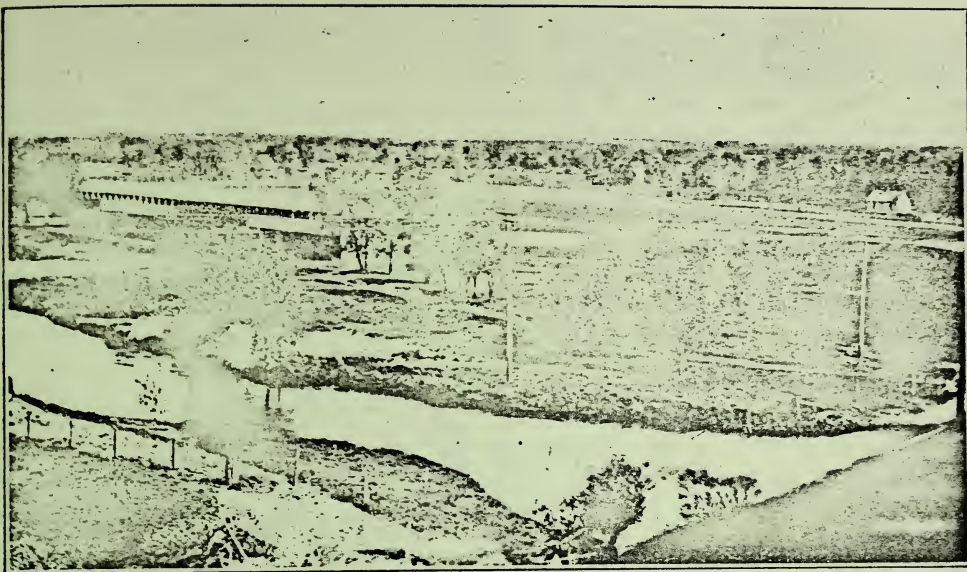
\$1.50 per dozen and eggs sold slowly at five cents per dozen. This firm is now situated on upper Main Street and has a large stock and good trade.

Since Oscar Capps organized the Kingman Band with twenty members in 1904, the fact that Kingman has musical talent has been established. It was then good naturedly called "Capps's Kid Band" on account of the youth of its members, but from the first it was a success and soon became a factor in musical circles in the southwest and is now engaged throughout the year in concert work. Through the efforts of Mr. Peter Hanlin and Major Brown, this band represented Kansas at



Mr. and Mrs. William Child.

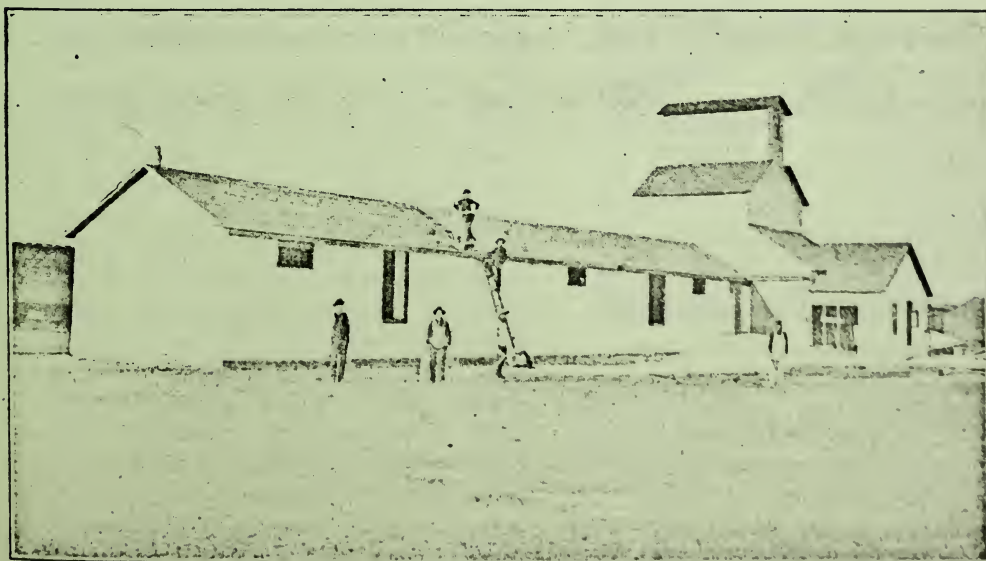
the Democratic National Convention at Denver, where they made a hit with the vocal feature of their work, singing in parades and in halls. They were one of the two bands called upon for service



City Park, Kingman, where Cattlemen's Picnic is Held.

in the convention hall itself. Professor Capps is also the organizer and conductor of Capps's Orchestra of twelve pieces, which like the band is composed largely of high school pupils between the ages of twelve and sixteen years. Professor Capps is the proprietor of a large music house in his city, established in 1885.

The C. R. Furrow Mercantile Company began business September 1, 1908, incorporated with a capital of \$20,000. C. R. Furrow is president and treasurer, A. J. Fanshier is vice president, C. C. Williams is secretary, and F. E. Cathcart is assistant manager. They enjoy a growing department store business, have an absolutely new stock and are



New Elevator and Warehouse, Kingman Ice & Creamery Co.



successful advertisers. One of their advertising slogans is "One Price to All."

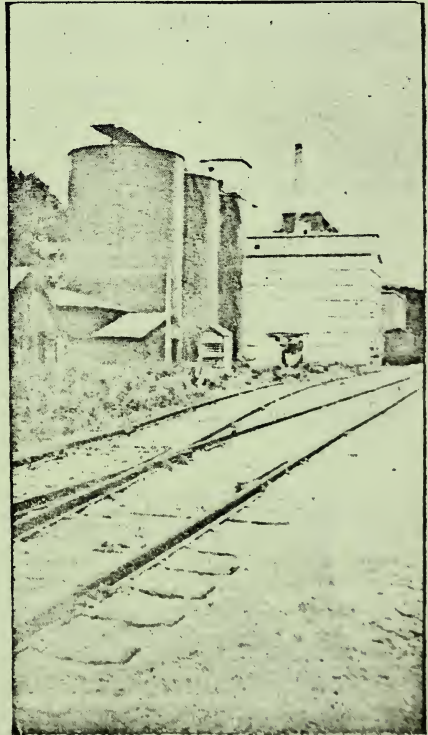


Broncho Riding at Cattlemen's Picnic.

The Kingman Methodist Episcopal church was organized in the fall of 1878 at a meeting called at the claim of John Frazier, one mile north of where the city of Kingman now stands. The persons present as charter members were Mr. and Mrs. John Fraizer, Mrs. L. W. Leach, John A. Cragun and Rev. A. Wilkinson. Rev. A. Wilkinson was the first pastor and Rev. Halderman White, father of Grace and Anna White, who went to Africa as missionaries, was the second pastor. The first building erected, a frame structure 20x30 feet, was built in June, 1881. The second building, now in use, seating 1,000 worshippers, was erected in 1887, at a cost of \$14,000. The church, with parsonage and grounds, is valued at about \$20,000 and the membership numbers 487. The Sunday school under the leadership of Oren Murphy, num-

bers 265. Since 1878, twenty-one pastors have served this charge and at the last conference, March 24, 1909, Rev. W. H. Moore was placed in charge. Like the three other churches in the city, the Methodist church has helped to shape the religious life of thousands during its history.

Mr. Frank Harlow has served as postmaster in Kingman for twelve years. This office enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest equipped offices in the state in the matter of furniture and fixtures for the handling of mail. For several years the office has shown an increase of \$1,000 per annum over the business of the preceding year. Four rural routes extend



Rear View Kingman Milling Co.

from this office, two of them being operated by automobiles.

F. J. Cloud is mayor of Kingman and is no doubt the youngest mayor in the state. Mr. Cloud was at one time, for three years, editor and proprietor of the Norwich Herald, and has served



Capps's Kingman Band and Orchestra.

as clerk of the district court and as city clerk for a combined period of six years at Kingman.

H. C. Leach came to Kansas in 1878. He engaged in the lumber business in 1893, with the Pratt Lumber Company, at Kingman, and is manager of that company's yards at this time. He became secretary of the Cattlemen's Picnic Associa-

tion three years ago and the results of his service with that body are apparent to all.

Mr. Edward McKenna came to America from Ireland when ten years of age. When sixteen years old he joined the United States army and served three years in Company A, Twenty-eighth Regular Illinois Infantry. He came to Kansas in 1877 and in 1878 set-



Former Residence of Major W. L. Brown, now owned by J. W. McCollum.

tled with his family in Kingman County where he has since resided as one of the county's representative citizens. He has for years been a director and vice president of the First National Bank at Kingman. Undoubtedly he is one of the first settlers in the county.

John McKenna was born in Kingman County, November 2, 1897. He graduated in law at the Kansas State University and in 1902, when twenty-two years of age, was elected probate judge which position he held four years, after which he served two years as county attorney. Mr. McKenna is part owner of the Leader Courier and owns much city and country property. He is the efficient president of the Cattlemen's Picnic Association.

John A. Cragun also has the honor of being an early settler, as he came to Kansas in 1878. He served as deputy clerk of the county court during 1879 and 1880, was register of deeds from 1881 to 1885 and was a member of the city government during that time. He is founder and president of the Cragun Abstract Company and has built and now owns nine brick buildings in the city where he resides.

William H. Child enjoys the distinction of being the real pioneer citizen of Kingman County; at least it is not known that any settled before his advent here from Michigan in 1872. Mr.

Child enlisted in the United States army from Michigan and saw service in the Civil War that helped to form the sturdy character that so endears him to all his friends wherever he is known. He has served as county surveyor of Kingman County for fifteen years and in all his public service has been true to every duty often sacrificing his own interests to do justice to a friend. His faithful wife and beautiful children share all honors with him.

Major W. L. Brown was born in Steuben County, New York, January 28, 1854. Was educated at Woodhill Academy, came to Kansas March 4, 1876. taught school in Pawnee, McPherson and Reno counties; was editor of the Kingman Journal for several years; was secretary of Kansas State Senate, sessions of 1893 and 1895; was president of the State Board of Charities, 1897 to 1898. He resigned to accept a commission in the United States army during the Spanish-American War; was first man in the state enlisted and sworn in. He recruited the Twenty-first Kansas; was grand master of the state I. O. O. F. in 1898 and representative to Sovereign Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. for ten years. Mr. Brown was elected as representative to the legislature fall of 1908 by a large majority. He is senior member of the firm of



Residence of Mr. Frank Harlow, Postmaster, Kingman, Kansas.

Brown, Grant & Walter, real estate, and is engaged in the breeding of thoroughbred cattle and hogs and is managing several farms in Kingman and Reno Counties.

W. Sample, president; David Walter, vice president; Clyde Murphy, cashier; B. A. Welch, assistant cashier.

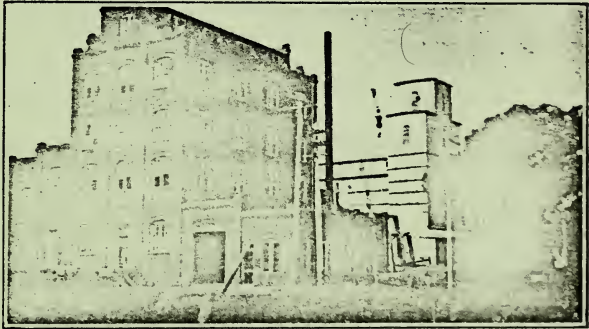
On January 15th the W. E. Jett Mercantile Company was incorporated, growing out of the business partnership formed in July, 1884, by Geo. F. Berry and W. E. Jett. Its capital stock at present is \$20,000. It is a well ordered department store, utilizing 12,000 square feet of floor surface. W. E. Jett is president and P. H. Parmenter is resident partner and manager. As an example of its popularity it may be stated that many of its customers of twenty-five years ago are its most constant patrons now. W. E. Jett moved to Wichita in 1896, where he became chief owner of the Jett & Wood Wholesale Grocery Company, with large interests in



M. E. Church, Kingman, Kansas.

The Farmers State Bank occupies a prominent corner of the business section of the city and for years has figured heavily in the financial life of the county. It has a capital of \$50,000, a surplus of \$13,000, with deposits over \$300,000. A. C. Tredick is president, A. E. Yeoman is vice president, D. Billings is cashier and H. W. Freeland assistant cashier.

The State Bank is perhaps the latest bank instituted in the county, but its success has been remarkable since its organization in 1905. It has a capital of \$25,000 and all the stock is owned by home people. It does business under the Kansas guaranty deposit law. Its officers are C.



Kingman Milling Co., Mill and Elevators.

other business houses, but he yet refers with pleasure to his early experience in Kingman County.

Prairie Twilight

By William S. Washer

When into the valley
The mists begin to fall,
And Fancy's legions gather
At Twilight's evening call.

'Tis then that Memory rallies
Her host of Thoughts so dear,
And Reverie calls her cohorts in
From far away and near.

All these a solemn conclave hold,
Each hoping thus to find,
In joys past and future hopes,
Some solace for the mind.

When the council's ended
And darkness 'round doth creep,
Silently they fade away
To the bivouac of Sleep.

Kingman Motor Co.

Kingman, Kansas

We sell the AUBURN: Power, Efficiency, Reliability and Style are its Strong Features



LARGEST GARAGE AND BEST REPAIR SHOP IN SOUTHWEST KANSAS

We have in charge of our shop Mr. B. E. Thompson, a man with years of experience. We are constantly adding to our equipment. We are able to handle any automobile made in America. : : : :

We Handle all Supplies

Come to Our Shop

KINGMAN MOTOR COMPANY

C. M. BAY, Proprietor

Speed and Power

Are the two important things to insure satisfaction in transportation

If You Want Both

In a machine that is within your reach in price and can be maintained at the lowest cost of upkeep,

GET THE BUICK



Between Feb. and May, '09, the Buick Won at the Following Places

Buicks Win 94 per cent of the Season's Contests

New Orleans Mardi Gras Races—100 miles world's championship.

Daytona Beach, Fla.—100 mile event.

Atlanta Hill Climb.—\$2,000 and under class.

Fort George (New York) Hill Climb.—\$1,301 to \$2,000 class.

Jamaica (Long Island) Speed Trials.—\$1,301 to \$2,000 class.

Lookout Mountain Climb, Chattanooga, Tenn.—\$3,000 and under class.

Nashville, Tenn.—One mile free-for-all and ten mile free-for-all.

Montgomery, Ala.—100 mile race.

Birmingham, Ala.—Five mile open.

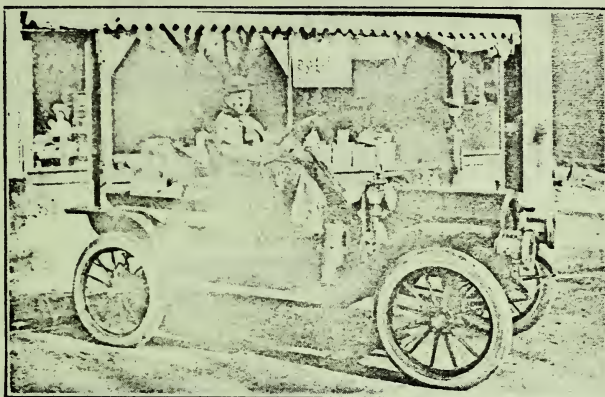
Chattanooga, Tenn., Track Races.—Won ten mile Chattanooga Derby, free-for-all.

Same Old Story, the Buick Wins

***Sold by the J. O. BEAR AUTO COMPANY
KINGMAN, KANSAS***



YOU CAN OWN AN



IF YOU LIVE ON A KINGMAN COUNTY FARM

We are the pioneer real estate men. Known personally to every farmer in the county. Our references: All our customers, the three banks of our city, and all our business men. Best and cheapest productive land in Kansas. Write for descriptive list.

BROWN, GRANT & WALTER, Kingman, Kansas

After Thinking it Over

By Henry Quad.

So far as I am able to recall I have never yet refused to sign a petition.

If my daughter should fall in love with a Chinaman I would at once begin cultivating a pigtail and advertise for family washings.

I have noticed that a great many newspaper paragraphs write things that they themselves evidently think are funny at first.

The county commissioner is the only individual in our free country who is in a position to exercise practically as much power as the Czar.

When a man greets me with a "Good morning," and then tacks a "Sir" on the end of his greeting, I feel like jolting him under the ear.

Whenever a husband tells me that he has been married — years and that he and wife have never had a cross word, I set him down at once as just an ordinary liar.

I do not claim to be a distinguished looking man, but it certainly does make me sore to have some short minded dub apparently fail to recall my name after I have been introduced to him a half-dozen times.

Extremes of Feeling

By Josephine N. Hills.

I longed until my longing withered up
And where keen feeling was is but despair;
Where bloomed emotion, now a desert waste.
Not one oasis gleams upon my sight
Nor kind mirage to lure, entice me on.
The "even tenor" of man's way—what is't?
A poet's dream-fed fancy, that is all.
Man's way is but an uplift and a fall,
From crest to trough, from wing to drowning depth,

From light to dark, from peak to pit, the way.

The greatest height is o'er the greatest depth;

Who never soars can never know a fall.
But yesterday the height was given me.
From the great altitude of joy I saw
Life's griefs, like pigmy things, below me move,

And happiness like buoys did float me up
Above the slings that sometimes strike my face.

When in the dark engulfed, 'tis then I pray
That I may never know another pinnacle.
But when again bruised feet have borne me thence,

One jot or tittle of that solemn thrill
Redeems tenfold all dark and suffering.
For, while the abyss is deeper for the height,

No less the height is greater for the depth.
The heart that feels most poignantly a grief—

That heart can vibrate with sublimest joy.



OUR NEW PREMIUM

Subscription Department



Fifty-Thousand New Subscriptions

This is the slogan of THE KANSAS MAGAZINE. We have set our stakes for this number of new names for our mailing list and it must be reached by January 1, 1910. To this end we have established a regular Premium Subscription Department that will from this time forward work in connection with our many agents and regular solicitors. This Department will be operated under the name of

The Commercial Circulating Association

with offices in the Barnes Building, corner Lawrence and Douglas Avenues. This Department alone will maintain a large force of competent solicitors whose office will be to promote our agencies and advertising generally. No expense has been spared to make a perfect and continuous field system and we trust that our friends will receive our Premium Subscription representatives with the same cordiality extended in the past to our other departments.



The Kansas Magazine Co.

410-412-414 East William Street

WICHITA, KANS.

The First Great Offer

← OF OUR →

Premium Subscription Department!

A FIFTY DOLLAR BUILDING LOT WITH AN \$18 ORDER

Positively the richest and most liberal offer ever made by any publication.

HERE IT IS:

We will offer 18 months' subscription to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Hammond's De Luxe Atlas of the World and a \$50 building lot in Orienta Park, West Wichita's new addition—

ALL FOR \$18

ORIENTA PARK

Orienta Park is situated in West Wichita south of Friends University and adjoining the tract where will be placed the car and repair shops of the Orient Railway. It is only a question of a few months when this vicinity will be one of Wichita's most densely populated districts.

Write a card or call at once upon our

Premium Subscription Department

BALES & CONKLIN, Managers

Suite 513-515, Barnes Building

WICHITA, KANSAS

Descriptive Booklet, Maps and Plats, including Full Information, will be
Furnished Upon Application.



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Ask Your Dealer For



Black Beauty Hosiery
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DRY GOODS COMPANY
EXCLUSIVE WHOLESALERS

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Metropolis of the State of Oklahoma

Q Is located in almost the exact center of the state and is the largest and most progressive city in the world for its age.

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OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE will give prizes to the six persons offering the best solutions to the following problem. To the one offering the answer nearest correct, a ham sandwich will be given. Each of the next five in order will receive a doughnut; the hole in which will vary in size, according to the ability of the contributor. In case two or more answers reach the same degree of proficiency, the sandwich will be divided. No two members of the same family will be allowed to enter the contest.

We feel that this last rule is necessary to prevent any unpleasant contention in the home; for which we would of course feel a personal responsibility.

The problem: King Solomon's first wife bore him a son. Solomon married again, the second wife presenting him with a son. These two sons were of course, half-brothers. Solomon then took unto himself a third wife, who bore him a son. Now what relation would the third wife's son be to the first wife's son; and the second wife's son to the third wife's son? Solomon married four hundred sixty-two times; and each wife bore him a son. What relation was each wife's son to each of the other wives' sons?

No contribution of less than ten thousand words will be considered, as the problem cannot be intelligently discussed in fewer words.

SEND FOR Frazier's Straw Hat Cleaner

It cleans any kind of straw without the least injury to the finest. Just the thing for panamas. Easily applied and does not stain or injure the skin.

Mailed anywhere on receipt of 10 cents. Sufficient to clean one hat.

THE FRAZIER DRUG CO.

117 E. Douglas Ave.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Our Special August Offer



During the month of August, 1909, we will offer THE KANSAS MAGAZINE and THE CLUB WOMAN, both one year, for \$1.50.

THE CLUB WOMAN

Is the best, brightest and breeziest publication in the West, devoted entirely to the interests of club women. Regular price 50c per year.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE

Replete with Kansas history, Kansas poetry and Kansas fiction, should be in every Kansas Home. Regular price \$1.50 per year.

BOTH FOR \$1.50 PER YEAR

ADDRESS

The KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY
WICHITA, KANSAS

ALL HALF-TONES
IN THIS ISSUE

Engraved by

CAPPER ENGRAVING CO

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

J.H.Baird, Mgr.



**The Kansas
State Bank**

Newton, Kansas

Free, Free, Free

We are Distributers for the World of



Send for our Free Souvenir and our Little Book About Roofing.

Write for our booklet "The Door Beautiful." Send us name of your lumber dealer. Better get your name on our mailing list and receive valuable "pointers" on building.

THE OKLAHOMA SASH AND DOOR COMPANY

N. S. DARLING, President

::

OKLAHOMA CITY, U. S. A.

REMEMBERED.

"Did your uncle remember you when he made his will?

"Yes, indeed! I had hoped that he would forget and name me as a beneficiary; but no he remembered me.

FAVORS FATHER.

Jenny:—Papa said he wasn't coming home tonight.

Jimmy:—Say, then let's put papa's hat on Rover and take him in the house to fool mamma.

The officials at Washington, D. C., are using automobiles. In France the old time guillotine is still used.

\$3.⁵⁰ WATCH

FREE to LADIES

Our Ladies' Midget Artistic Watch is a decidedly unique and striking timepiece, something different from the ordinary. The case is made of French Gray metal, will not wear off or tarnish. The design is raised and clear cut. Movement is damaskeened, stem wind and set.

Any lady reader of the Kansas Magazine can earn this fine premium for a few hours' work.

Our Extraordinary Offer

Write us your name and address. We will send you six of our Scientific Diamond Brooches to sell at 75c each, and six of our Scientific Diamond Scarf Pins to sell at 35c each. When sold send us the \$6.60 and we will send you this beautiful watch by mail free of all cost. Ladies will find no trouble in disposing of these 12 pieces of jewelry. Show them and they are sold. Write today.

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WATCH WEST
WICHITA'S
WONDERFUL
Oriental Park Addition
WITH WICHITA
IN 100,000
N 100,000
IN FIVE YEARS

WATCH IT GROW!

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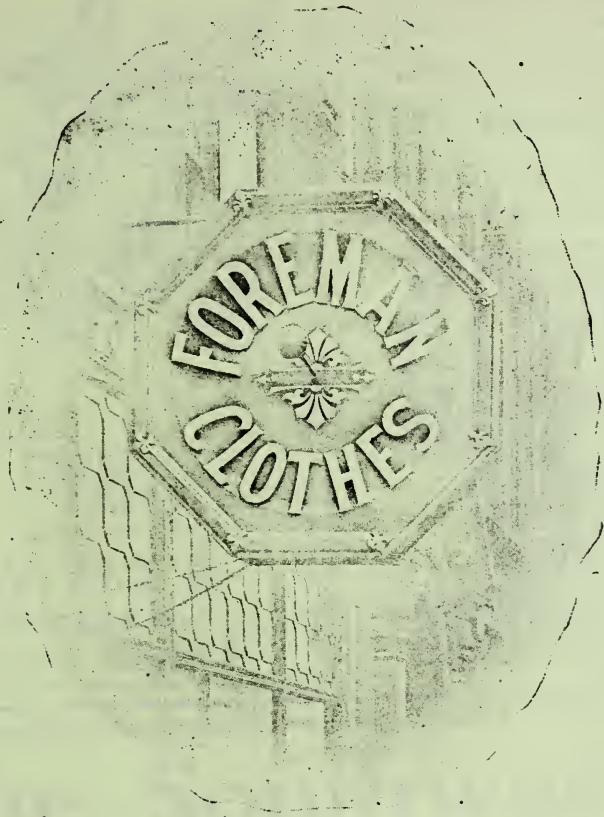

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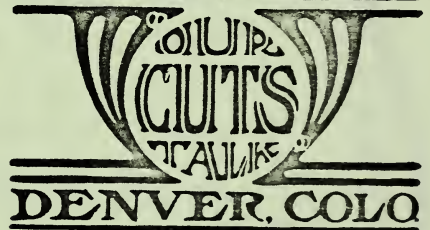
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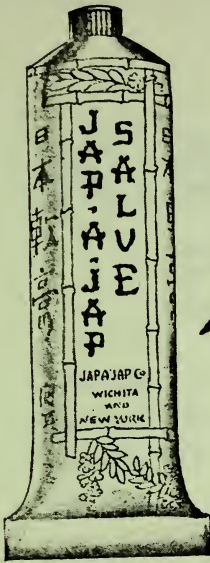
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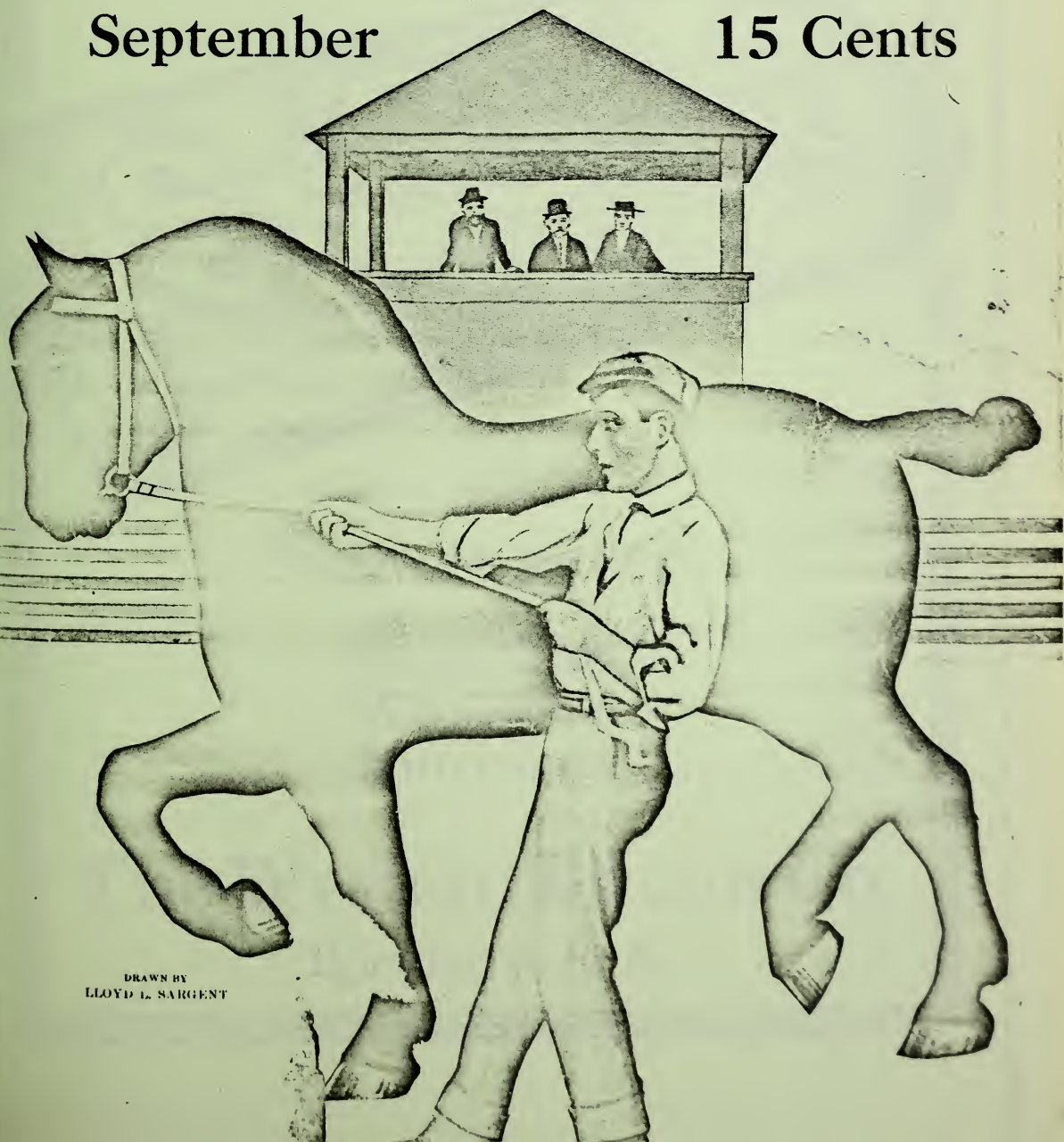
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KANSAS MAGAZINE

September

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KANSAS MAGAZINE



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SEPTEMBER, 1909

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Lloyd L. Sargent--Artist

The pioneers in Kansas art have done many things of merit aside from the mere painting of good pictures. They have scattered the germs of art and imbibed the younger set with a desire to forward the cause of art in the west. The great awakening to things artistic throughout the west is due to the influence of these persistent pioneers and by reason of such persistence we are today taught the rudiments of art in our public schools and colleges. The ultimate outcome means a more sympathetic, broader minded people in the coming generation.

The name of Lloyd L. Sargent stands prominent in this advance guard of younger artists.

Being possessed of considerable natural talent Mr. Sargent pursued his studies under the direction of Mr. Geo. M. Stone and Mr. Albert T. Reid and under the tutoring of the latter he has developed particularly along the lines of decorative art, which has won for him his present position as decorator with the Reid Mural Decoration Co., of Topeka. In the above capacity, Mr. Sargent has executed some very admirable work in the Kansas State Capitol building and various other public buildings throughout the state.

His work, however, is not confined to mural decorating alone, but he also does some creditable things in pen and ink, wash and pastelle. Many of his illustrations have appeared in Western Life and other publications, as well as in past issues of the Kansas Magazine.

In our cover design this month Mr. Sargent shows his ability to adapt a current motive in a decorative way. The horse is a typical Kansas product and, together with the fair ground setting and the judges' stand, forms a most appropriate cover for the month of September, the season when the resources of the state are displayed through the medium of the county fairs.

Mr. Sargent deserves great credit from the fact that his present standing in art circles is due to his own persistent efforts in supporting himself through difficulties while pursuing his studies along the lines of his chosen vocation.



PATIENTLY WAITING FOR A "NIBBLE."

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER 1909.

NO. 3.

Snap Shots Along the Panama Canal

BY ROBERT BALDWIN

IT WAS ten o'clock on the Carribean Sea and the twenty odd passengers on the little steamer Mobila were lined up along the rail watching for the lights of Colon. For an hour or so we waited, each anxious to get the first glimpse, when, as the ship rose on an unusually high wave, a faint glimmer was seen across the water. "There it is," came in unison from the crowd, and a few of the more enthusiastic ones climbed a little higher to get a better view. In another hour the lighthouse, for such it proved to be, was passed and the ship, turning sharply around, soon dropped anchor in Colon Bay.

Seventeen of us were recruits for the Isthmian Canal Commission, and long after our customary bedtime we sat on deck watching the lights of Colon lying in a semi-circle before us, each thinking of the parting admonition of friends and relatives at home and the oft repeated tales of yellow fever, chagres fever and everything deadly, always associated with the name "Panama."

We awoke next morning to find the ship slowly approaching the dock, where it was immediately boarded by health officers who lined us up in the dining room for vaccination, in spite of protests and appeals from some members of the party. This done, we were turned over to the customs officials and upon opening my suit case a folding bamboo fishing rod was the first article to catch the officer's eye, which he viewed with evident concern.

His knowledge of English was rather scant and my efforts to explain its harmless nature were apparently with-

out effect. I began to think it would be necessary for me to dig some bait and give a practical demonstration of its uses and possibilities in order to get my baggage through, but after a critical inspection he finally decided it was nothing with which I could incite a revolution or overthrow the government, applied the necessary chalk mark and allowed me to pass.

A representative of the Department of Labor, Quarters and Subsistence, then took us in tow and landed us at the offices of that department in Cristobal for assignment to duty. Cristobal, an American annex to Colon, is beautifully situated on the bay, with Roosevelt Avenue, its prettiest street, running along the beach, bordered on either side by tall cocoanut palms which were planted by the French, when they began operations twenty-eight years ago.

As we waited for the train it seemed as though a congress of all nations was gathering at the depot. A medley of languages floated on the breeze; "Spiggotty" police, small in size but apparently vast in importance, paraded about; native women came and went with bundles of various kinds and sizes skillfully balanced on their heads, and a dwarf San Blas Indian strutted proudly to and fro, gorgeously clad in a cast of silk hat, swallow tail coat and blue overalls minus one leg.

Leaving Colon, in a few moments, the train passes Monkey Hill where thousands of the French dead are buried, then continues in a southeasterly direction, through a level swamp

land, to Gatun, five miles inland. Here it enters the hills and winds around through hill and valley the remainder of the way, crossing the continental divide at Culebra, about twelve miles from the Pacific.

The traveler across the isthmus cannot fail to be impressed with the



Tower of St. Augustine, Ruins of Old Panama

amount of old French machinery which is everywhere in sight. All along the line of the canal it is scattered, locomotives, cars, dredges, excavators, cranes, in all stages of dilapidation and overgrown with vines and tropical vegetation. At Empire there stands a group of eighty old locomotives, many having never been used, and at Gorgona are almost as many. Rusting away in the tropical sun and rain, they represent the savings of thousands of thrifty French peasants who foresaw wealth and luxury in a few shares of stock in the "Compagnie Universelle Du Canal Interoceanique."

The Canal Zone of the present day is a scene of intense activity. At 6:30 every working day nearly two hundred locomotives creep slowly out through the dense fog of early morning and wend their way down into the Culebra

Cut. These are followed a few minutes later by labor trains, usually consisting of four or five cars similar in appearance to the Kansas stock car, except being more open around the sides and provided with rough benches. The train is hauled by a rebuilt French locomotive, and its passengers are a motley gathering, representing practically all nations of the world, West Indian Negroes and Spaniards predominating. Clerks are hurrying to their various offices, mechanics to their shops and every path and trail leading toward the canal is pouring its quota of laborers into the big ditch. At seven o'clock, three blasts of the whistles at the several immense shops along the line announce that another day's work has



Royal Palm and Cathedral, City of Panama

begun. The blasting, which usually begins before daylight, gives way to the puff of the locomotive, the intermittent roar of the steam shovel and the shouts of foremen directing their men. Soon the trains begin coming out in endless precision and roll away to the dumps to dispose of their loads of earth and rock. The eleven o'clock whistle is the call to dinner and as soon as the workers are well out of the cut the deafening roar

of the blasts are again echoing and re-echoing along the canal. Digging is resumed at one o'clock and five o'clock finds the canal a little wider in places, a little deeper in others and its final completion, one day nearer. It is then the powder-men hold high carnival and the entire Canal Zone seems transformed into a vast battlefield, with its



A Well-To-Do Native's Hut

center in the Culebra Cut, between Bas Obispo and Pedro Miguel.

Work on the canal never ceases, and when the night's bombardment is ended, gangs must go out to clear tracks which have been covered up, steam



A Drill Gang in the Cut

shovels must be coaled and repaired and locomotives overhauled and put in readiness for the next day's work.

Approximately, one million pounds of dynamite is consumed each month, and considering the large number of men engaged in its use the infrequency of accidents is remarkable, and a credit to those in charge of that part of the

work. However, the mysterious and unexpected will sometimes happen, as at Bas Obispo on December 12th last,



Along the Panama Railroad

when, without warning, a charge of twenty-two tons of dynamite exploded just as the workmen were making final preparations for its discharge, resulting in the death of twenty-four laborers.

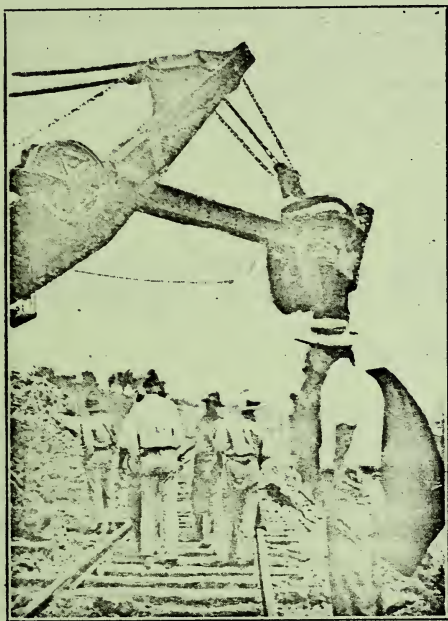
Last, but not least in importance, among those who are making the canal a possibility, are the forces of the sanitary department. Far out in the jungle on either side of the canal their men are sprinkling each tiny stream and pool with crude oil in an incessant fight against the mosquito. Others are busy with scythes and machettes keeping the rank vegetation in check, debris and rubbish are removed from each



Old French Engines at Empire

stream and ditch that no stagnant water may accumulate, and in fact the sanitary conditions are watched in their minutest details in order that the canal

digger may have pure water, pure air and clean surroundings and that Yellow Jack and kindred perils of the tropics may not again enter this ten mile strip across the isthmus controlled by Uncle Sam. How they have succeeded is a matter of world wide comment, and is



Business End of a 95-Ton Steam Shovel

an accomplishment of which every American may well be proud.

Perhaps few places in the western hemisphere are richer in historical interest than the miniature republic of Panama. Near Gorgona, about twenty miles from the southern terminus of the canal, stands Balboa Hill, said by tradition to be the one from which Balboa obtained his first view of the Pacific Ocean on September 25, 1513. On the summit there now stands a rude platform from which both oceans are plainly visible in clear weather.

The ruins of Fort San Lorenzo at the mouth of the Chagres River, of Porto Bello a few miles farther east and of Old Panama on the opposite side of the isthmus, are most interesting relics of a by-gone age. Their capture and destruction in January, 1671, was the work of Henry Morgan, the most dar-

ing buccaneer who ever operated in the Spanish Main. Panama was at that time a city of considerable importance. Here all the treasure which the early Spanish explorers wrung from the Indians, from Mexico to Peru, was gathered together, carried across the Isthmus to Porto Bello and shipped to the treasury of the King of Spain. The old paved road between these points is in many places still in a fair state of preservation and can be traced nearly its entire length..

Of the few remaining traces of Old Panama, the tower of St. Augustine Cathedral is the most conspicuous. Eighty-eight feet in height and within a stone's throw of the Pacific, it stands amid cocoanut palms, bananas and tropical jungles, a fitting monument to the scene of destruction and butchery enacted there just two hundred and thirty-eight years ago.

The long deserted Porto Bello is once more full of life and animation, for it is here that all the rock to be used in the Gatun locks is obtained and the



Street Scene in Panama

quarries are being worked by a large force of men.

The life of the Panamanian native is extremely simple. His dwelling is invariably a one room hut, with thatched palm roof, walls of the same material or bamboo, or quite often entirely open. Floors are superfluous in his estimation, the bare earth answering his purpose quite as well. The calabash, a large gourd growing in abundance everywhere, meets all his requirements

in the way of dishes, buckets, etc. A few bananas, plantains and yams, which when once planted grow without further attention, are his staple articles of food and an occasional chicken or bag of charcoal carried for miles over the torturous trails to the nearest village supplies him with all the cash he needs. In this land of perpetual summer the little Panamanian needs no clothes, and for the first few years of

his life seldom has any more covering than his tawny skin. As a rule the natives are short and of a stocky build, with straight jet black hair and beady eyes. They are extremely friendly and hospitable and as clean as their mode of living permits them to be. Lounging around their primitive huts, they lead the simple life and probably wonder why the big white men from the north are working so hard on the ditch.

Fifty Years of a Kansas College

BY DAN B. BRUMMITT

FIFTY years of Baker is not merely better than a cycle of Cathay; it is longer. A cycle of Cathay is merely an arrangement for registering the passage of time. What was at the beginning of the cycle was also in the middle, and is at the end. But the distance between the birth of Baker University and today is measured by changes so vast and varied that no mere lapse of time could account for them. Fifty years ago in Kansas was primeval chaos, in whose lurid, strife laden remoteness moved great shadowy figures: John Brown, Jim Lane, the Beecher Bible and Rifle Colony, the guerrillas, the bushwhackers, and the Indians.

That men dared to plant a college in such an environment is testimony either to their incurable insanity or their more than mortal courage and faith. The sole fact that the college took root and grew, turns the scale in favor of their sanity.

Out where Baker was born, there were Indians everywhere, and innumerable buffalo were just below the western horizon. The nearest railway was somewhere away back in Missouri. In 1856 the first Methodist conference ever held in Kansas Territory met in a tent, a few miles from the present site

of the college. Bishop Baker presided, and, as the preachers dreamed of the college which was to be, they planned to honor him by giving the new institution his name. It seemed small honor then, but it is one of his chief glories now.

Next year a committee of the conference, with not a college man on it, set out to find a site for the new school. After Homer was dead, seven cities claimed him; before Baker was born, six cities wanted her. Palmyra was a station on the Santa Fe trail some fifteen miles south of Lawrence, Kansas. The Palmyra city government offered the committee a section of land between Palmyra and Prairie City. This section was "donated" by various enterprising citizens, one of whom was Dr. A. T. Still, afterward known to fame and fortune as the founder of osteopathy. Palmyra's offer of 640 acres of land secured the location of the school. A town was laid out and called Baldwin, in honor of John Baldwin of Berea, Ohio. There were more town lots than people, by far, and the lots were very cheap. One citizen gave fifty-three of them for the glory of giving his name to a street.

And so the "first college in Kansas" was started, in 1858, with two charters

from the state legislature, with a great man for a president, and with a great hope that it would have a building in the near future. This first president was Werter Renick Davis, a hero of heroes. He was a soldier always, and always a saint. After his first term as

superintendent of public instruction, a colonel in the United States army, and commandant of the army post at Fort Leavenworth.

Later in 1858, when the college building was finished, the settlers organized excursions to Baldwin, that they might



President L. H. Murlin

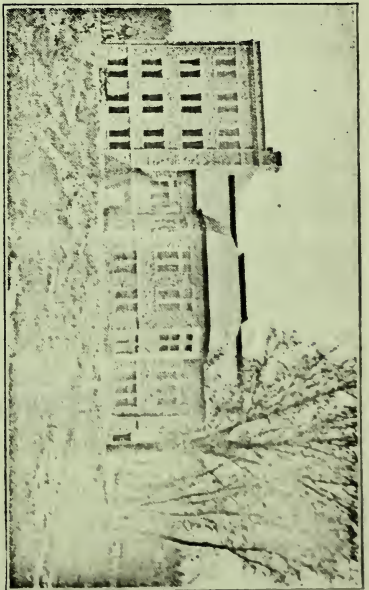
president of Baker, he served twice in the same capacity at times when no other man could be induced to take the thankless task. He was by turns chaplain of the constitutional convention, member of the legislature, pastor of the Methodist church at Baldwin, county

look upon the finest specimen of its particular type of architecture then to be found in the territory.

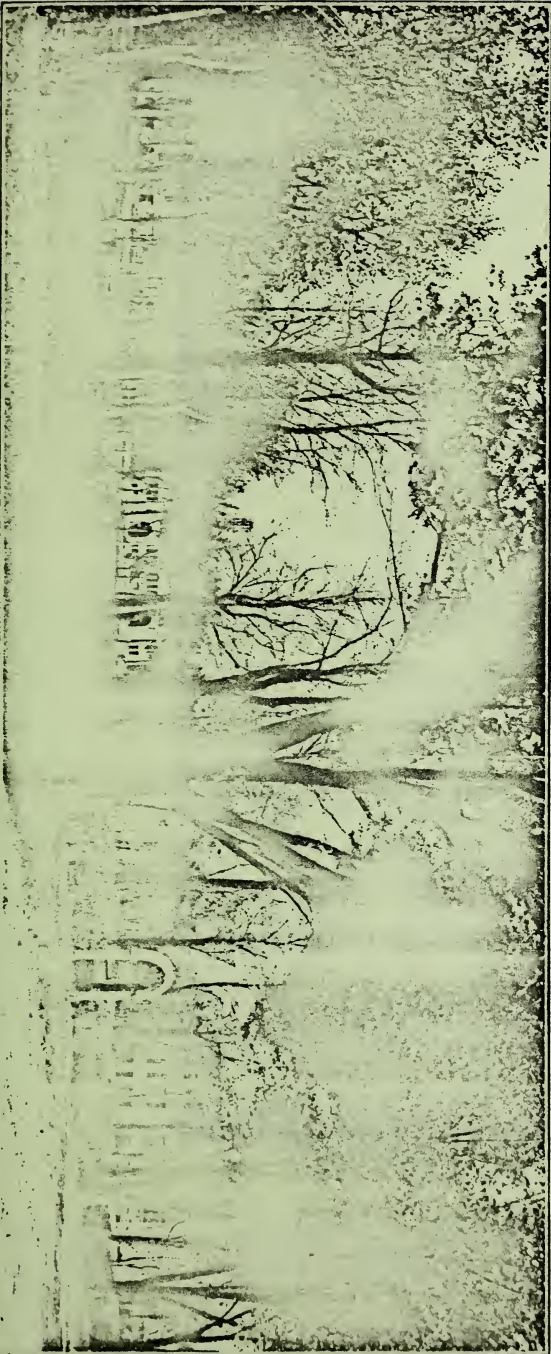
Baker's early days were lived amid war's alarms. Quantrell, the raider, marched by the place, but chose to destroy Lawrence and let Baldwin live.



The College Library



The New Gymnasium Building



College Campus

Many of the students were hard to find because the war had already claimed them.

The first class was graduated in 1866. It had three members, and at this writing they are still living. They were the first college graduates west of the

unknown commodity, and nearly everybody was living on clear grit and Quixotic hope. Bonds were issued, and sold at a calamitous discount. Scholarships which mortgaged tuition for years to come, were to be had in quantity, for anything that looked like real money.



The First College Building on the Campus

Missouri River. Through the sixties the school's struggle for existence was more or less severe, but a new building was called for, and was presently under way. Bishop Baker gave a bell for it, and Abraham Lincoln sent \$100.

Baker has always known hard times, but in 1868 came harder times, and then hardest times. Money was almost an

Town lots were numerous, and almost as worthless as they were plentiful. In the early seventies there came a day when the whole machinery of the college stopped, for sixty long and agonizing minutes. Chapel exercises were postponed, and there was a conference of the powers. At the end of the hour everybody had encouraged everybody

else a little, and the school started again to live.

Just at the moment when the slightest ray of hope would have been worth uncounted gold to the institution, the grasshoppers descended. They stayed a year, and ate every green thing in sight. And yet the college did not die. Once in the time of tribulation, Baker came to the point where it possessed one professor and thirty-eight students. The library, the museum, Bishop Baker's bell, the very chairs, were sold to pay the most pressing debts. A little later, when the faculty numbered two or three, its members taught in the public schools for a living, and held their chairs in Baker from pure and undefiled love of the work.

So the decade of the seventies came and went. During the eighties the situation improved a little. The old first building had long been abandoned. Science Hall, though four stories high and eighty feet square on the ground, became too small. In 1884 Centenary Hall was projected, and was completed in something less than three years. The building operations kept just a little ahead of the supply of funds. A gift of five dollars would buy a load of brick, but it was counted also as sufficient basis for a five dollar loan and another load of brick. So the builders worked, not when they would, but when a little cash and a large faith provided them with materials.

This has been, in the main, the story of Baker's growth in equipment. Small wonder, then, that "the tale is yet to run," though now, around the two buildings which may properly be called historic, there are grouped the library, the second and greater gymnasium—the first went up in smoke some three years since—and the music conservatory. Every brick and stone in all these structures has its significance, since no smallest fragment was put in place save through sacrifice, faith and wise-eyed daring.

After fifty years Baker, which has learned how a college can live with one teacher and a score of students, opens

her doors each year to scarcely less than a thousand Kansas and Missouri youth, and provides teachers and a highly efficient equipment in books, laboratories, gymnasium, and other educational apparatus.

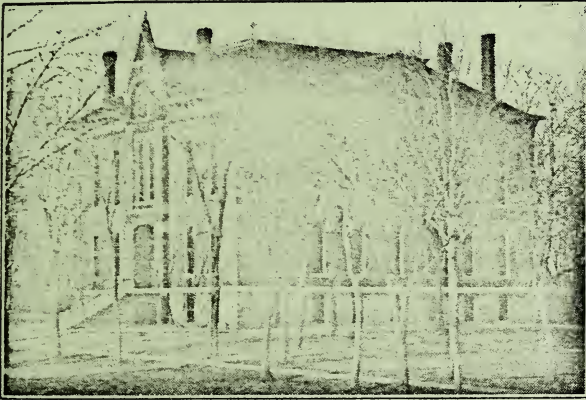
There are those, in a few remote corners, who have not so much as heard of Baker, though the saying is a hard one, among a people which know Bishop Quayle, and Senator Bristow, Henry J. Allen, P. P. Campbell, Don Colt, Sam McRoberts, Charlie Gault, Drew Pearson and a long list of good and honorable names of which any institution may well be proud. But all Kansas knows Baker, and honors her. As President Murlin has boldly put it, Baker has educated a good many thousand Kansas young people, without cost to the state. If Baker had not assumed the task, the state would have had to do it, at a cost three or four times greater than Baker's outlay. For state schools ask and get their dollars without the toil and tribulation inseparable from the financial problems of other schools, and spend those same dollars much more freely. All colleges endowed or otherwise supported from private funds render this service to the state, though not always is the fact spoken so plainly or accepted so readily as in Baker's case. More's the pity, for the wider insistence upon this value of the denominational school would do much to bring about a better understanding and a closer comity between them and the lavishly sustained state institutions of learning.

One secret of the vitality which has always marked Baker's work is found in the character of her presidents. In the earlier days presidents came and went with remarkable frequency, but the brevity of their service was no measure of its value. Longer terms, and of course larger and more abiding influence, began with the administration of Dr. W. H. Sweet, who, after seven years as professor of mathematics, served as president from 1879 to 1886. Dr. Sweet is still living, and still intensely interested in everything



Bishop William A. Quayle as he appeared on one of his annual visits "back home"—on the campus of old Baker University.

that concerns the school, to which he gave so nobly of his powers. Then came President Hillary A. Gobin, whose four years were filled with large and lasting service. Dr. Gobin, who was called from his chair at DePauw, was known as a scholar before coming to Baker, but there he made his mark



Centenary Hall

also as an administrator, an educator, and, more than all, as a man. When he left Baker in 1890, he went back to larger service at DePauw, becoming in turn dean of its theological school and president of the university.

Dr. Gobin was followed by President William A. Quayle, a man fairly to be called a product of the school itself. He had graduated in the class of 1885, and with the exception of a year's pastorate in the Kansas Conference, he had been connected with the school continuously as instructor, professor of Greek, and vice president, when he was elected to the presidency, at the age of twenty-nine. He put the stamp of his genius upon his work at Baker, as he has done everywhere, and his administration is still remembered as one of intimate friendship with all the students and of increasing fame for the school. But the ministry had long been the goal of his desire, and so in 1894 he was appointed to Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, Mo. His ministry in Kansas City and Chicago and his election to and service in, the episcopacy, are so well known that

further comment here is unnecessary.

Then there came from the pastorate of an Indiana church a quiet, unobtrusive man who was destined to serve far longer than any other president, and to see the school grow by leaps and bounds under his care. President Lemuel H. Murlin can look back on a record which he is much too modest to flaunt before the public, but which has few parallels in the history of Methodist colleges. Measured by its percentages of gain of every sort, the story of Baker's growth under his leadership reads like a mining promoter's prospectus, save that it is a record of accomplished fact, and not the alluring tale of one who has nothing but promises and credulity to work upon.

The school's budget is four times what it was when he came; three times as many students have been graduated in these fifteen years as in the preceding thirty-five; the teaching force has been doubled; the endowment has grown fivefold. It can be said of President Murlin with simple literalness and sincerity, "If you would see his monument, look around you."

In appreciation of his services for



The "Old Castle," Where the College Was Established Fifty Years Ago

these fifteen years, the trustees have voted him a year's leave of absence; and since this generous action by the board, the congregation of the American church in Berlin has invited him to

serve as its acting pastor during his stay there, which will probably last six or eight months, beginning this month.

Baker has had her full share of noble and inspiring teachers. They have known how to do more than teach on uncertain pay, they put the joy of service above any other wages. Professor Charles S. Parmenter, the oldest of the present faculty in point of service, has given twenty-six years of priceless work as professor of biology. Professor Osman G. Markham, dean of the college, has seen twenty-two years of faithful and unselfish service, not merely as professor of Latin, but in behalf of every interest of the college and the town. Professor Lillian Scott, who has been dean of the normal school since 1894, learned her letters in the old castle, Baker's first building. The list is far too long to be given in full here, but Baker's teaching force, past and present, is the chief secret of her power.

Baldwin town shares in Baker's jubilee with a sense of proper pride and rightful exultation. For the town has always lived for the college. From the day that Henry Barrieklaw's cabin saw the committee accept Palmyra's offer until now, Baldwin has given itself without restraint at every emergency, and has saved the college in many a crisis. On the other hand, the college has served the town. The two, working together, have always placed the ban on all dangerous and hurtful agencies. Baldwin has no Sunday trains or traffic of any sort, no low resorts, no gambling, and, of course, no saloons.

No less credit is due the ministers and the Kansas Methodist people of eastern Kansas, generally. From the very first, the loyalty of the Church has been Baker's great source of strength and support. This is seen, for instance, in the annual collections for education which many ministers and churches never fail to secure in full, the aim being an average of twenty-five cents per member. The income from this source alone is equivalent to an endowment of a quarter of a million of dollars. In a single superintendent's district this support is equivalent to more than fifty thousand dollars endowment.

The roll of Baker's alumni is not so long as some colleges can boast, but it is no mean list of names. From Baker's halls her children have gone into every business and profession, some into far lands as missionaries, many into the ministry, and everywhere they are known by the eager loyalty which yet is their attitude toward their school. Other schools may have greater fame, but none has a greater wealth of love.

There are six hundred and fifty-eight of these graduates from the college, to say nothing of the many who have been graduated from the other departments, or of the veritable army whose members look back with joy and pride to the one, two, or three years they spent within the walls of Baker. Scarcely a town in Kansas but boasts a Baker man or woman faithfully doing full share in every good work. Alumni clubs are organized in Boston, New York, Chicago, Colorado, and California, as well as in many of the counties of Kansas.

A Prophecy

BY ALAN LAMM

*A dream of happiness,
Sweet dream!
Those eyes!
A thought of blessedness!
Is this
That dies?*

*Yet tho ne'er again
Those eyes
Are seen;
Life's star till its end
Will be
That dream.*

The Sunflower

AND THE LAW MAKING IT THE "FLORAL" EMBLEM OF KANSAS

BY GEO. P. MOREHOUSE

YOU HAVE requested a history of the enactment of the law which made the sunflower the floral emblem of Kansas. The following is a copy of the bill as introduced and which became a law, June 1, 1903:

Senate Bill No. 444 By Senator Morehouse
AN ACT

Designating and declaring the helianthus or sunflower to be the state flower and floral emblem of the state of Kansas.

Whereas, Kansas has a native wild flower common throughout her borders, hardy and conspicuous, of definite, unvarying and striking shape, easily sketched, molded, and carved, having armorial capacities, ideally adapted for artistic reproduction, with its strong, distinct disk and its golden circle of clear, glowing rays—a flower that a child can draw on a slate, a woman can work in silk, or a man can carve on stone or fashion in clay; and

Whereas, This flower has to all Kansans a historic symbolism which speaks of frontier days, winding trails over pathless prairies, and is full of the life and glory of the past, the pride of the present, and richly emblematic of the majesty of the golden future, and is a flower which has given Kansas the world-wide name, "The Sunflower State": therefore,

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas:

Section 1. That the helianthus or wild native sunflower is hereby made, designated and declared to be the state flower and floral emblem of the state of Kansas:

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the statute-book.

While Kansas has, for many years, been called the Sunflower State, several other western states were the favorite home of this noted plant, and one of which, Nebraska, was considering its adoption.

This would never do; for our state was receiving valuable advertisement from the sunflower and her citizens were commonly using it as an emblem and badge, whenever they participated in parades, either at home or abroad.

The fact, that in the settlement of

some of the prairie portions of the state, its stalks were used for fuel and its wealth of rich seeds as food for fowls, added to its reputation. About the year 1875 an aesthetic wave swept over the country and a movement was started which has since used this flower in floral decoration, and it thus became a popular and noted plant and blossom.

During the past few years, several American commonwealths have legally established certain flowers as the floral emblems of state. It was perfectly proper that Kansas—which, almost by common consent, was known as the Sunflower State—should recognize by law the flower, that, in many ways, was adding to her world-wide individuality and renown.

I know of no better way to furnish you the desired information about the sunflower and the enactment of the above quoted law, than to give the published account of a pleasant sunflower episode which took place at an informal banquet for officers of the Kansas National Guard, at Fort Riley, in October, 1904, during the great military maneuvers held that year.

The General O'Donnell referred to was Surgeon General of the Kansas National Guard and the Dr. Henry O'Dinnell, that bright legislative star from Ellsworth County, a native of Ireland, whose genial qualities and abilities as a legislator, scientist and surgeon made him a great favorite with hosts of friends, who mourned his untimely death.

I make special mention of him along with Hon. John B. Adams, of the "state of Butler County," both of whom were alert and capable members of the Kansas legislature at that time, and whose friendly support of my little Senate Bill, No. 444, prevented it from

being stranded upon the legislative rocks and shoals of the house; for, be it known, that certain practical Kansas statesmen were so unpatriotic and devoid of sentiment, as to call the sunflower a weed and to suggest some other more humble and less pretentious blossom.

The following is the published account then given of the sunflower episode mentioned above. Five years have passed since then, but the writer sees no reason to change his sentiments expressed on that day regarding the proud blossom of brown and gold—the Kansas sunflower.

“General O'Donnell, as master of ceremonies, displayed ability and wit with sparkling introductions of those called upon to respond. Near the close of the evening he said: ‘We have been surrounded for days with things military and heard much of wars, ancient and modern. With fifteen thousand soldiers of the regular army and the national guard, we have carried on campaigns and war problems. We have had our skirmishes and battles, with every accompaniment of warfare except bullets and bloodshed. You have listened to wisdom and eloquence and heard of campaigns, which were not attractive holidays. The tent life, the bugle call and the stirring music of bands and drum corps have entertained you. The memory of marching columns, mustering squadrons and tactics have occupied your minds. I now propose a change. The sombre canopy of night spreads over all “the pomp, pride and circumstance of war. This suggests the peaceful and emblematic. We have with us tonight one of our Kansas senators—a friend and supporter of the measure which enables us to participate in this great affair. Among other things, he is the author of the law making the sunflower our state flower. It was a beautiful legislative enactment, filled with the spirit and sentiment dear to all Kansans. It has pleased our people and attracted attention abroad, as a deserved tribute to the flower, which, among

other things, has made Kansas famous. I will now call upon Senator Morehouse to tell us something about the sunflower and how it came to be our floral emblem of state.’

“After some introductory remarks, Senator Morehouse said: ‘The most inspiring sight to an American at home or abroad is to see the stars and stripes proudly floating in patriotic grandeur. It matters not whether above one of our mighty battleships on a foreign sea, or waived in the hands of a little child at home.

“‘One of the most impressive processions I ever witnessed was that of thousands of school children in marching order, each carrying a small flag. We all love to honor the stars and stripes, for it is the emblem of the history, the progress, the patriotism and the power of our nation.

“‘The next most inspiring sight to a Kansan abroad is a procession or crowd of people wearing the bright familiar blossom, of which the toastmaster has spoken.

“‘A few years ago, at Colorado Springs, our Missouri neighbors had a ‘Missouri Day’ and hundreds of tourists from that state assembled and each wore upon a large badge, ‘You will have to show me.’ The Kansas contingent in that vicinity announced a union of Kansans for the following week, to show them. The day came and also several thousand people, most of them from Kansas; and, as they marched and mingled in happy throng, every one wore a large blossom with the golden rays. It presented a pleasing scene, unique and attractive to all; but especially thrilling and home-like to the citizens from the Sunflower state. None of us will ever forget that day or the common emblem we wore. Our hearts swelled with pride and our thoughts and words fondly dwelt upon the resources, traditions and triumphs of the state we all love so well.

“‘That occasion suggested to me the formal legal adoption of the sunflower as the floral emblem of our state.

“‘One cold, bleak evening last win-

ter, I remembered that eventful day, with the wealth of warm, glowing sunflowers displayed, in the very shadow of the Rockies and the bill was prepared. It was only a tardy recognition of the noted flower, which is so intimately woven with the name of Kansas; and, of course, I am glad it has been favorably received.

“The sunflower is common throughout our borders and is always hardy and conspicuous. It lifts its proud head in triumph along our beautiful valleys and mingles its cheerful light with the rich verdure of expanding prairies. The seasons, whether wet or dry, have little effect upon its coming; for, floods cannot drown it and the drouth of arid summer only adds to the multitude of its blossoms.

“Yes, it is of definite, unvarying and striking shape—easily sketched, moulded and carved and its armorial capacities are evident; for, I see that it has been made into bronze badges and decorates the uniforms of the Kansas National Guard. Wherever reproduced, whether in artist's colors on canvas, worked in metal or chiseled in marble, its identity is always present. With its strong, distinct disk and its golden circle of glowing rays, this famous Kansas blossom is identically adapted for artistic decoration; children draw it upon their slates; women work it in silk and men carve it in stone and fashion it in clay; skillful workmen have wrought it into emblems and articles of jewelry, while the deft fingers of our wives, mothers and sisters have embroidered its beauties into bright badges and blazing banners, and it has attracted wide attention and favorable comment, while marking the position of Kansas in many an imposing procession. The sunflower is ever faithful, whether gracing the beautiful gardens of the rich or lingering near the humble habitations of the poor. To

every true Kansan, it is full of historic symbolism—speaking eloquently of frontier days and heroic times, when buds and blossoms of civilization were not numerous and when we were deprived of many of the refinements we now enjoy. The sunflower recalls roads and winding trails, its golden lines mark their graceful turns over hill and vale and break the dull monotony of many a prairie scene. It is not a frail blossom, lingering for a few brief hours, but lasts and gladdens the eye for a season. It gracefully nods to the caresses of the earliest morning zephyr. Its bright face greets the rising orb of day and faithfully follows him in his onward course, through the blazing noon time, and on till the pink tinted afterglow of sunset decorates the western sky and marks the quiet hour of eventide.

“Other states name and stand by their favorites—Maine, the pine cone; Massachusetts, the mountain laurel; New York, the red rose; Michigan, the apple blossom; Colorado, the columbine; Florida, the orange blossom; and Oklahoma, the mistletoe. Few can recall the numerous favorites of the different states, but the entire nation knows that Kansas has the sunflower and is the Sunflower State.

“Here's to our state flower—the sunny blossom of the west. As your Kansas emblem and military badge, may it ever mark the uniform of brave men. As it is full of the life and glory of our heroic past, let it be symbolical of the majesty of a golden future. May it ever bud and blossom in rich profusion from the hill slopes and valleys of our eastern borders to the western limits of the great plains, and, with the tri-colored banner of the stars and stripes, always be an inspiration to every man, woman and child within the imperial domains of our great interior commonwealth—the Sunflower State.’”

A Romance of the Short Grass

BY MOLLY WARREN

AFTER a tousled woman with two bulging canvas telescopes and a baby muffled in a gray shawl got off at Attica, the local train jogged and jolted on into the short grass country with only the Ideal Concert Company and a woman in brown for passengers.

Alida Wells, pianiste, as the posters named her, watched the last house disappear. Then she turned from the endless stretches of buffalo grass and glanced at the remaining member of the concert company in the seat opposite—the tenor asleep with his head on his overcoat. She sighed; and wishing to distract her thoughts, looked away toward the other passenger in front of him. The woman in brown was gazing out of the window at the straggling trees and undergrowth that skirted a creek which dodged, retreated, and returned to the track. Alida watched her give a nervous start as the train finally crossed it with an ugly rumble. Then the woman settled back and braced herself in the angle of the window. Alida unconsciously imitated her movement.

Again Alida's troubles loomed big before her, as they had been doing at intervals all day, since the tenor had informed her at the station that morning that Mrs. Randolph, the other member of their party, was ill and would be unable to fill her engagement at the concert they were to give at Ashland that very evening. But because this was the maiden trip of the Ideal Concert Company and much depended upon its success, Alida had set forth with him for Ashland. There they would meet the manager of the company, Ralph Myrton, violin virtuoso, and piano salesman as well for the firm that was backing the concert company and sending it forth to advertise and display instruments. Art, unaided does not flourish in the short grass region,

neither are pianos sold without first being well shown off as to case and tone.

Even under professional relations, it is not very comfortable to travel alone with the man whom one has refused to marry, two days before. Alida had found it hard to entertain the tenor three hours earlier when they were eating their cold, hard boiled eggs and sandwiches; but now she found it even more annoying that he could go to sleep under the circumstances. On this gray afternoon even art with hand beckoning to New York and Paris looked cold and uncomprehending.

Alida watched the tenor stir uneasily, critically viewing meantime, his hand with stubby fingers; hanging limply over the seat. Then with an effort she fixed her mind on Myrton's plight. In half an hour they would meet him.

The brakeman came through the car lighting the lamps. The tenor sighed, stirred and sat up yawning.

Alida turned to him with an attempt at a smile.

"You slept quite a while," she said.

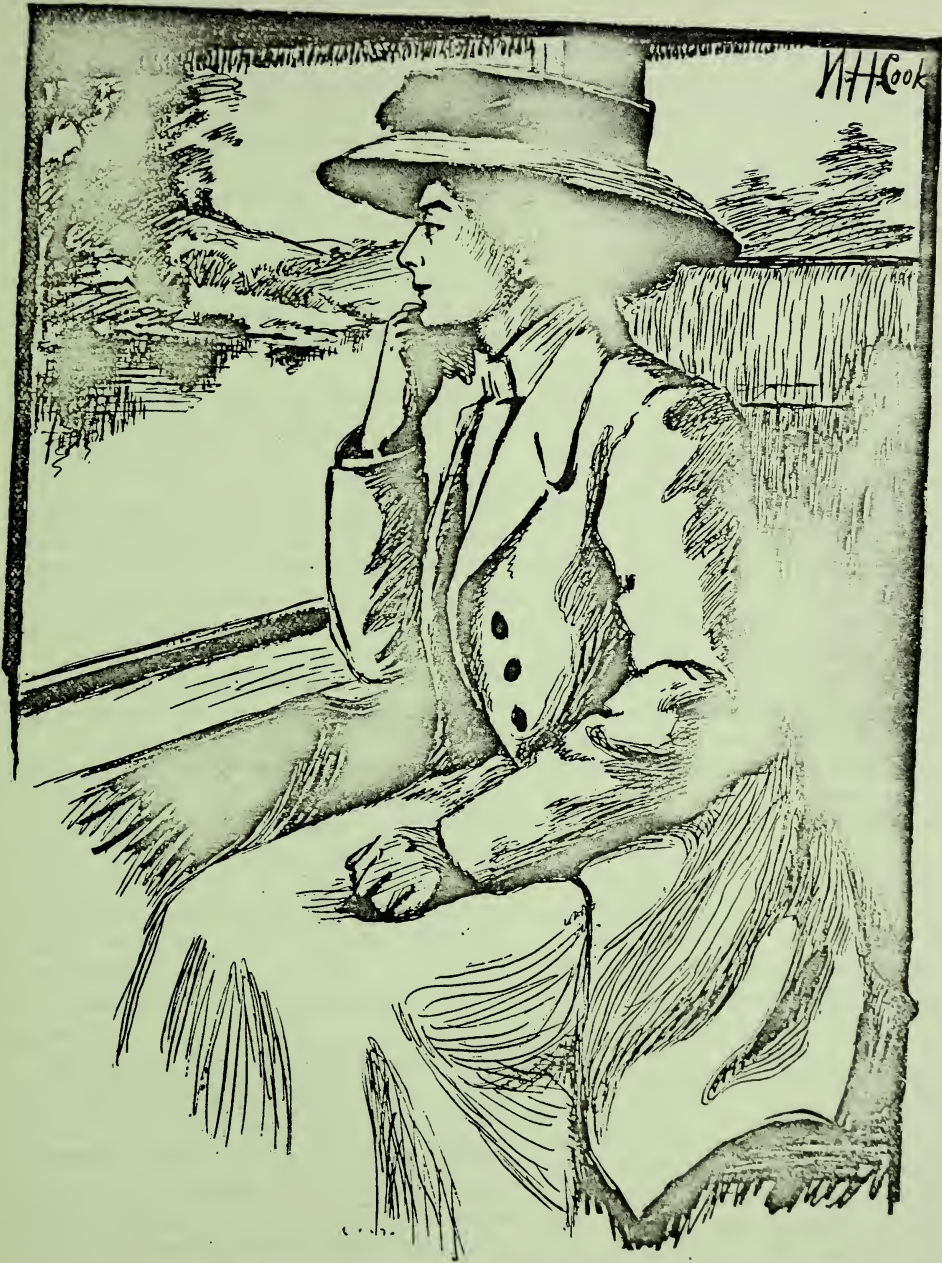
His manner was a little awkward as he answered. "Yes. Nearly there, aren't we?" He pulled out his watch. "Twenty minutes more—and late, too. Hope he's found someone. If he hasn't—" the tenor's voice sank gloomily.

"Isn't it a pity? If only Mrs. Randolph didn't both sing and read. Four numbers cut out. I'm terribly worried."

"And I. I've built a lot on these little trips. And Ralph—he's about at the end of his rope. The house will likely fire him if he doesn't sell some pianos out here. They're tired of his loafing along. I don't see what we'll do."

Alida sank into silence. In real life she was only a simple minded piano

W.H. Cook



Alida Wells * * * Watched the Last House Disappear.

teacher who made a specialty of beginners. Problems seldom came her way and in the case of those before her now, her inexperience doubled the moment of them. Her life was of the spirit; alien to the plains, she dreamed of fame and renown and did not regard the life of the day except to chafe

when its calm was broken and she was forced to cease dreaming for a season.

"Guess I'll go and have a smoke." The tenor stalked away.

His manner annoyed her; and with the growing darkness, her longing for woman's society increased. Perhaps it was this feeling that moved Alida, a

few minutes later, upon her return from the drinking tank to pause by the seat of the woman in brown.

"Are you going to Ashland?" asked Alida in the stiff, even tones she imagined suited to a pianiste.

"Yes. Won't you sit down?" The woman in brown made room for the girl. "You are going there?" she continued.

"Yes. We give a concert there to-night." Alida forgot the tenor as she listened to herself with triumphant pride.

"Then you are a professional," said the woman admiringly. "I used to sing myself. If I'd had more energy—" she broke off suddenly, while Alida looked from the colorless face with heavy lines about mouth and eyes to the dye-streaked hair above.

"You must come to our concert," began Alida again.

"I don't know."

"Perhaps your friends won't want to take you out for the first evening."

"Is your program long?" asked the woman changing the subject.

While the girl was struggling between her simple desire to tell her troubles and a sudden professional instinct to put up a bold front, the brakeman came hurrying through the train swinging his lantern violently and calling:

"Ashland! Don't forget your packages!"

The tenor, who had returned, silently helped Alida into her wraps while the girl watched the woman in brown struggle alone into an ill-fitting jacket and pin on a big brown velvet hat with waving tan and white plumes held in place by a huge brass buckle.

On the station platform it was nearly dark but Alida soon recognized the violinist. He stood unshaven, muddy, shivering in a worn suit of summer clothes against the November wind. Even while greeting them he was looking nervously around.

"Where's Mrs. Randolph?"

"Didn't you get my wire?"

"Wire? Think I've been settin' around waitin' for wires? I've been drivin' in the country all day roundin' up prospects an' gettin' 'em in here for tonight. Isn't she comin'? What's the matter?"

"Sick," answered the tenor briefly.

The violinist turned to Alida addressing her for the first time. "Don't you sing or—recite?"

"No," answered the pianiste faintly yet firmly.

"Well, it's up to us to put in some more numbers and give the concert anyhow. Them two pianos I put in here a week ago ain't sold yit." The violinist's voice grew earnest appealing. "The Methodists may take the one at the church, but nothin's doin' about the one at the hotel. The landlady kinder wants it if another prospect goes after it. She's that kind. We've got to give a short entertainment at the hotel before supper to show off that piano there. Any ol' pieces you know'll do, but keep your eyes open for prospects. The ol' man's promised me a suit of new clo'es this month if I sell both these pianos and two more besides. An' the month's up in two days."

"I'll do my best," said the tenor heartily.

"See you later," said the violinist. "I've got to see some parties an' git a shave before supper. You start in an' perform at the hotel. They're expectin' it. Here's the bus."

Off slouched the violinist with bent head, while the tenor put Alida and the suit case into the bus, a rickety affair with seats along the sides and a torn canvas cover through which the wind howled and whistled, wildly tossing the plumes of the woman in brown who had climbed in alone. In the intervals between the cracks of the rawhide over the backs of the mules, Alida listened to the tenor as he hurriedly planned a parlor program in the loud tones that their rough ride made necessary. Alida saw that the woman in brown was hearing all that he said. As she watched the tense face under

the tossing plumes she found it growing more hard, more anxious.

Before a small two story building on the main street the mules were stopped with a yell and a jerk. Alida climbed out carefully down the two steps at the back of the bus behind the woman in brown. Then both women jumped into the shadow for suddenly the hotel door opened and a very drunk man reeled, cursing, out upon the sidewalk.

A group of cowboys pushed each other at the door, shouting and laughing.

"Late for your train, Jud."

"Better not let her see you that way."

"Don't forget to come back and buy the piano for her."

Alida shrank close to the tenor.

He laughed a little harshly as he said: "You must get used to these little things, if you're going to be a concert player." It was the first time he had referred to her answer of two days previous and the reason she had given for refusing him.

The two women followed the tenor into the hotel where amid a respectful silence on the part of the cowboys, the landlady met them and led them into the parlor where stood the new piano—beautifully new beside the worn hair-cloth sofa and the dingy walls and the rickety chairs.

The landlady was plump, belligerent and gasped as she talked.

"You can slick up a bit in the parlor bed room before your concert here. I'll let you lay your wraps in there till your rooms are ready. The stove-pipe in my best bed room fell down today an' I was expectin' a lady too—lucky things she didn't come." The landlady gasped and paused mysteriously.

"Ol Judson of the Circle C ranch came to town today to meet a woman from Chicago who'se goin' to marry him, he says. Got her through one of them matrimonial buros. He can't git near town without gittin' on a two weeks' drunk. He was scairt to go to the train bein' so drunk. The boys

was tellin' him to buy her a pianner to peaceify her an' I had a hard time to keep him from comin' in and poundin' this instrument. But I reckon he'll not come back tonight. Now you git ready an' I'll be back in a few minutes."

Hardly had the landlady turned away, when Alida met the eyes of the woman in brown. They were wild, appealing, frightened.

"Listen," she said rapidly. "My friends didn't meet me. They will not come until tomorrow. You know I heard about your difficulties from your talk on the train and in the bus. I couldn't help hearing you talk. I can sing some—let me help you. At least let me try here at the hotel—tell them I am one of your company."

Alida turned to the tenor who had entered the parlor during the last part of the woman's speech. She was glad to throw the matter upon him.

"I heard you," he said. "Awfully kind of you—if."

"Oh! Let me try," begged the woman. "If I don't suit, I needn't sing at the concert. But I can help you out, I know."

"Some of Mrs. Randolph's songs are in my suit case," said Alida hesitatingly.

While the tenor went to fetch it, Alida followed the woman in brown into the parlor bed room. She watched her companion feverishly rub rouge upon her leathery skin and lift the kerosene lamp with its smoked chimney from the green worsted lampmat on the stand to hold it anxiously up to the mirror, as she turned and twisted to gain a view of her hair. Alida watched her turn, looking at the ugly wall-paper and at the one picture in the room—a chromo of a woman in white clinging to a cross in the midst of dashing waves.

Once or twice the woman in brown started to say something but checked herself. She seemed to be gathering her forces for her part in the concert. Alida found her distaste for her companion growing, and was glad when they re-entered the parlor. She was

glad, too, to find the tenor waiting for them and to hear him say in his old way: "Brace up. She may be able to help us out. They're getting tired of standing hitched out there. We must begin."

The hands of the woman in brown trembled as she looked over the music the tenor handed to her.

"I can sing this," she said finally pointing to the old ballad, "Some Day." "And this too, if we should need it," laying down another piece of music.

"Piano solo first; then you sing," said the tenor briskly. "I guess we're ready," he added, turning to the landlady who had just entered.

"Come on, boys," said that belligerent person and a dozen tall cowboys and a number of country fellows meekly entered at her call. One by one they found seats, while Alida tremblingly began to play "Moonlight on the Hudson."

Rolled tremulous chords, six-eight time, and scales and arpeggios make a strong appeal to the soul of the cowboy. Alida felt the room grow very quiet as she played. Once more she was in her dream world and the path of fame lay straight before her. She glanced over at the tenor and saw a light in his eyes—but it did not move her.

Smiling she bowed to the applause, played another short solo and then watched the woman in brown as she rose bravely and glanced at her audience. Alida played a rippling prelude; then listened to hear the voice. It took the first note high and loud. It just missed being musical, but it knew the tricks to catch an untrained audience.

"Some day, some day;

Some day I shall meet you," It swelled out full.

"Love, I know not when or how, Love I know not when or how."

It sang the strain loudly, then repeated it softly.

"Only this, only this;

This that once you loved me,

Only this I love you now."

And the voice brought a big tremolo to bear upon the last words much to the delight of the listeners.

Alida shuddered and felt the joy of her own triumph passing.

Just as the woman in brown was beginning the refrain of the second verse, Alida heard a rough voice in the office—

"Only thish, only thish,

Only thish—"

Then her hands crashed on the keys as with a bump and an oath Judson of the Circle C ranch reeled into the parlor and pushed his way up to the piano.

"Be careful, he's got a gun," she heard some one say as she slipped from the piano stool over into the shadow of the friendly landlady.

"Good piano—should shay so," said Judson critically. "Would please any woman." He turned as if seeking a second to his opinion and his eyes met those of the woman in brown who stood silently clutching her music.

"Why, Helen," he walked unsteadily toward her. "So you did come after all. I thought you weren't coming. See, I'm going to buy you that piano for a wedding present. Come and try it."

Alida horror stricken, watched him grasp the wrist of the woman in brown. Then she looked beyond them as the parlor door opened and saw Ralph Myrton, violinist, step forward and seize the drunkard's arm.

Judson dropped Helen's wrist and turned to remonstrate while she looked at her champion and gasped. He returned her look calmly, steadily.

"You keep out," broke in Judson. "She's goin' to marry me. I paid agent in Chicago ten dollars and Helen paid five. I have to pay five more, but Helen doesn't—aint it so, Helen? Marri—monial agency."

"Put him out boys," said the landlady. "This piano's mine and this lady belongs to the concert company."

Alida then saw the woman in brown as she threw back her head, look



straight at the violinist again and speak bravely:

"No; what Mr. Judson says is true. I'm not really with the company—and I've promised to marry him."

Myrton had assumed control of things. "You go in there," he said to the woman in brown, pointing to the dining room. She obeyed him and tottered past Alida, who shrunk close to the tenor's side.

"You go in, too," said the tenor. And Alida followed the woman.

"I'll tend to him," she heard the tenor say to Myrton as she closed the door.

Alida began to sob weakly. "They'll kill him." The woman in brown had sunk into a chair and hidden her face on the long primly set table. As Alida listened she heard nothing but laughter and loud voices. Then she saw the door open and watched Myrton enter the room and go straight to the side of the woman in brown. "Don't be afraid. They've put him out. He'll not bother you any more."

Alida sighed with relief. The tenor was safe. She slipped over into the shadow of the window. Outside, the November moon was wildly chasing gray clouds across wide gaps of sky.

She heard the woman in brown speaking dully, "I knew you in a minute, though it's been ten years."

"Helen."

"Life gets harder for us all, every year. For women anyway. But I never dreamed of seeing you here."

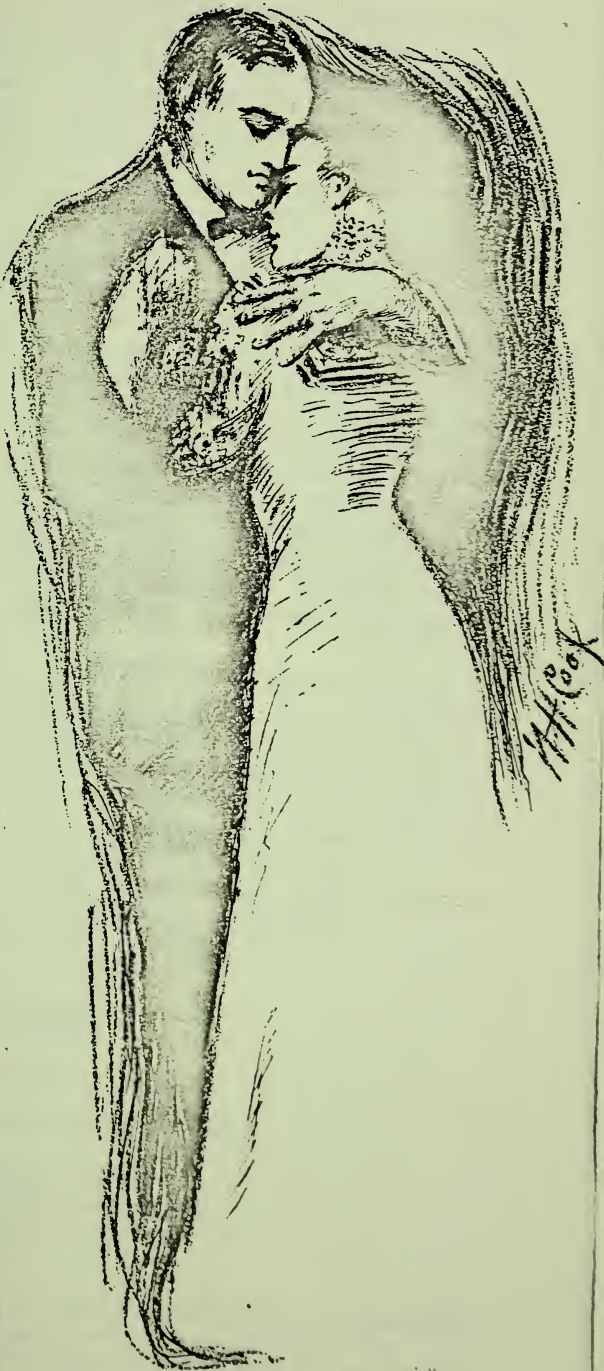
Alida heard the woman in brown begin to sob; then the deep voice of the violinist as he tried to sooth her.

"Don't try to talk till you get quiet. That fool scared you. Shall I fetch the landlady?" he added lamely.

"No, Ralph, I'd rather have you. I want to tell you about it, if I can think. I'm alone here and have just two dollars left."

"I supposed you were in Chicago still," he said. "Married or a big singer like you said you were goin' to be when you sent me away. You had big plans ahead."

"Big dreams—that was all. After mother died, I was just pushed around. I have clerked, waited table—anything to live. One of my friends got a good



Then You Do Need Me, After All.

man through an agency. So I tried. I met Jud in Chicago once. He seemed kind." Her sobs came faster.

"Now, Helen, don't, don't. You ain't goin' to marry that in there." He paused a moment then spoke rapidly. "Helen, I ain't done well neither. I lost heart after you sent me away and have just drifted. Ain't saved no money. But I can make enough to take care of you, Helen, if you'll let me. I've never loved anybody else. Maybe I can't even love you like I did once. But I'll be good to you."

"No! No! I spoiled your life once. I might again. Maybe you'll lend me money enough to get back to Chicago. I'll never forget you were kind to me."

Alida, an unwilling listener, slipped toward the door. From the parlor came the voice of the tenor singing Helen's song:

"Only this, only this;

This, that once you loved me;

Only this, I love you now."

Alida caught Myrton's husky whisper, "Helen." And as she closed the door, she saw the woman in brown hiding her face on his shabby shoulder.

In the parlor the tenor sat alone singing softly while from the office came the voices of the cowboys. Alida put out her hands to him as he sprang towards her. "Dearest, you were frightened. You do need me after all."

"Yes," whispered Alida, "I was

wrong. I am afraid of the big life. It is all dreams with me, I am sure." As he drew her close, she quickly told him the story of Myrton and the woman in brown.

"I want to save you from ever feeling that way," said the tenor.

"Oh, I don't want to spoil our lives," whispered Alida clinging close to him. "Tonight when I thought you might be shot, I realized how nothing in art could make up for you. I realized then how much I loved you."

She began to sob again then gave herself up to his soothing words and caresses and gradually became calm.

"The concert; I must not forget that," she said suddenly. "Myrton needs all we can do for him."

"Why this has been great for Myrton," interrupted the tenor, "I sold four pianos in five minutes. The boys were keen about the way he stood by that woman. I sold pianos like I was selling a yard of muslin. And I'll bet he'll sell some more after the concert this evening. Now you must go and rest."

As Alida left the parlor, she saw the woman in brown and the violinist coming in from the dining room and heard the tenor telling Myrton, "You'll get your new clothes all right and then some. You can sell pianos down here, if you show them off right."

And Alida no longer felt lonely, as she climbed the steep stairs.

Resurgam

BY CARL ARNOLD

Written by a life prisoner on receiving a commutation of sentence.

*No fearsome ghost of yesterday's defeat,
No phantom wreck of old hopes, lost and gone,
Shall rise to quench my spirit now, or cheat
Me of tomorrow's dawn.*

*know that on this ruin I can rear
A temple as my Lord would have it be,
And in my heart there works not any fear
O, my God, has for me.*

*And, building, I shall receive the exultant thrill
That, in creative hours, the artist knows
When some dim fancy, caught by brain and will,
To immortal beauty grows.*

John J. Ingalls

BY W. P. HACKNEY

I AM ASKED to pen a few lines relative to the charge of plagiarism, claimed to have been indulged in by the distinguished dead whose name heads this article, in his world famous eulogy of the late Congressman Burns of Missouri, delivered in the United States senate, on the 23rd day of February, 1889.

"Men make a nation."

"States are not great except as men make them."

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

And when "life's fitful fever" is over, they pass from the stage of action, into that eclipse which is called by the people of the world, death.

John J. Ingalls, lean and spare almost to emaciation, with a head like to that of St. Paul; by nature a poet, a scholar of surpassing accomplishments; a linguist never excelled anywhere; a man of lofty ideals; as a word painter was unrivaled. "Born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually pugnacious and combative," he was for eighteen years, in the United State senate, without a rival in forensic encounter, always.

After the delivery of that wonderful eulogy upon Burns, which attracted world wide admiration and commendation, an obscure newspaper man, delving deep down among time worn, dust covered and long forgotten books, found a funeral oration delivered in the time of Louis XIV of France, by a priest of the name of Massillon. History tells us that Jean Baptist Massillon was one of the most distinguished pulpit orators of his time. His funeral oration on the Prince de Conti, delivered in 1709, was one of the greatest triumphs of his oratory, and it is this oration from which it is claimed John J. Ingalls got his inspiration for his masterpiece on the death of Burns.

Comparing the one with the other the editor in question published the dearily parallel, Ingalls's oration and that of Massillon being twins, so to speak, and thereupon, the cadavers who infest the editorial sanctum, commenced a veritable "polyglot in the temple of Babel" over the alleged plagiarism.

After the storm of invective had spent its force Mr. Ingalls was questioned relative thereto. He replied: "Any man who has the ability to appreciate, and the industry to search out from among the musty pages of the past, and find an oration such as that of Massillon, delivered two hundred and fifty years before, has a right to use it as he pleases, and it is no one's business."

Whether Ingalls saw the oration before he wrote his eulogy of Burns, and used it as a basis therefor, or whether after, is wholly immaterial, since he was perfectly able to coin language like unto that, with little effort to himself, indeed. In literature he was a master throughout, and had a mind, and vocabulary suited thereto, that enabled him, as no man before him, to measure fully the heights, depths, lengths and breadths of human emotions. He was master of all of the keys which, when so touched, play upon the hopes and fears, aspirations and despair, possible in the human heart.

On January 25, 1883, six years before, he delivered a eulogy upon "Ben" Hill in that body, more eloquent, persuasive and powerful, if possible, than the one in question, and no one made like accusations relative thereto. On that occasion, he said, in part:

Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country.

Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between

these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another form; whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy; or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel; whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumstances he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest

and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

When it was known in Washington that he was to speak, the senate galleries were full to overflowing. A great audience greeted him there always, and when he retired therefrom, there was none in all the land to fill his place. As was said of him:

He knew language as the devout Moslem knew his Koran. All the deeps and shallows of the sea of words have been sounded and surveyed by him and duly marked upon the chart of his great mentality. In the presence of an audience he was a magician like those of Egypt; under the power of his magic, syllables became scorpions—an inflection became an indictment; and with words he builded temples of thought that excited at first the wonder and at all times the admiration of the world of literature and statesmanship. He was emperor in the realm of expression. The English-speaking people will listen long before again they hear the harmony born of that perfect fitting of phrase to thought that marked the utterances of John J. Ingalls.



Clubbed

BY JANUS L. HAMM



HE WAS more interesting than the average tramp. He possessed that indescribable something which attracts attention; and impressed me as being a victim, rather than a wilful vagabond.

I spoke to him.

He half rose, then sank back as if suddenly realizing the contrast of our

appearances. He studied me a minute, then steadily arose and extended his hand, remarking:

"I don't know you; but there's something—there's something; I don't know what! Who are you?"

"Benden," I said.

He shook his head.

"I'm a barber," I continued.

He looked up with a start, then sank back and covered his face with his hands as if crying.

After some urging he explained that he was once a barber in Kansas and was forced almost to starvation by a sweet little woman who had indirectly and unconsciously caused his ruin.

"Early in the spring a young couple came to our town," he began. "The husband often came to my barber shop, until after the presidential election, when on account of losing an election wager he was forced to let his beard grow. The young wife demanded that he shave, but he refused. She then reported to the local Woman's Club which investigated the matter and as an expression of their sympathy passed this resolution."

Here he handed me a slip of paper which read:

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Suffer Club, sympathize with Mrs. Pester in the growing of her husband's beard.

"Resolved, That in order to bring pressure to bear upon the husband of the said Mrs. Pester, to cause him to divest himself of this unnecessary growth, we will not be recognized as the wives of, nor live in the home with any man who has, or attempts to grow, any hair (or, as is commonly called whiskers) upon his face.

"Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be handed to the husband of each member of this club."

As I finished reading he continued:

"Well, as might be expected, every married man in the town took advantage of this opportunity; and quit shaving. Day after day I sat idly in my shop hoping that the men would not comply with this resolution. But no!

"Starvation at last forced me to another town; but there I found the same conditions existing, and learned that the women of my town had appealed to the State Federation which issued a general order affecting the beards of all the husbands in the state. I tramped on from town to town only to find others of my trade suffering the same misfortune.

"At last I went into Missouri but having never before passed the boundaries of my own state I could not speak the Missouri language, and make my wants known, so I have drifted on as you see. My grief is not alone for myself, but for those I have left behind. The once happy state is now inhabited by heart broken women and bearded men. The children at school quarrel over the length of their fathers' beards, and the old bald headed row at the country theater, which in my childhood days I learned to reverence, is filled with whiskers."



The Lion

BY JOHN L. HOBBLE

EVEN in our day, a talking lion would be considered a great curiosity. How much more so one must have been in the days when nature fakirs had accomplished but little.

This lion had never roamed the wilds of Africa nor had he been reared in a zoological garden. He had never enjoyed the freedom of the former nor the convenience and plenty of the latter; but was discovered, captured, and led away from the slums of New York by the gentlest and most timid of fortune seekers. This little fortune seeker was not by vocation a lion hunter, but a soap peddler. For years she had walked the narrow streets, selling her wares that she might provide for herself and invalid husband. Each day came and went with but little variation from the monotonous occurrences she had experienced for years. Each day she walked the same territory; each day she had the same disappointments; and each day she went home more tired and more discouraged; but always with the hope that some day fortune would visit her home.

On this day, she had wandered into a new street. Seldom had she ventured into streets unknown to her, and then only when the demand for her goods among acquaintances, was insufficient to provide the necessities of life. After she had knocked upon the most unfriendly looking door on this most unfriendly street and in return heard the terrifying roar of a lion: "Come in," she would gladly have turned and ran had she possessed the strength. She stood trembling as the old weather beaten door swung open and she came face to face with a horribly crippled and wasted giant, who greeted her with another and more terrifying roar: "Come in. You won't be hurt."

She stepped in, not that she was willing to confide in him, but afraid not to obey. The door slammed and

she stood before the lion who, though his legs had been cut off just below his knees, towered above her. His sunken cheeks and colorless face told the story of his starvation; and the dull stare of his eyes reflected the mental misery that his physical sufferings had imposed. As the little woman stood trembling, scarcely venturing to look into his face, he demanded, with his usual roar, what she might want. At this she held forth her basket of soap, too frightened to speak. He took one of the pieces and, after setting his teeth into it, threw it upon the floor and shouted:

"Is that all you brought me?"

"I sell it," said the little woman, meekly.

"If it was something to eat, you wouldn't sell it to me. I'm hungry. Get me something."

"Please let me go, and I will."

The giant shook the little woman by the arm and, jerking her toward him, roared: "If you're lying to me, you'll wish you had never lived. Go and get it."

When the little woman gained her freedom, she ran, neither knowing nor caring where, only to get away. She ran for a mile, not even venturing to look back, until she came abruptly upon a caged lion that gave such a roar as did the giant. Frightened, as she would naturally be under the circumstances, she screamed for help, and was promptly waited upon by the keeper. On his demanding why she desired help, she became embarrassed and confused; and, not wishing to explain the peculiar circumstances which brought her so abruptly before the cage, remarked: "Can your lion talk?"

"Talk?" and the keeper gave a loud laugh. "If he could, I would be a millionaire before night."

The suggestion of so much money made her eyes flash; and the dream of being able to place before the people

such a wonder as a talking lion, made her feel that the acquisition of such a sum was not beyond her possibilities. She was so full of the profound belief that fortune was within her reach that for a moment she was unable to speak. At last she ventured: "How much will you give if I find you a talking lion?"

"About five million dollars," said the keeper.

"Don't be so close," spoke up the second man. "Don't take advantage of the lady; make it ten."

Here they had a laugh at her expense.

"Of course, I cannot find a talking lion; but how much will you give me if I find you a man who has a voice like a lion. You can fix him up to look like one and the people will never know the difference."

Although the men somewhat doubted the possibility of finding such a man, they were sufficiently interested to inquire further into the proposition. It was at last agreed that if the little woman could direct them to the place where the man could be found with a voice as described by her; and, if the owner of the voice could be induced to enter the services of the keeper, she should receive twenty-five dollars for each week that he remained.

The three, provided with an abundant supply of eatables to tame the lion, started to his home. As they reached the door of this peculiar home, the little woman bravely stepped forward and knocked.

The roar, "Come in," which she had heard on her former visit, again penetrated the walls. The two men, startled by the sound of the voice which they had hardly hoped to hear, turned to run; but the little woman, placing implicit confidence in her supply of eatables as a pacifier, stood quietly as the door opened and the huge form appeared.

"More soap?" he roared.

In reply she handed him the supply of provisions, which he greedily devoured, never even stopping to speak.

As the last of the food disappeared, he arose and demanded that they en-

ter, assuring them that they would suffer no harm.

"You didn't lie," said the giant to the little woman.

"Have you no other way to get things to eat?" she asked.

"What could I do, crippled?"

"Would you like a job?"

"I'd do anything. I'd steal before I'd starve, if I was able."

The keeper addressed the giant: "Then we will give you an opportunity to make a living with your voice. We want a trained lion—a talking lion; and if you agree we will cover you with the skin of a lion that lately died and let you take your place among the animals of the zoo."

With a nod and an expressionless grin, the giant agreed.

The flashy illustrations and descriptions of the wonderful talking lion attracted all New York. He was described as having been captured in Africa by the natives; and worshiped by them on account of his ability to reproduce many sounds made by the human voice. After a siege of six months, he was captured from these natives by a band of warriors from Cape of Good Hope, and by them sold to the managers of the Harden Zoo. To convince the people of his being real, a purse of one thousand dollars was offered to any one who would enter the cage, remain five minutes and return alive.

Never before had such crowds visited the Harden Zoo, nor such interest been shown in an animal. Although the lion did not readily answer the many questions asked him; he had certain words and expressions which he often appropriately used. His favorite being, "You're a liar!" which was repeated over and over to the great enjoyment of all present, especially the one to whom the remark might be addressed.

The little woman who was responsible for the lion being placed before the people was always present; and fully realized how petty was her compensation as compared with the profit made by the others. She often demanded more money, but was as often refused. At last she resolved to claim the thousand dollars offered by the

managers. She was not afraid of being injured by the lion whom she had befriended; so on one evening she stepped forward and offered to enter the cage.

The keeper at first paid no attention to the little woman, but went on relating the history of the wonderful animal.

She again demanded a hearing; and the keeper was forced to listen. He laughed, and treated her proposal as a joke, but she insisted.

Unable to meet her demands with a better excuse he explained that in order to release the managers from all responsibility she would be required to produce a written agreement from herself and each member of her family that in case of her death no one connected with the Harden Zoo would be held responsible.

The managers of the zoo were at a loss to know how to meet the problem. They realized that the little woman would suffer no harm for of all people, she would be least subject to injury from the lion.

Many plans were suggested to prevent his exposure, but all seemed too weak in some particular. At last the electrician of the company made the suggestion to wire the floor of the cage so as to give the little woman a severe electric shock as she entered, then if she did not retreat, a current sufficiently strong to render her insensible would be turned on; and she would be carried from the cage supposed to have been frightened.

Early the next day the preparations for the event were being made. The

lion was instructed how to act on the occasion; and provided with wax coverings for his feet to protect him from the electric shock.

That evening as the keeper saw the little woman in the foreground of the crowd, he chuckled to himself at the thought of the surprise she would soon experience. The lion himself as he paced back and forth before the bars, saw the little woman, and longed for an opportunity to acquaint her with the fate to which she would soon be subjected.

Amid cheers from the crowd, the little woman mounted the steps leading to the entrance of the cage, handed the document to the keeper, and demanded entrance.

The crowd became breathlessly quiet as the keeper unlocked the heavy door of the cage. The little woman sprang in as if anxious to attack the monstrous beast. Hardly had she passed the door when she began to jerk as if going into convulsions at the sight of the lion that crouched in the farther corner of the cage ready to spring.

But a moment passed until the lion made a lunge forward and, rising upon his hind legs, grabbed the little woman in his fore paws as if to crush her. As he lifted her from the floor she became composed as if confident of protection; and as the lion stood there, erect, holding her in his arms as though she were only a doll, a woman near the cage screamed:

"Take her away; he'll kill her!"

Then in that same roaring voice which even then was not suspected as belonging to any but a real lion, he replied: "You're a liar!"

Helpless Waifs Adrift

BY I. T. MARTIN

PERHAPS one of the greatest problems of the day, is the proper management of the delinquent children for which every city is noted, and Kansas City, Kansas, being the

largest in the state, is naturally to the front in the handling of this live question. It is altogether likely also, that the home maintained by the Wyandotte Juvenile Institute, just beyond





The Rendevous of the Gang.

the city lines, is one of the most unique institutions of its kind in the entire world.

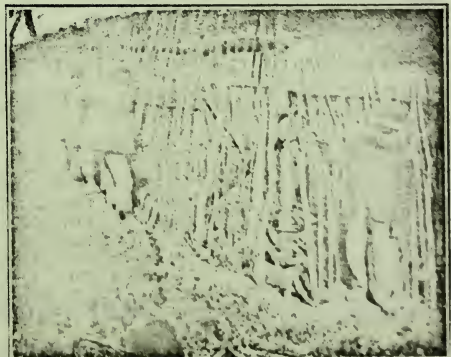
Rev. Horace Wallace Burr, a young minister of the city, best known for his work among the various missions, is under salary as manager of the institute, his wife also the paid matron of the institution. The couple bought a wild tract of land some few years ago, as an investment, and upon this land, they have builded the small frame house which serves as the "Institute" of Wyandotte County.

Mr. Burr is a firm believer in the fact that every one—even the children—should work for his possessions and for his comforts, and is unalterably opposed to the handsome institutions of the country, in which are housed the orphans and the little wayward youth of the country. According to his method of reasoning, the luxuriant appointments of these places, unfit the children for the more modest homes into which they must drift, after they leave the various institutions.

"It is the height of folly," said Mr.



Clearing the Fields at the Home.



Leading the Strenuous Life.

Burr, "to give the wayward lad, the ward of the state or county, or the orphan, the ward of the bounty of the



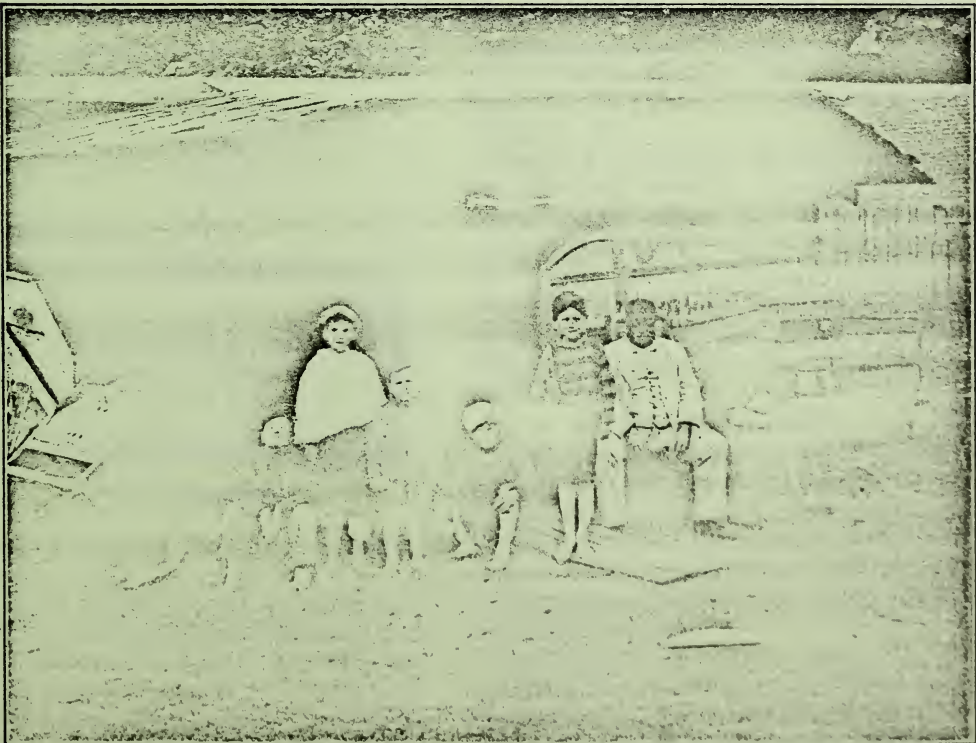
Felling the Giant of the Forest.

and a spirit of industry and honor will be grafted upon them, until they will finally learn to prize only that which is earned "by the sweat of the brow."

Mr. Burr takes a rather Puritan stand in the matter, and while few there are who will agree with his theories, Wyandotte County has put the theory to the test, by giving into the keeping of Mr. Burr, the delinquent youth of the city and the experiment will be watched with interest throughout the country where the child problem is ever prominently to the foreground.

The first step along forbidden lines, is taken when the youth, inclined to waywardness, absents himself from the school room, and with a few boon companions, answers the call of the "Big Muddy" and the wanderlust of the spring time, by gathering about the river bank in Kansas City, there to plot and plan for the few pennies

citizens, a shower bath and every possible modern improvement, when he must leave the place for a home where he usually has not even the privilege of an ordinary tub bath. Make the children work for what is given them,



The Junk Shop and Its Victims.

which needs be forthcoming for the idle hours of the immediate future.

Harvesting machinery and similar implements are stored near the "West Bottoms," and these lads long since discovered that it was a comparatively easy task for one of the smaller of the crowd, to crawl under the fences, tear away the copper and the various metal of the machinery, while the other companions remained on guard, to give the signal at the sign of the "bull," the street lad's title for the policeman. It would be hard to estimate the value of the metal thus carried away, or the damage in dollars and cents to the machinery thus treated, but the game though old, is ever new, and each season brings its own urchins to try their hand with their luck.

These lads had a rendezvous, discovered by Mr. Burr, where they were wont to meet and divide the profits of the day's spoils, after the fashion of older and more hardened heads. Here were planned the week's work; here the stolen property was hidden if need be, and here Mr. Burr surprised the handful of lads at work, the illustra-



Youthful Gardeners.

tion here given, a result of his watchfulness.

A junk dealer—probably several of them, but certainly one particular junk dealer of the city, bought all the metal that these lads brought to his place of business, and was doing a thriving business, until Mr. Burr got upon his track, when stock in the business venture suddenly fell away below par.

Some of the boys who finally wind up at the Juvenile Institute are not given to stealing, but are merely foolish children, boastful of their ability to run away from school without being caught, and of their prowess



The Unique Home for Juvenile Delinquents Just Beyond the Park at Kansas City, Kansas.

in "hopping" moving freight cars. More as a preventative than anything else, these boys are rounded up by the police and a few months in the Institute usually cures them of the desire to ride the freights, and instills into their young minds, an idea, be it ever so faint, of the value of a good grasp of the three R's.

One of the lads now at the Institute, lost his hand when he was but eleven years of age, while at work at the "gutting machine," at one of the packing houses, and Mr. Burr is now endeavoring to have the packers educate the boy and fit him for an office position, guaranteeing him a position when he is so fitted.

A TREASURE SPOT.

More than one citizen of Kansas City, anxious to while away an hour or two on a chill fall day, has made his way to "The Dump," that place of the inelegant title, but shrouded with mystery by those who are ever on the alert for hidden wealth.

The keeper of "the dump" is a salaried official and a man of no small importance in the immediate neighborhood. The questions that are constantly being hurled at him, by the curious, are as amusing as are his replies, and

what he does not know about "the dump" and its hidden treasures, is not worth mentioning about Packerville.

Not long since, a man actually wanted to buy "the dump," for the sole purpose of having it searched for the

bolts or bars about the place—no locks to suggest the prison—only the blue expanse of the heavens and the immense acreage of the surrounding park and vacant land, yet they seldom make even an attempt to escape.

The home itself is little more than a shack, so small that the bonds of home manufacture, made of plain boards nailed together, are set out in the country when the occupants arise, thus doing double duty—saving the room so badly needed and insuring a certain amount of fresh air with its beneficent result, and doing away with all possibility of contagion from "stuffy" or poorly ventilated beds.

The lads lead the strenuous life at the Institute and most of them enjoy it. They are put to work to clear the tract of land adjoining the Institute, and have felled the giant trees, cleared the fields of rock, and builded a low wall that would be a creditable piece of workmanship for a mechanic. Within a few years, the land will have been converted into a beauty spot, if the present rate of progress continues, and the Wyandotte Juvenile Institute will be able to boast of more pretentious quarters.

The boys are taught to make and care for the garden, and each one takes a special pride in the particular strip of land given over to him, and watches the growth of the vegetables, with more anxiety than the weather-beaten gardeners, whose livelihood depends upon the success of the crop.

While it is the plan of Mr. Burr to get as far away as possible from the institutional ideas, as a matter of necessity, certain rules, more or less strict, are laid down for the management of the boys, and they soon learn that these rules must be implicitly obeyed. Seldom has a lad attempted to escape, which is the best kind of a testimonial for the discipline in effect



Treasures for "The Dump."

gold dust which popular superstition credits it with being lined, but as an institution, it could not be spared and thus one more enterprising citizen lost an opportunity to pile up a fabulous fortune for his children.

The large wholesale houses of the vicinity use "the dump" as a place to quickly lose the broken crackers and candy and similar edibles, that would not bring enough at a sale to pay for the trouble. The food is not left to waste on the desert air—far from it; it is scarcely unloaded until a veritable swarm of husky lads and lassies are there with all manner of baskets, fighting for their share of the trophies. The arrival of a Loose-Wiles wagon, for instance, is a signal for merriment, for a treat is sure to be in store for the children, to whom cracked cakes and braken, scorched and spoiled candy is lots better than none at all. These children have no fear of microbes and everything goes, that can find its way down the not too particular throats.

When the lads are brought to the Wyandotte Juvenile Institute, they are surprised to find that there are no

at the home. On Sunday in fair weather, the boys are treated to a ramble in the woods, returning loaded to the guards with wild flowers, with which the little cottage is decorated during the spring and summer months.

Most of the children of course, come from the homes of the desperately poor and ignorant and there is room for improvement along every possible line, in mental as well as in physical development. Mr. Burr is enthusiastic indeed, and insists that even a period of two or three months at the Institute, works wonders in the development of the boys. His plan is new and original—

hard, many would say—and the outcome of the experiment will prove



The Keeper of "The Dump" and a Few Guests.

whether or not Wyandotte County has opened the way for a new treatment of the problem of delinquent youth.

Scenery and Weather in Fiction

BY EMMA UPTON VAUGHN

IT WAS first designated that this paper should deal only with scenery in fiction, but it was found that the aspect of a scene is so dependent on the weather through which it is viewed, as to make the two subjects nearly inseparable.

Sometimes the masters of word painting have set a scene before us in two or three sentences; sometimes they use several pages to the same end. When the shorter description can be made clear, it is far the more effective.

One of the most vivid of the long descriptions is that in which Haggard depicts the thunder storm on the Vaal, in the midst of which ill-fated Jess and her English lover so nearly met their death. In reading it the belief that Haggard had really seen such a storm in such a place is easy, so clearly does he make his readers see it.

It was an awful night. Great pillars of mud-colored cloud came creeping across the veldt towards them, seemingly blown along without a wind. And now, too, a ghostly looking ringed moon arose and threw a weird, distorted light upon the blackness

that seemed to shudder in her rays, as though with the prescience of the advancing terror. On crept the mud colored columns, and on above them, and resting on them, came the muttering storm. * * * * *

Down, right on to them, its center bowed out like the belly of a sail, by the weight of the wind behind, swept the great storm cloud, while over its surface the lightning played unceasingly, appearing and disappearing in needles of fire, and twisting and writhing serpentwise round and about its outer edges. So brilliant was the intermittent light that it seemed to fire the revolving pillars of mud colored cloud beneath, and gave ghastly peeps of river and bank and plain, miles upon miles away. But perhaps the most awful thing of all was the preternatural silence. The distant muttering of thunder that had been heard had died away, and now the great storm swept on in silent majesty, like the passage of a ghostly host, from which rose no sound of feet, or rolling of wheels. Only before it sped the swift angels of the wind, and behind it swung the curtain of the rain.

Contrasting sharply with this in its utter peace is Miss Johnstone's portrayal of autumn in a Virginia forest, which occurs in "To Have and to Hold." We feel the charm of the languorous Indian summer steal like a

poppy dream over us as we read:

Over all things, near and far, the forest where it met the sky, the nearer woods, the great river, and the streams emptying into it, there hung a blue haze, soft and dream-like. The forest became a painted forest, with an ever thinning canopy, and an ever thickening carpet, of crimson and gold; everywhere there was a low rustling under foot and a slow rain of color. It was neither cold nor hot, but very quiet, and the birds went by like shadows.

How pitifully like some stunted human lives, that seem obliged to waste the force that should grow them to their full height in a constant effort to merely live, is the locust tree described by James Lane Allen in his "Reign of Law." It is evident that David's window in the dormitory of the Bible College looked down into the back yard.

Year after year this particular tree had remained patiently backed up behind the dormitory, for the bearing of garments to be dusted or dried. More than once during the winter, the lad had gazed out of his snow crusted panes at this dwarfed donkey of the woods, its feet buried in ashes, its body covered with kitchen dishrags and Bible students' frozen underwear. He had reasoned that such trial and such servitude had killed it. But as he looked out of the window now, his eyes caught sight of the early faltering green in which this child of the forest was struggling to clothe itself in its own life vestments.

One of the most peculiar and gruesome of storms, or perhaps should be said, effect of a storm, is that given by Hardy in "Far from the Madding Crowd." Only a few feet from the church porch in which Sergeant Troy lay asleep, the gargoyle on the tower directed a stream of water from its hideous mouth directly on the new made grave of his unmarried wife and new born child, presenting next morning to his shocked gaze a mudhole in place of the trim mound which he had planted the evening before, in flowers.

Dickens sets a winter scene clearly before us in his delineation of the graveyard in which Gabriel Grubb chose to work on Christmas eve, that his morbid spirit might not be vexed with witnessing the Christmas joy in his neighbors' homes.

Gabriel paused in some alarm in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked around. The bottom of the oldest

grave about him was not more still and quiet than was the church yard in the pale moonlight. The cold hoar frost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems along the stone carvings of the old church. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground, and spread over the thickly strewn mounds of earth so white and smooth a cover that it seemed as if corpses lay there, hidden only by the winding sheets. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquility of the solemn scene. Sound itself seemed to be frozen up, all was so cold and still!

An author's style of depicting scenery is often so individual that a few lines of description reveals his identity. Who can read a paragraph of William Black, for example, without recognizing him by his peculiar and profuse use of the word "and," which monosyllable he rather overworks or fail to detect James Lane Allen by the relationship which he never fails to find, or makes so clear that his reader cannot fail to find, between natural objects and the human soul? This quality of the latter tempts us further to quote from "The Reign of Law," his description of a Kentucky sleet storm.

Fancy David waking up in the ghostly hours after an evening of the all too common but most trying loneliness which is endured when physically in the same room with, yet spiritually miles apart from, those whose daily lives touch our own most closely. It was on that evening when his mother so admirably kept the letter, while she so cruelly crucified the spirit, of the supper hour. Picture him in his loneliness standing at the window and looking out at the scene.

The moon rose high by this time, and its radiance pouring from above on the roof of riftless cloud, diffused light enough below to render large objects near at hand visible in bulk and outline. A row of old cedars stretched across the yard. Their shapes, so familiar to him, were already disordered. The sleet must have been falling for hours to have weighed them down this way and that. A peculiarity of the night was the wind, which increased constantly, but with fitful violence, giving no warning of its high sweep, seizure, and wrench. * * * *

There suddenly reverberated to him a deep boom as of cannon; one of the great trees—two-forked in its mighty summit, and already burdened in each half by its tons of timber—split in twain at the fork as if cleft by lightning, and now only the pointed

trunk stood like a funeral shaft above its own ruins. * * * *

The ground was one flooring of glass; and as some of the small branches dropped from the treetops they were broken into fragments like icicles, and slid rattling away into the nearest depressions in the ground.

Now listen to the music and the magic with which our own gentle Whittier lays, in "Snowbound," another winter scene before us.

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full. The hill-range stood
Transfigured in its silver flood;
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen;
Dead white, save where some deep ravine
Took shadow; or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible.

How easy to imagine, from Hawthorne's masterly word painting, the

darkening forest where Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale sat on the heap of moss which had once been a huge pine. How true to life and love the sudden shaft of sunshine that lit the erstwhile gloom as they resolved to forget the past, conscience, law—all but their love and each other. How the womanly beauty came back to Hester's face as love once more glowed in her heart. Ah, the mystery, the bliss, the sadness, and the awful power, of life's strongest passion!

Each reader doubtlessly recalls many other passages whose clearness or beauty struck him most forcibly. For each mind possesses its own private picture gallery wherein are hung the word paintings of the masters of language; and naturally, no two collections are ever quite identical.

James W. Robison

JAMES W. ROBISON, founder of the Whitewater Falls Stock Farm, ex-member of the Kansas Board of Railroad Commissioners, ex-president of the State Board of Agriculture, ex-president of the Kansas Cattlemen's Association, a well known authority throughout the state on farming and stock raising, an active member of the Republican party for more than a half century and a highly respected well-to-do citizen, died at his home in El Dorado, July 2nd.

Mr. Robison was born March 19, 1831, in Scotland; came to America with his parents when a little over a year old and settled in Pennsylvania; later moved to Detroit, Michigan, and then to Illinois in his early youth. At sixteen years of age he was dependent upon himself for maintenance and education and possessing a sturdy physical constitution, tireless energy, a clear far seeing mind and a determination to succeed he went to work on a farm, attending school only three months out of a year. He saved his money and attended college at Jack-

sonville, Illinois, several years. Re-engaging in farming in Tazwell County, Illinois, he was very successful and soon owned large tracts of land.

He was married to Miss Sarah A. Woodrow in Illinois, March 28, 1860, and to this union were born nine sons, six of whom grew to manhood and four of whom are still living, all in Butler County. They are: Leslie W., James C., Frank L. and Fred G. Robison.

He was a member of the Illinois senate from 1875 to 1879 and was president of the Illinois State Board of Horticulture. He was an enthusiast on apple growing, and owned large orchards. He was called "Apple Robison" in Illinois.

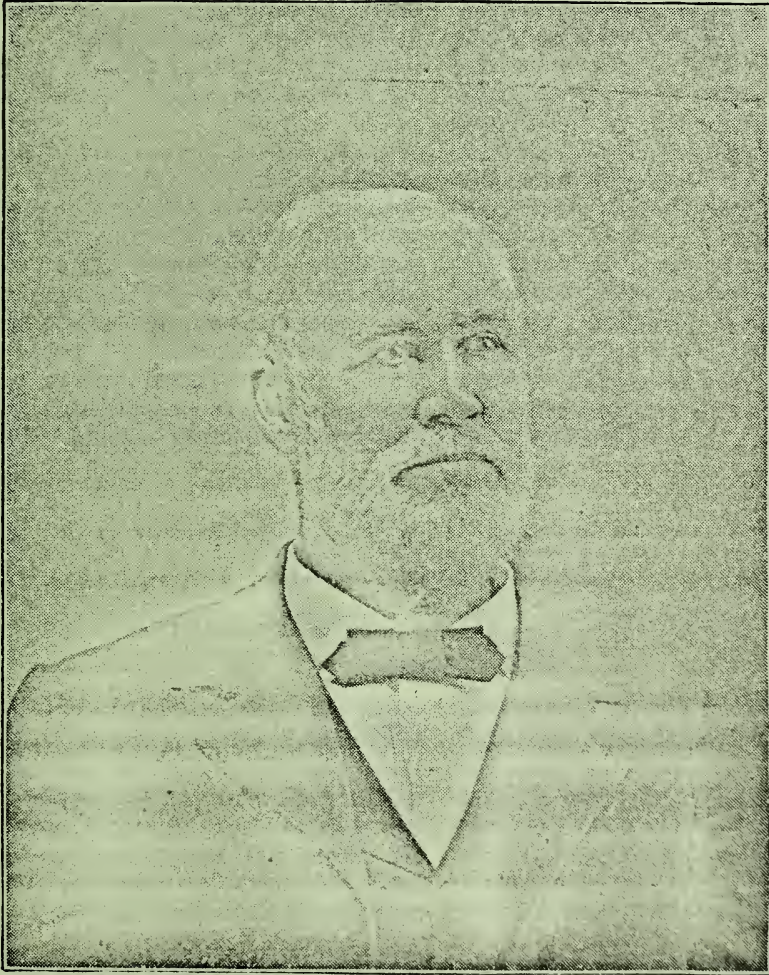
Mr. Robison came to Butler County in 1884, became infatuated with the soil and climate, loved the rivers, the hills and the valley, believed in the future of the county, purchased a tract of land on the Whitewater and moved his family here. He added to his landed interests from time to time and the advance in land and his success in farming and stock raising made him

wealthy. Mr. Robison and his sons owned ten thousand acres of land in this county and had at one time ten thousand acres under lease, making twenty thousand acres in all.

When Mr. Robison first came to Butler county he was a great enthusiast in growing wheat. He had as

over twelve hundred acres of alfalfa on these farms. Mr. Robison was one of the pioneers in the planting of this wonderful crop in Butler County, which ranks second in the state in the production of alfalfa, having about thirty-six thousand acres planted.

While in Illinois Mr. Robison be-



James W. Robison.

many as one thousand acres planted to wheat and one year he and his sons raised one hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels. In this way Mr. Robison became known as "Wheat Robison." Two thousand acres of corn have been planted on the Robison farms in a single year and several hundred acres of oats. There are now

came interested in the breeding of Percheron horses and has since continued the business. About twelve years ago he formed a partnership with his son, James C., in the breeding and importing of Percheron horses. Their success has been phenomenal and today the Whitewater Falls Stock Farm is the largest and best known Percheron



farm in America. Last February their Percheron sale in Wichita averaged the highest of any sale of Percherons ever held in America. Their herd stallion, Casino (45,462), 27,830, is the best imported Percheron in America, winning his laurels at the World's Fair in St. Louis and other state and county fairs. On May 5, 1909, they dedicated the largest barn in Kansas on the farm with a "barn dance," entertaining nearly one thousand people. A big sale pavilion is now being constructed on the farm.

About a year ago Mr. Robison desiring to retire from active business, dissolved partnership with his son and divided his property among his four sons and his grandchildren, retaining only his elegant residence in this city. J. C. Robison, who has managed the horse ranch for several years, continues that business.

J. W. Robison's activity in farming and stock raising made him president

of both the State Board of Agriculture and the Kansas Cattlemen's Association, and his large shipping interests and his interest in politics made him a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners.

In the radical days of Populism when legal proceedings failed to secure demands in freight rates, asked for by the Cattlemen's Association, Mr. Robison announced that the whole organization would back the Populist state ticket unless they secured relief. This was before he was a member of the railroad board and brought about a conference with railroad officials and a compromise in rates which satisfied the cattlemen.

A few months ago Mr. Robison visited southern Texas and being delighted with the irrigated lands there and, prognosticating a great future for that country, purchased two hundred acres and had planted several acres of Rocky Ford cantaloupes.

Ma-An-Yah

A TRUE ROMANCE OF THE WYANDOTTES

BY MRS N. M. HARRIS

THE CONTRAST between the times now and days of the distant past is more marked in all other things pertaining to life than in the emotions which stir the soul of humanity: sorrows wring the heart, joy animates the spirit as they have in all ages. Fashions, customs, change with the era, but in human emotions "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

This story of the strange and sorrowful fate of Ma-an-yah brings forcibly before us this truth—a pathetic fate which found surcease in the happiness which came to her in after years in her new home in Kansas. Years before the Wyandottes came to their new home at the junction of the Missouri and Kaw Rivers—"land purchased," so the negotiations read, "from our nephew the

Delawares," the Big Turtle band of Canadian Wyandottes lived in territory adjacent to Montreal. More than a century ago a war party of this band captured from a school on the frontier of Virginia, Adam Brown, a lad ten years old. He was at once adopted into the tribe and became a member of the Big Turtle band. The boy grew to manhood, married a Wyandotte maiden and reared a large family of children. The eldest, Ma-an-yah, a lonely girl, was placed in a Catholic school in Montreal. Here, on account of her beauty and modest demeanor, she was the admiration of all who met her. During Ma-an-yah's last year at this school, she met a young cadet, the son of an English earl. This young soldier who was stationed with his command in Montreal, fell in love with the girl and in

in time she became warmly attached to him. With the approval of her parents, the handsome cadet and pretty Ma-an-yah were married by a priest in Montreal. They began housekeeping in a little lodge not far from the city. One evening in the early spring while this happy little family was seated near the fire of faggots, they were startled by a loud knocking on the lodge door. Before they could recover from the surprise and respond, the door was flung open and at once an angry voice shouted:

"You! here in a wigwam with a squaw and a lot of papooses! Was it for this I reared you in refinement and luxury?"

The young soldier recognized his father and rising, placed himself before the terrified wife and little ones.

"Father," he said, extending his hand, "my dear father, listen to me—"

The haughty, indignant earl scorned the proffered hand, so keenly did he feel resentment towards a son who had disappointed his ambitious hopes. He continued the tirade of reproaches for a while, then seeming to realize the measure of his intemperate conduct, he changed his manner and began to entreat his son to abandon a life that could promise nothing but humiliation for himself and his kindred.

"Your mother is grieving her heart away for the son who has been so long from her and who has ceased to write home in all these years. When I heard just recently of your foolish marriage I made this long voyage to rescue you from a fate worse than death. Return with me and put an end to this miserable mesalliance."

The son, outraged, insulted, drew his Ma-an-yah and his babies to him, placed his arms about them and replied:

"This, father, is my answer."

Without another word, the proud earl left the lodge and returned to Montreal.

While the young soldier grieved at his father's distress and the separation from his kindred which he feared was forever, yet he knew his happiness lay

in his loyalty to those most dear to him, his wife and children. He trusted now that never again would he have to undergo so severe a trial, and hoped that never again would the joy in that dear home be interrupted. This was a vain hope, for only a few days passed before the earl again visited the



Ma-an-yah.

lodge, his manner entirely changed. He entered smiling, greeted his son affectionately, Ma-an-yah cordially, and took the children upon his knee and gave them little trinkets and sweets.

"I am sorry," said he, "for my display of ill temper. My heart was overwrought, for you can but realize, my

son, that I am sorely disappointed and that I naturally feel resentment when I was sure my plans for your future had been thus frustrated. I had hoped my son would never marry a foreigner." The crafty old man put it that way to serve his own purpose.

Ma-an-yah prepared the midday meal of broiled venison and hominy which the earl shared with them. Soon after he said:

"I must return to Montreal. I have some presents for you and Ma-an-yah and the little ones. Will you return with me, my son, to bring the gifts? I fear to trust them to strange hands. Come with me; you will have ample time to reach your home before night-fall."

Disarmed by his father's altered demeanor, the soldier consented. He bade his wife and children good-bye, assuring them that he would soon return. He entered the carriage which brought his father and together they went away.

After reaching the city the earl said, "My belongings are in the vessel off shore, so we will have to row over for the gifts."

The unsuspecting son readily agreed to this and they soon boarded the ship at anchor on the broad river. Immediately on their reaching deck, men, previously instructed, seized the soldier and despite his remonstrances or entreaties bound him and hurried him to a remote apartment where he was securely locked in. We will leave for the time this poor victim in his loneliness and desperation and return to the little lodge in the pines.

Ma-an-yah lonely and in spite of herself a little apprehensive through the afternoon pursued her simple avocations, pausing now and then to go to the doorway with the hope that she might see her husband coming along the trail. When lengthening shadows dimmed the pathway and her husband came not, Ma-an-yah began to feel alarmed and stood long in the doorway peering into the darkness, hoping to hear the steps so familiar to her ear.

Despairing at last, she closed the lodge door and turned to comfort her crying children. She prepared supper, of which the little ones partook heartily, but she, poor wife, could not swallow a morsel.

The little girl begged for her father. "Take me to my Ossun," she moaned again and again.

"Be quiet little ones," the mother told them. "Ossun comes in the morning; when the sun lights up the sky he will come smiling along the trail. Ossun will bring pretty beads and sweets for his babies—his dear little papooses."

Her heart was bursting with a fear she tried in vain to quell, but until her children were soothed to sleep she controlled her emotions for their sake.

All this long, lonely night Ma-an-yah watched and wept, praying the Great Spirit to send safe home to her, her beloved and loving husband.

Day dawned bright and clear, though snow had fallen during the night. Ma-an-yah resolved to endure the suspense no longer—she would go and try to find her husband. Rousing her children, he gave them their morning meal. Looking often towards the door the little girl would cry, "Ossun comes not!"

Then the mother resolved to begin search for her husband at once. She wrapped her little ones in warm furs, drew her heavy blanket over her shoulders and started on the trying journey. Holding her little girl by the hand and carrying the baby within the folds of her blankets, she trudged through snow ankle deep. The distance was not great but she was hours making the wearisome journey.

When Ma-an-yah reached Montreal she was informed, in answer to her inquiries, that the earl and his son were taken to the ship the evening before. Going at once to the beach she secured a skiff and placing her children at her feet in the frail bark, she rowed to the vessel lying at anchor in midstream. Intense longing to reach her husband whom she now believed must be held

prisoner, else he would have returned to her—longing and fear lent strength to her arms and she was soon at the vessel's side. Sailors who had observed the approach of the skiff assisted her and the babies on board. Ma-an-yah made known her errand and asked to be taken to her husband. She was presently informed that she would not be allowed to see him. Regardless of efforts to interfere, she began to search for her husband herself. Then the earl came forward and ordered her to leave the ship. The crew standing about, witnessing this heartless proceeding, involuntarily moved closer, plainly showing their sympathy, so the earl agreed to permit her to see his son and to bid him farewell. He was brought to her presence with guards on either side.

Words cannot describe the sorrowful meeting. The poor, piteous, shackled soldier, looking years older, held out his arms and clasped his loved ones to his bosom. It was a scene to move the hardest heart, yet the cruel, calloused old earl evinced only disgust and impatience. Ma-an-yah wept silently, while the little children clung to the father begging Ossun to go with them to the lodge. The young husband presently turned to his father and begged to be allowed to return with his family.

"It is useless, my son, to ask of me a thing so absurd—this is impossible."

"Then my father," urged the distressed victim, "take with me my wife and children. It is true, but no discredit, that my Ma-an-yah has Indian blood in her veins, but as you see she is beautiful and educated. I know my dear good mother would welcome her and our pretty little ones. She could feel no shame when Ma-an-yah meets our kindred and friends."

"Never, never!" replied the earl, "will I agree to such a proposition. I have you in my power; you will return with me to England and thus end a miserable mesalliance. So bid good-bye at once to the squaw and papooses. This ridiculous business is very trying

to my patience. Men, take the prisoner to his apartment!"

It was hard to part this devoted little family and long they clung weeping in one last embrace. The earl at last assisted the rude attendants and they dragged the resisting victim away. Returning, the earl went to the weeping wife and filled her lap with gold. This heartless act aroused Ma-an-yah's fierce indignation and scorn. She rose, hastily walked to the vessel's side and



Chief Grey Eyes.

threw the gold into the blue waters below. Then with her proud head held high and with flashing eyes, Ma-an-yah took her babies in her arms, reentered the little boat and rowed to the beach. She at once started for her lodge—the desolate home once so bright and happy. Weary and worn, it was near midnight before she reached the lodge. She had scarce strength to gather fagots to kindle a fire in the now cold hearth. After partaking of a simple

meal of dried venison and hominy, Ma-an-yah sat before the fire now blazing cheerily on the humble hearth, the babes on her knee crying bitterly for their father. She soothed them and prepared them for sleep. For her own sorrow and solitude she could find no surcease. As she sat weeping alone, the little boy on her lap, she noticed the heavy breathing of the little girl who was sleeping on a buffalo robe at her feet. She touched the little one's cheek and felt it burning hot. Now, thoroughly alarmed, she hastily prepared the crude remedies she had learned from the medicine man of her tribe. These she administered through the remaining hours of the night, but all to no purpose. With the dawn of morning the little sufferer passed away. The dreadful journey of the previous day was too severe for the frail little body to endure. A passing neighbor hearing the mother's piteous cries of distress, came to her assistance and with others whom she summoned, rendered necessary aid to the stricken, broken hearted little mother. Ma-an-yah dispatched a messenger to carry to her husband the sad news, but when he reached Montreal he learned that the ship had sailed at daybreak. So, lonely, deserted and disconsolate the poor mother had her dear little one laid

away according to the rites of the Wyandottes.

Ma-an-yah continued her lonely life in the lodge in the pine forest with the boy, her sole companion, until the Big Turtle band joined the Wyandottes in Ohio. She carried always her husband's gold watch, a valuable time-piece presented to the young cadet by his father when he came to Canada.

Time, the healer of all sorrows, solaced Ma-an-yah, though through life she fondly cherished the memory of her husband. She assured her son as he grew to manhood that his dear father was good and true and that he was long since dead else he would have returned to them.

Ma-an-yah married later a man named Williams. With her two daughters, Kitty and Ma-an-yah, her mother's namesake, and the older boy, they came with their people to the new home at the "meeting of the waters" in eastern Kansas. Kitty married Chief John Grey Eyes, a noted Wyandotte. The son of Ma-an-yah, this grandson of an English earl, died in early manhood soon after reaching the new home in the then distant west. He is buried in the old Shawnee graveyard a few miles from Westport, Missouri. His younger sister, Ma-an-yah, had, not many years ago, this gold watch, the sole remaining relic of his noble ancestry.

When Aunt Virginia Goes to Town

BY FRANCES GREENMAN

WELL, Aunt Virginia! Of all things! Are't you goin' to 'light and sit awhile?"

"No, no, chile, but I can't ever resist stoppin a minit on my way to town. Andrew says seems as if the butter must melt and the eggs hatch out 'fore I get 'em to the store."

"That's right, sit down on the horse block, though I've but a breath to stay. You got a nice shady spot for it."

"Yes, I'm feelin smart. Ain't it a pretty day? How nice your alfalfa's lookin'. I couldn't help sayin to myself as I passed 'long that it appeared cool as a real oshun with the wind a ripplin it but for out and out beauty give me flax in bloom. I never find no words handy to express my feelin's 'bout that.

"Eunice, I hear you're goin' back East on a visit. I'm so glad even if I

ain't your real aunt. I'm as pleased as if I were. I've lived round here since the early 50's and my kin folks has mostly died out, so I've not many back East longings. Won't you have to brush up on your language? Now look at that pony gettin down on her knees to eat grass; and us good Presbyterians; a body'd think she'd been raised one o' them Piscopalians that kneel at the least chance. Stand up Roxy! I'll have to rein you tighter. As I was sayin' I've heard they don't pack water back East—it's 'carried,' and there's no skillets, they're 'spiders' and buckets is 'pails' and beans sell by quart not pound and two bits make a twenty-five cent piece. My! You'll have a good time! York State is it?

"I reckon you'll see some of your old beaux, Eunice. Tut, tut, you needn't flush up, none of 'em can hold a candle to your Roger—just mark what I say. There's times in most women's lives, I reckon, when they feel like makin' comparisons and these don't always balance in favor of the husband. I can't say that I've ever had that experience, to any great extent, for the men, who, as boys, used to appear to think I was a pretty nice girl live right around in this county and have grown old along with Andrew and me. It's death and distance that lend enchantment to our early loves. Whenever I name over my chief blessin's I always head 'em with Andrew. Here I am gossipin' and town three good miles ahead.

"How many chicks you got, Eunice? Yester evenin' mine footed up an even three hundred. The yellow legged Brahma's grow amazin'. You'll not find their equal nowhere—there ain't no chickens that scratch dirt atop this earth can come up to Western corn fed fries,' I don't pin my faith to ink-ubaiters neither; give me the old fashioned way o' raisin' chicks and babies. There's my son James's wife bringing up their boy by the clock. He sleeps, eats, gaps and cries by clock time. Mary says that singin' and rockin' babies to sleep has gone clear out o' style 'long with paregoric and pepper-

mint tea. 'Mary,' says I, 'babies are older style than anything I know of. If I rightly remember they occurred away back in Bible times and you're losin's heaps o' pleasure and comfort by tryin' to fit new notions to such a old style thing as a baby.' Eunice, it's a great joy to be a grandma, though I find there's a big difference in 'em. My Joe Henry, as you know, married a city girl; his little chile's named for both her grandmas, Virginia Isabel, but the one on the Percival side doesn't like to be called that, makes little Virginia say 'Issie'—. I guess I'm real old style 'cause 'grandma's' just music to my ears. The Percival grandma's hair ain't a mite gray, just as yellow as our canary bird, while look at mine. Isabel Percival's slim as a girl, scarce a wrinkle in her face—she hires 'em rubbed out, and her clo'es look exactly like the ones the magazine ladies wear. I'm too plump and my face is all wrinkles, ain't room for no more and I like my gowns comfortable. My son's mother-in-law plays bridge whist and rides in an automobile. I prefer backgammon and a horse and buggy. I don't mind tellin' you, Eunice, that I consider Isabel Percival's got the worst o' it and I wouldn't change my feelin's for her looks on the hottest day in summer when I've twenty harvest hands to cook for. She's a dead failure as a grandma—couldn't fry a eatable doughnut nor make a soft molasses cooky to save her life, but she is nice to look at, while I'm just a kind o' an ole relic. But I do enjoy bein' grandma to little Virginia Isabel. Now I ought to be startin'.

"Eunice, when you come back don't you go to puttin' on, remember we're all one big fambly in the west, deacons and elders may loom up of a Sunday, but after all's said and done they're just as chuck full o' human nature as we be.

"That reminds me that there'll be preachin' at the Star school house a Sunday evenin' at early candle light. 'Tis a Baptist or a Cam'ellite, I disremember which, but it don't make no matter if a man's got tact and nerve and faith to give the Message don't

really make much difference. 'Twas just the other day a young fellow came knockin' at our side door sellin' a book, and sais he, 'Missis, are you on the right road to heaven?' And sais I, 'I'm on one road.' 'There ain't but one,' said he. 'Young man,' sais I, 'there's several, and I got started, long 'fore you were born'd. on the Presbyterian highway—all of 'em leads to one big gate and if we don't do no side steppin' and get there, why, when we do there won't be no questions asked as to our route. When I start for town I generally go by way of the 'twelve mile' house but there's others o' my neighbors always takes the Plum Creek pipe while many prefer the ole trail over the Sing-Song ford. It's all the same in the end, cause ther're all right roads but if the Presbyterian route seems good to me, and I know it's safe and pleasant to travel, why, I'll get to that big shinin' gate, sure. I ain't sayin' nothing 'gainst those as prefer more moisture or lots of noise on their journeyin', that's as may be but I'm aimin to read my title clear bime-by and I'll wager your a Methody,' and sure nuff he was and staid to dinner. I must be gettin on.

"I stopped to see Mary Baird a few minutes; tain't nothin' but worry that ails her and she's goin' to do for herself. I tell you, Eunice, there's lots of suicides that don't appear in newspapers; if women could learn to live a day at a time, but it seems born'd in us to keep a peekin ahead and a lookin behind for trouble. I reckon a good many o' us are straight descended from Lot's wife—anyhow it's been a good many years since she looked behind and we're all a doin' it vet. Now it won't be no sort o' justice to blame Marv's death onto any kind o' disease; she's just cultivatin' worry and raisin' a good crop of unhappiness for herself and all her fambly. When my time comes to go I hope 'twill be in a decorous way with something the doctors can tackle and my friends can talk about and the preacher won't be put-to-it for remarks. Mary's makin' it awful hard for anybody, no matter

how skilful he is a dodgin', to say anything comfortin' over her remains. It's always serious when the speaker feels obliged to ignore the remains by just talkin all 'round 'em, for if he's honest there ain't nothin to do but leave 'em alone.

"That's a persimmon tree in your yard, Eunice? I do love to hear the bees a-hum mongst the teeny little bell blossoms, they're for all the world like valley lilies. Ain't ole earth terrible beautiful? Seems like I love it more and more. 'Twas just the other day Lodema Johns was sayin' she'd think Grandpa Persons'd just be honin' to die, he's so ole, 'bout ninety. 'Seems like he's just clutchin' onto life and bound not to lose his grip.' Lodema Johns,' sais I, 'are you any more ready to assume the wings of a dove and fly off to Kingdom Come, as the hymn-book advises, today at fifty-eight than you were at sixteen?' 'No-o-o,' sais she.

"Who's that in your north 'forty?' Billy Hendricks, ain't it? Now you are lucky to get Billy Hendricks to work for you. Ain't he the pleasantest young man? Settin' out, I hear with Clara Banks. I'm glad; for seems as if a match like that's bound to be happy when outsiders take so much pleasure watchin' its progress. I always have my doubts when folks say, 'Well, if they're suited I reckon we should be.' We've got M'lish Vance for our hired hand. I like him real well 'cept the way he stutters. Seems as if the alphabet's scattered all over the place and I don't feel just to rights any of the time 'count of him not bein' able to keep the letters together better.

"Well, I must be gettin on to town, eggs and butter'll go clear down in price 'fore I get there. Yes'dav eggs were twelve and a half, but I calkilate to get thirteen for mine 'cause they're all black hens' eggs. What you lookin' that away for, Eunice? Didn't you never hear 'bout the woman who told the grocery man she wanted black hens' eggs and he allowed her to pick 'em out for he owned up to bein' town bred and green to such things.

Course she picked out all the big ones. Whoa, Roxy, seems like your terrible oneasy today.

"I got a piece o' news for you, Eunice. Guess whose goin' to get married. No, I ain't expectin' you to guess right if I stay here till sun-up tomorrow mornin'. It's John Westly Gallup. I knowd you'd be surprised. I've not seen him out our way since last winter, for business long his line's dull just now. I hope though, he'll present a better appearance at his weddin' than when last I saw him. You remember what a blizzard day 'twas when Lyman Chester was married and the cemetery was over on Cedar Creek. Andrew whipped up our team and we forged ahead on the homeward way; when we caught up with the hearse John Westly wasn't upon top, jest that boy help o' hisn, wallop in his arms to keep from freezin. No, sir, John Westly as usual was lookin' out for himself. He was settin' inside snug as a stuffed owl in a glass case. Looked queer'n a quail to see a live body inside the hearse—had on a wide green and yellow wool knit comforter round his neck and red mittens.

"Some folks, seem like, never can count higher than just one. Now if I don't start I never will.

"You look real comfortable, Eunice, sittin' there on the horse block. How nice your catalpas are leaved out and seems to me your yuccas are fuller of buds than mine and ain't the May cherries prime this year? Prettiest fruit to can that grows—reminds me o' red sunset and warm summer hours. Do you know when I get to longin' for summer on a winter day I go to my shelves o' canned fruit and somehow by the time I take a good look at the green cucumber pickles I begin to think of spring grass comin' creepin along, then I stare real hard at jars o' big yellow peaches and I think of mellow sunshine right off. You'll laugh, Eunice, when I tell you what pears remind me of, they're so cool appearin'. When I was a mite of a girl I used to like to dabble my fingers in a clear leetle spring that gushed out in my father's pasture, so

when I see pears I get real heartened up account of that spring.

"My, Eunice, and to think of your goin' back East! When you get there don't you ever act like you don't think much of the West. You owe lots to this state and it's your home, maybe we lack polish a bit but you stand up for the West and answer out real loud when folks ask where you hail from. Now my grandfather was a miller and I always say so, though he lived in Virginia and I might try to pretend we were a dreadful blue blooded stock but murder will out. One time Mrs. Dr. Willoby, over to the county seat, made a great to do 'bout a fambly tree—got one started and it grew pretty well and we heard a lot about that tree till bime by she wrote over to England for more branches to graft on, then that tree died, yes it died, and by some means or ruther it leaked out that a noose had killed it—one of her ancestors had been hung for stealin' sheep.

"Nother thing, too, Eunice, when you get back to York State don't you let clo'es spoil your visit; there's more mischief done by clo'es than most anything else. If your skirt don't have just the same quirk as those Easterners don't you worry and if the sleeves to your shirt waist ain't of exactly the same cut don't lie awake frettin'. Don't pay. I know. Your goin' back to visit and see your folks and you keep bright and cheerful and never mind style.

"When I came out here, before the war, just a slip of a girl, we lived in a log house on the banks of the Neosho River and it had a puncheon floor, the house did, and we ate mostly corn bread and sorghum and cooked in a Dutch oven and the Indian trails was through 'bluestem' grass higher'n your Osage hedge. Clo'es got mighty scarce after a time and I wore a changeable silk dress every day, 'cause 'twas all I had. Often I think of how queer I must have looked 'choppin in' sod corn clad in a silk gown. I tell you, Eunice, I've never liked silk since. I traded a stack of ole school books to an Indian chief for six yards of spotted calico.

yellow and black. Government thought it had charge of the Indians but they were a nuisance. Once a band came along and camped near by the Neosho and one evenin' father and I went down to watch 'em. There was one leetle feller had on a pair o' copper toed shoes and gay striped stockings but hardly a thing else. Now I hadn't any shoes so I was barefoot. Do you know what that youngster did? Just follow'd me round savin, 'Sh, sh, sh, 'pointin' to my feet till he got me so shamed I sat down on 'em. Everybody's got some faults, if tain't style it's bound to be something else. Never

seemed to think, that leetle Indian, that he lacked anything cause he had on shoes. My grief! If it had been winter he'd froze sure for lack o' cover.

"Now I got to be goin, Eunice, if you see any new style dressing sacks back there cut me off a pattern and get me a Nunciation lily bulb and some flower seeds, if you can. My phlox is all dyin' out, I want to get a new start. Sorry I've not time for a real good visit, but I got to be movin long towards town. Well, so long, Eunice, I'll see you again 'fore you start on your pleasurin'."

Hendrick Friesen's Homestead

BY CORNELIUS M. ENNS

CHAPTER XV.—EXEUNT—GABRIEL AND ODARKA.

"Ah, Odarka, here, see that," said Gabriel, throwing an open letter on the table.

"What is it, Russian Mayor?" asked Odarka, who was helpless before a letter, even if it was open.

"A letter from home. Look for yourself. There is that printed matter. I can read that myself. You see, Miss Anna gave me a primer and some books, and I can read a little now. But that printed part does not tell any news, you see. It's the same in all letters, is bought ready for use with the paper, gives all the regards of the family, and so forth, you see. But see here the written part. I know the village clerk wrote that. I could not make it out. So I had Miss Anna read it for me. My father is very sick and weak, and needs me at home. I have no brother to do the work, you see." He cast a sad, expectant look on Odarka.

It was not in Odarka to give what was expected. "So you must go North again?" she said with a mischievous look. "I don't see how Great Russia ever got along without you. There

must be a great gap there, mayor."

"Ah, Odarka, Odarka," said Gabriel good naturedly. "I should have liked to stay here with Mayor Friesen, with Miss Anna, with the good Jacob, and the bad, wicked Odarka, you see?"

"When on the morrow Odarka learned that Gabriel would leave after breakfast, she was surprised. She had not expected he would leave so soon. She, therefore was very attentive and added to his breakfast a quantity of strong cheese and pickled watermelon. Friesen and Anna very much regretted the necessity of Gabriel's immediate departure. In apportioning the wages the mayor made a mistake of several rubles in Gabriel's favor, and he cordially shook the strong hand of the faithful man, wishing him health and prosperity in his northern home. Anna begged him to take the Russian books along and to study them at home. "As soon as you can write," she said, "write me a letter and describe how people live in Great Russia. Don't buy one of these printed letters," she warned him with raised finger. Jacob was much distressed. He put his accordin on the shelf and

constantly kept near his big friend to the last, and even accompanied the traveler a good piece on the street. Odarka shook his hand with great ardor and made not a single bad remark, and when she saw him take his bundle and turn into the street, she looked as though she wished she had made a kind remark.

But Odarka's hour had also come. And this is the way it came. One evening at dusk, a rickety, old wagon with two poor, small horses, drove up and stopped in a convenient corner of the yard, as if it had a perfect right to stop there. A wrinkled Little Russian woman got off first. Under her fur coat she wore the usual sleeveless jacket, but instead of the short skirt she had a woolen blanket tied around her body, and a coarse shawl covered her head-dress. Her companion was a young man in a new sheep fur coat with the wool on the inside and a new sheep fur cap with the wool on the outside.

Leaving the young man with the team, the old woman stepped into the kitchen. 'How do you do, Odarka?' she cried.

"Oh, gracious," exclaimed the emotional Odarka. "Is it you, dear, little mother. Here is a kiss. Here is a chair. Sit down. Are you tired? That's right, little mother, sit down, so. Why, where did you come from? Tell me all about home and give me all the news." And Odarka sat down by her mother to listen.

"Oh," said the mother, "what a big girl you have grown to be! The family is all well. Well, father had a black eye for a week or two, but it is all right again. We had a good crop, you know, and whenever he has any money, he is apt to get jolly and fight a little, you know. Olga is a big girl, bigger than you. She whitewashed our whole house the other day. I believe we must find her a place like yours. And the boys, well you know, they are always happy and have good times. But just wait until they are old enough, we will put them to work."

Odarka then put a hundred questions about the neighbors, and the lively old mother answered them fully. After that she smiled knowingly and gave Odarka a proud, triumphant look. "I say, Odarka, dear girl, come here, I have something to tell you. Just think. You know old Okhrim, the one with the big house, the many sons and many dessiatines of land. Yes, daughters don't get any land, you know. It is the man with many sons that gets a great deal of village land. Well, Okhrim and your father were together in the tavern the other day. Okhrim has had a very good crop, and stingy as he is, he bought a quart or two. I was there. So was Okhrim's wife. Well, and we began to talk about you, and Okhrim talked about his son Ivan, who he said ought to get married, and we settled the marriage there. Are you not glad, Odarka?"

Odarka was not glad at all. She jumped up and with red face cried, "I am not going to get married, "I am not going to do it!"

The mother looked at her daughter astonished and dumbfounded. It took her several moments to recover, and then came an eruption. "You are not going to do it? Not going to do it? What! After all this! We persuaded Okhrim and his wife. We spent at least five rubles at the tavern. Everything arranged. The day set. Were going to have a great wedding with plenty to eat and drink. The crops were good. And now you, you, you will say, 'I am not going to do it!' Not going to do it? We'll see about that, my girl. We'll see!" Her anger overcame her, and she sank back into her chair, and Odarka disappeared.

Anna had recognized Odarka's mother and, taking the old woman by the hand, led her into the small room. "It is warm here," said Anna: "sit down on that chair near the oven. I will call your young companion, too. We will have an early supper for you at half past eight, and will make arrangements for the night."

The young man timidly and cautious-

ly moved into the small room. He did all honor to his sheep coat and his sheep cap by looking thoroughly sheepish himself. Following the directions of Odarka's mother, he settled on a chair near the table. He opened his eyes and with confused looks viewed the surroundings, which were entirely new to him, as he had not been inside a German house. When Odarka entered with red eyes and an air of defiance, her mother called to him, "See, there is Odarka." But he, abashed by the independent look of the girl, awkwardly turned his back and interested himself in little Jacob and Jacob's book. He evidently had unlimited confidence in the mother's powers to arrange everything.

Little Jacob, by the light of the candle, examined his new Russian primer. He looked at the big man of the fur coat, the big man looked at him, and then they looked at each other. "See this picture," said Jacob, and as the man uttered an appreciative "Ah!" he showed him the other pictures of the book, each of which the man admired with "Ah" and a few other words of that kind. Jacob recited the alphabet, and the man of the fur coat, whose life had not so far crossed a primer, became more interested and gave a happy grunt whenever he recognized a letter and could repeat its name.

Meanwhile, wholly unnoticed by the proposed bridegroom, Odarka and her mother talked at the other end of the room, the mother growing more and more indignant, and Odarka more and more stubborn.

Before retiring Anna sought Odarka, who had again left her mother. She had guessed the nature of the trouble and wished to talk with the girl. Odarka sat alone in the cold office room, nervous, disconsolate, her face buried in her hands and in her hair. "Odarka," called Anna with a voice full of sympathy, taking the girl's hand. At Anna's sight, a ray of hope brightened Odarka's face, and with imploring eyes she cried, "What shall

I do, dear Anna? What shall I do?" "Does your mother wish you to get married?" Anna asked. "Yes, and she wants me to go along at once," sobbed the girl, tightly grasping Anna's hands.

Anna was at a loss what to say. She felt that Odarka suffered, and all the sympathies of her warm, loving heart went forth to relieve and comfort. Might it be that under a wanton, thoughtless exterior there had been concealed a warm, earnest attachment, which burst forth at the mention of marriage with another? And might that attachment also be without hope and without promise?

"Odarka," said Anna whose heart bled, "do nothing as yet, do nothing to-night. You are troubled and grieved to-night. Do nothing now. Open your heart before the good Father in Heaven. He knows what is best for little Odarka. He will send you peace, and he will send you blessed sleep. And when you open your eyes tomorrow, you will know better what to do. Will you lie down now?"

"Yes, dear Anna, I will, and I will pray to Mary and all the saints. They will help me." She fervently kissed Anna's hand and then slipped into her bed room.

Devoutly she crossed herself that night, kissed the crucifix, and repeated all the prayers she had learned. She grew calmer, and her eyes closed. Before her rose the stately figure of Gabriel, but his face was turned away toward the North; he grew smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared in the far, far North. Over her bent the benignant, haloed countenance of the saint whose picture had always hung in her father's house, and in low words he repeated to her all the lessons of obedience to the Church and to parents, which she had learned at home. At the dawn of day, she opened her eyes, which seemed to have lost their lively, aggressive brightness and expressed pious submission to a will higher than her own.

While working in the kitchen she remembered that Okhrim only drank on

the very greatest holidays, and hardly ever beat his wife or children, that he was good-natured and prosperous. Okhrim's sons had never been bad. She stole into the stable and took a stealthy look at Ivan of the fur coat, and was rather pleased with his big form and the interest he took in little Jacob, who was with him and told him the names and qualities of the gray mare, the colts, and the other animals.

After dinner a conference was held, and it was arranged, that Olga should take Odarka's place. With many tears Odarka bade good-bye to the Friesen family. The mayor critically viewed Ivan, who had timidly entered, and he evidently felt relieved after the scrutiny. "Odarka," said the kind Anna, "you must come at least every spring to shake and gather mulberries for yourself, and I will see that you get cherries, too."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

In the spring the flat sheet-iron roof of the village church lost the distinction of being the only green object for miles around. The foliage of the ash grove enveloped the church on the side of Middle Street, exposing to the view of the passer-by nothing but small, uncertain portions of the white brick walls and large arch windows, while the lawn on the opposite side displayed its grasses, dandelions and dew-drops in the bright rays of the morning sun.

"What a pleasant, wonderful day!" exclaimed the many village people who, clad in their best Sunday suits, poured out of the orchards and followed the gravel walks under the white poplars along the canal. No theater troupe ever stopped in the village Frierensfeld, nor were campaign meetings or campaign speeches known. Aside from the singing school conducted by the village teacher on certain evenings and spiced by stories related or read by that progressive man or by the learned book-dealer, and aside from mayor's meetings and an occasional stallion show, all things of attraction and of great interest occurred in the village

church. Here itinerary evangelists, enthusiasts on any religious subject, pastors of neighboring Protestant churches, and above all missionaries, be they such as intended to go to the foreign field or such as had returned from it, were sure of a large, appreciative audience.

All these village people in their best suits, it will therefore be understood, went to the village church. It was hardly nine o'clock in the morning when assistant Pauls stopped at Willem's and prompted his more leisurely friend, the new mayor, to get ready quickly and go along to church. "To-day," he said, "the church will be crowded; to get a good seat, we must be there early, and I want a seat from which I can observe everything." When the new mayor and the new assistant entered the men's door at the north end, there were but few boys and young men in the corridor, and rows of empty gray benches inside offered a wide range of selection. Pauls led the way to a prominent back seat, where he made himself as comfortable as the high benches, evidently intended for taller people, would permit. Having bowed his head in silent prayer, he fixed his keen eyes on the doors, as he had no desire to let any one escape his notice.

People soon flocked in from both ends, breaking the solemn silence of the church. Men and boys came by the north end entrance, and the women, married if they wore black or white hoods, unmarried if bare headed, entered from the south end door and occupied their separate seats in the south half of the church.

"There comes the learned book-dealer," whispered the assistant to the mayor. "How very careful his steps! Almost on tip-toe, as though afraid to crush the sand. And there comes Friesen with his boy. As independent as ever, possibly a little sadder." Doubtless out of consideration for his neighbor he did not add, "There from the other end comes Anna with the earnest and consecrated mien of a

saint," but he thought it all the same. He noticed the quick turn of Willems's head away from the women's door and the simultaneous appearance of the bright and sparkling Sophia.

And now every seat on the ground floor and in the two galleries was occupied, and a number of men looked anxiously around for convenient standing room. Services never began before ten o'clock, and there was now a silence of a quarter of an hour, broken only by a cautious whisper now and then, a cough, or the clearing of a throat. Eyes were busy to recognize every other man or woman present, to trace the concentric lines that ornamented the white stucco of the ceiling or the few cracks which disfigured the stucco of the white, bare walls, and to return every now and then to the little door in the southeast corner.

That door in the Southeast corner at last opened, and in came four portly, clean shaven men with hymn books in their hands, and proceeded to their seats on the further platform to the right of the very high pulpit. They were the song leaders, duly elected officials of the church, who held their positions as long as their voices permitted, and sometimes longer. One of them announced a hymn, and after the rustle of turning leaves had subsided, led the congregation in the soprano of a solo, time-hallowed hymn. The learned book-dealer, the school teacher, **Anna Friesen**, and others volunteered bass, tenor and alto with gratifying result.

There were usually a great many stanzas to sing, which probably was the reason why the ministers did not usually enter until the singing was half done. Frequent expectant looks of the singers toward the small door in the southeast corner were at last rewarded. The ministers entered, headed by a young man of pleasant appearance, who mounted the high rostrum of the pulpit, while Elder Lehmann with his assistant ministers and deacons remained on the left-hand platform. Standing they reverently bowed their heads,

and then seated themselves to take part in the singing.

Everybody present seemed much interested in the young preacher of mild gray eyes and blonde hair. When he had said a simple, feeling prayer, full of joy and gratitude, they were much pleased and looked forward with much confidence to the sermon that was to follow.

Julius Martens, just returned from Germany, spoke on the text, "Thy kingdom come." The sincerity and earnestness of the young man had a powerful ally in a clear, well modulated voice. With true eloquence he pictured the great kingdom of beauty, righteousness, peace, truth, and glory, a kingdom dimly foreshadowed by Solomon's glorious reign, a kingdom which in its fullness and consummation is yet to come, but in its beginnings and its progress is ever present in the hearts of the children of men, present in their repentance and their cry for salvation, present in the faith and courage of an Abraham and David, present in the hopes and promises of the prophets, who discerned its grandeur even when they sat on the ruins of Jerusalem, present above all in Christ, its king, and in his church of righteous and redeemed souls, working in loving faith to bring about its speedy consummation.

He expressed it as his view that the differences of the followers of Menno from the other children of the reformation could be explained by their greater attachment to the invisible kingdom and their entire willingness to apply its high laws to the present life. When other Protestant churches had secured recognition and independence, Menno and his followers still wandered from place to place to avoid persecution and to preach their forbidden teachings. To them the kingdoms and honors of the world were nothing, the kingdom of God was all.

Citizenship in this kingdom, they taught, must be acquired by the free, intelligent act of the individual in accepting the Gospel. Therefore they re-

jected child baptism, holding that birth and the ceremony of baptism without intelligent faith cannot make a Christian. They never doubted that their dear, innocent children that died before discretion were well received on the other shore, and that a way was provided by which even there innocence may grow into intelligent citizenship.

There shall be no battles and no bloodshed in the glorious kingdom, and so great was their love for its higher laws that in the midst of a struggling, warring world they made peace and non-resistance their rule and doctrine. They refused to serve the leaders of battle, or to despoil and slaughter their brothers. And not only did they denounce war and outward force, but they also rejected that more subtle and more dangerous instrument of destruction, which an evil world wields with terrible effect not only on the battlefield, but also in the strife of every day business, the many-edged sword of deception. The great kingdom is a kingdom of truth. Should then its citizens deceive and lie for their supposed advantage? With Menno and his followers, to speak at all, was to speak the truth. It did not require the ceremony of an oath to frighten them into speaking the truth for a few moments; on the contrary, they refused to take the oath, regarding it as a vain invocation of the name of God, adding nothing to the never ceasing obligation to speak the truth.

With gentle earnestness the young minister urged his hearers to return to the principles of their fathers to make the love of peace and truth a part of their lives, to avoid controversies, to control their passions, to judge impartially the opinions of others, to seek the pardon of those offended, to strive after good will and mutual helpfulness among men, and thus help to bring on the conditions of the good kingdom.

He deprecated the inactivity of his denomination in the missionary field and pointed to the zeal and admirable work of other Christians. "Have we, then," he exclaimed, "no word for

those who have heard nothing of the kingdom? Could not we, better than others, look the uncivilized man in the eye and tell him, We do not come to conquer your lands with fire-arms, nor to take your goods with deception, but to bring you the Gospel of peace and truth? What a Gospel, and what a work! Let us believe in the Kingdom with all our hearts, let us love it, with every fiber of our being, let us work for it with all our strength, and, if need be, let us die for it a death of hope. And having made this resolve we may approach the Throne and pray in sincerity and confidence, Father, Thy kingdom come."

The gentle breeze of the good spirit went forth with the departing hearers, blew over the steppes but recently laid waste by a fierce storm of passion, breathed order into ruins and peace into the homes and assemblies of men. brought repentance to offenders, sorrow to the wrathful, and pardon to both, and restored friendship, confidence, and good will. Will its gentle influence reach the angry heart of Mr. Dick, and will it turn his purpose from oppression and destruction?

* * * * *

Mayor Willems and Assistant Pauls, after leaving church, walked along side by side in silence. Willems looked very earnest. He had been earnest ever since he had discovered his son's attachment to Sophia, the impudent servant girl, as Mrs. Willems had styled her. The mayor at last broke the silence with these unctuous words: "Yes, Pauls, yes, we are all great sinners and not fit for the good kingdom." Pauls, too, had been much touched by the sermon, and he had used his red handkerchief freely; for he had a tender heart and wept readily. But now the sun shone bright, the white poplars rustled gently overhead, and his humor grew excellent. Hitting Willems on the vest, as was his custom when he wished to emphasize a thing, and feigning great earnestness, he said, "Yes, indeed, Willems, you are a great sinner, I have always thought so."

"What! What!" cried the other amazed and dumbfounded. "You, yes—you say that! You, you who are

much worse—yes, much worse than I—yes, than I!"

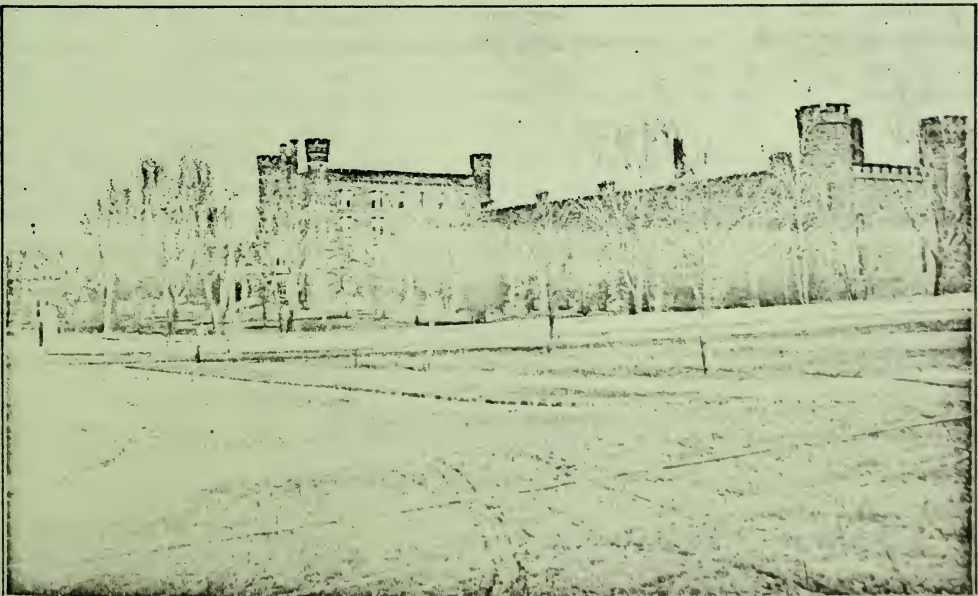
(To Be Continued.)

The Sore That Feeds Lansing

BY HELEN JONES THOMAS

FROM the bitterness of his heart a life convict in the state prison once wrote: "Lansing is a fly, feeding on the penitentiary sore." There is a great deal of logic in the man's somewhat brutal statement. Without the prison, the little town would soon give up its existence. Its population is made up almost entirely of families whose heads either are, or have been, prison officers and guards. Settled among these is occasionally found a man who has done time behind the great iron doors, and who, coming out, has decided to get a new grip on his world right in the face of the institution, which has placed its brand upon him. One of the handsomest homes in Lansing is owned by a man that has lived down his disgrace.

Lansing long ago resigned itself to having no individuality of its own. It has learned to be content with being known as "the place where the state prison is located." If, occasionally, an inspiration is formed towards a life for itself a glance at the hill just east of the little town soon banishes the desire. There, the ghost of old Delaware stands as a silent warning. In the early days Delaware was a prosperous little place, but it was too close to Leavenworth to survive the struggle after a county seat fight was decided against it. Now all that remains of the little village on the hill is a lonely country graveyard and one or two old houses which mark the one time location of town lots. So Lansing is content to nestle around the prison walls, although a few home



Kansas State Prison.

owners with a love for the natural beauty of the place have settled on the hill at the outskirts of the town.

There is perhaps no small town in the West where there is such a floating population. A sort of political chess game is played there after each state election. The prison officers and their families are the pieces and it is often their time to move. Because of this condition of affairs Lansing is unique. In the average small town children are born, grow to manhood and womanhood and often die there. In Lansing there are few old residents.

Then there is another thing which the stranger is almost sure to feel in this town. That is the overpowering presence of those prison walls. Outside, the sun shines, the children laugh and play, people seem happy, but always there is a shadow. One cannot help realizing that within the pretty little town there is a tragedy. That silent city with its nine hundred souls refuses to be shut out of one's consciousness. A blue uniformed figure passes down the street. He is a prison trusty and his quiet deep lined face shows its prison brand. Each evening a big side gate swings open and through it enters a long line of workmen. These are men who labor outside under guard. A few carry balls and chains. Many of the men are criminals, but for a minute one can think only of dumb, driven animals as they file in, tired in body, and filled with rebellion.

During the long summer evenings Lansing babies are rocked to sleep to the music of the prison band. What

other town of Lansing's size can boast of three band concerts a week? Often the music is old home airs, and though sweet and beautiful as they always are, one almost wishes that the band would not play them. Somehow, there is a hopelessness about such things when they come over prison walls.

The "all right" bell is another feature peculiar to Lansing. It is heard there every night ringing from the prison at nine o'clock. Then the timid ones say: "Well, they are all safe in their cells." But to most people there, it has become merely a matter of fact, as to the housewife who always sets her clock by the bell and goes to bed.

In Lansing there is a uniform time for retiring. Because of the early hours at which prison officers and guards must arise the little town is put to bed soon after dark, like a family of small boys. After nine o'clock there is scarcely ever a light to be seen in the homes. Nearly every one is asleep. As for those inside the walled city, no one knows when they sleep and not many care. The "all right" bell puts out their lights, but it can hardly put them to sleep.

And, so it seems, that influenced by these peculiar conditions, Lansing stands isolated from other small towns of its size. It has nothing truly its own, not even its people. If something should happen to take away its great support, the prison, it would not be long before the streets of Lansing would be grass-grown like those in old Delaware.

Forewarned

BY FLORENCE FERGUSON BRANCH

*When Icarus of olden days
Spread his wax wings for flight,
Of course they melted in the rays
Of "Old Sol's" flaming light.*

*So when I spread my wings for flight
Into the realms of song—
I think of Icky and his plight
And soar not high nor long.*



WIND OF THE PRAIRIE

BY WILLARD WATTLES



Dim in the dawn of the centuries, born of the Prairie and Sun,
Brother of tempest and sunshine, swift on the sandals of air,
Laughing I race with the shadows that chase o'er the infinite plain,
Thrilling with passionate pleasure and pain
As the wind-blossoms shatter and scatter their delicate petals of white
On the grass as I pass with a near-imperceptible tread,
With a rustle as slight as the whisper of night
To the tremulous stars overhead;
So, pulsing with light, aglow with the rapture of flight,
Under the glorious heavens I love
Where the ponderous thunder-heads rumble above,
I leap in the gladness and strength of a life without limit of length,
And laugh as I run on my way to the sun.

Ah, prairies of Kansas, craving the vast, far reach of the sky,
Astir with wind-longings, aquiver, afire with yearnings and deathless
desire,
Passionate-leaning along the horizon bar in the shimmering heat,
Where the lips of warm lovers meet and press
In a region of dreams, so it seems, with an infinite tenderness:
Still when the luminous star of the West is alight on the breast of the
night,
Wilt thou greet with as constant caress, with the ardor of noon,
Those death-pallid lips, dimly white in the indistinct light of the moon?
Hearken, ye dreamers that dwell in the cell of a ripening milk-weed pod,
The burly thistle is white as snow, and the crimson cactus-plant aglow,
While the glorious golden-rod
Shelters the lumbering bumble-bee as the murmurous breezes drowsily
Drone him slumberously to rest in the musty fragrance of her breast,—

Come forth on fairy, ephemeral wings to the golden earth and the azure deep,
Upward the wild wind-currents sweep, virginal, entire,
Sweet with a prairie purity, to the purging passion of the sun and
perfected desire.
The frail, wild hyacinth shudders to feel my sinewy finger-tips circle her
stem,
The haughtiest brook-grasses waver and reel and loosen their dusty
pollen gems,
Rich treasure of fragrant prairie kind they cast in the pouch of the
flying wind;
The gold I filch from the sunflower crown, and bend the sturdiest rag-
weed down;
I tease the delicate sensitive-rose till all of her slender tendrils close,



And the exquisite pink-veined stamens shrink in pain of the boisterous
vind that blows.

The purple plume of the buffalo-pea trembles in dreary ecstasy;
And the fragile primrose, creamy white, bathes in the lucent floods
of light;

While the scarlet mallow spreads her cup to gather the golden globules up;
And the star-grass spangles the sod.

The yellow grain in the waving plain a molten ocean rolls;
Cloud billows fleet with dusky feet over the golden heads of wheat;
Wind-ruffled corn blades flap and sigh, and lift their cool, green
standards high,
Electric to the sun and sky.

Many a shy-hid russet bird with wild wind-longings dumbly stirred,
From his lowly nest on the homely ground, startles the silence into
sound.

Wee, quavering cricket voices, shrill, and thrushes' songs that throb until
Sweet-aching wonder strikes them still,

Mingle and float and fade and die in the vast, wide arches of the sky;
Hushed reverence of solemn prayer hallows the prairie everywhere;
Cloud altars glow, while to and fro, the wild-rose censers
fragrant blow.

The mottled bull-snake glides between low, Gothic aisles of living green,
Light-flickering shadows fret his back with changeful sheen of gold
and black;

The brooding dove on her eggs of white thrills with a dumb maternal
fright,

And closer crouches, lustrous-eyed, in the merciful dusk where the
shadows bide.

Slight, fragile, long-antennaed things with gossamer and emerald wings,
Querulous teem in the matted grass as the slender ant processions pass,
Each thrifty toiler bending down 'neath a ponderous burden of
thistle-down.

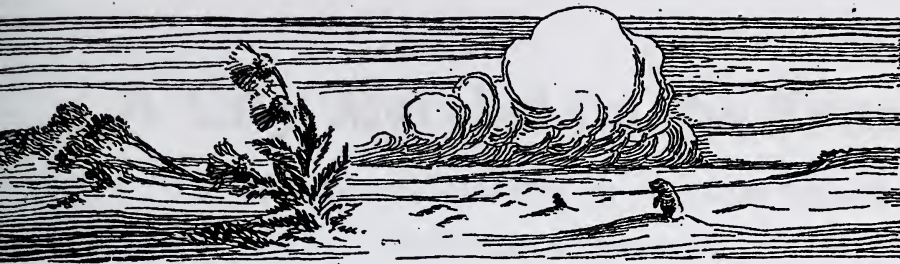
In dim secluded galleries the ravenous spider his shuttle plies,
With swift and sure precision weaves a silver web in the shining leaves,
Spinning death from a poison heart.

Afar, apart,

Lone in the violet vault of the sky, with a steady wing and a watchful eye,
The silent buzzards fly.

The saucy brown gopher's prying snout noses the tumble-weed about;
The stiff little prairie-dog wearily watches the radiant summer sky,
'Till a sudden shadow, swooping fell, arouses the vigilant sentinel;
At the warning chipper of his alarm the little gray-townsmen scurry
from harm,

And the angry hawk, with his swoop in vain, mounts in the dusk to his
post again.



Soft-footedly the Twilight steals with its blessed benison of rest,
Up the long vistas of the West;
The low sun sinks to the level rim of the prairie ocean, cold and dim;
The earliest moon crescent, thin and slim, pale in her bridal
garments white,

Follows after,—and it is Night.

Shrouding shadows darken all the prairie in a sombre pall;
eddies rise where the star-dust lies in the winding highway of the
skies;

phosphorescent fire-flies glow; and plaintive murmurings are heard,
wrested from a drowsy bird.

The white moth fondles the yucca bloom
gleaming through the ghostly light her spectral wings;
and wailing through the midnight gloom, with haunting minor quaverings
The coyote cries forbodingly as some phantom from a tomb.
planets swing in a deathless ring, serene and clear;

Sure-piloted the meteors steer through the thin, translucent atmosphere,

And every dusky satellite safe voyages the sea of Night.
The prairie-grasses the mother dove broods on her nest with a
constant love,

And the sensitive-rose leaves delicate spread a thicker shadow around
her head;

And the Creation from pole to pole, stretches the infinite Over-Soul,
the world-wind yearns unsatisfied, from the Thing Possessed to the

Thing Denied,—

But the merciful, sheltering Wings abide.

Wind of the Prairie, blowing free,
Wind of the Prairie, blow for me,—
With shining feet o'er the golden wheat,
Where the green corn blades in the summer heat
Whisper and sigh as you rustle by,
Blow with impalpable fragrancy
The little white cloud from the infinite sky,
And my heart all clean and sweet.

Wind of the Spirit, blowing free,
Wind of the Spirit, blow for me,—
On wings afire with subtle desire
Lift the lily soul from the crumbling mire,
And higher, higher and ever higher than the noisy
mart and the slender spire,
Blow through unspeakable azure deeps, through the
silver lane where the comet leaps,
By the molten moon, up the starry steeps,
Those white soul blossoms through the night,
In solemn music out of sight.

A City Marshal on the Frontier

A NEW YEARS TRAGEDY IN OLD TIME WICHITA

BY CHARLES H. MOREHOUSE

DR. E. B. ALLEN was Wichita's first mayor and his first official act was the appointment of Bill Smith as city marshal. For some reason Smith did not qualify and Mike Meager was appointed to fill the vacancy.

During the succeeding years, Wichita secured the Texas cattle trade, held it a few years and then lost it. At that time, being the southern terminus of Santa Fe Railway, she was the point from which all freight, army and Indian supplies were taken overland to the posts and agencies in the Indian Territory—the frontier town from which started the stage lines, reaching out to the vast country to the south and southwest. "Wicked Wichita," so called, then had the reputation of being one of the toughest towns on the face of the globe and it was fortunate that the cattle trade remained there no longer than it did; otherwise, she would have never attained her later reputation of "Peerless Princess of the Plains."

During all those early turbulent stormy years, Mike Meager was the efficient City Marshal and "held the town down." He controlled the wild element which then infested the place and maintained reasonably decent order, without shooting a single man until this New Year's tragedy of thirty-two years ago. Just as the community was emerging from savagery to civilization, Sill Powell unwisely crossed his path with fatal result not only to himself, but, in all probability, also to Mike.

It was customary, in those days on New Year's eve to have a grand parade with "floats"—representing things ancient and modern and many were the "take offs" on prominent citizens and the noted events of the year just

ended—a sort of a day time Madrigal on a small scale.

The long pageant would be headed by the local brass band and ended by "Indians, Mexicans, cowboys and prominent citizens on horseback," as the flaring advertisements read. There were no carriages in Wichita in those days.

The moving spirits in these enterprises were the different saloon-keepers, merchants and the other congenial and sporty citizens, who, in those old times, were always ready for any excitement, that would lead to "a good time." In the parade on this day, a prominent citizen, who bore the reputation of being "the biggest man in town," impersonated Bacchus seated on a huge tierce of (presumably) wine, mounted on a wagon, drawn by six horses. When the parade was over, this "float" was halted in front of the "Custom House," a prominent saloon and a costumed individual, representing a green German emigrant, with wooden shoes and long pipe, would mount the float and, in a most inimical German dialect, deliver the oration to the amusement of the assembled throng below—"and still ve vas nod habby." With this ended the ceremonies and the bibulous and other festivities of the day and night began. However, it must be recorded that it was considered very discourteous for anyone to get "full" before the parade ended.

The first alley on Main Street, north of Douglas Avenue, was flanked on either side by saloons. The "Custom House," of the Schattner Brothers was on the north corner and Mayor Hope's liquor store, with bar in the rear was on the south corner; both of these being on the east side of the street. Just across the street was "Jim Dagner's place," with the "Lone Star Saloon"

across the alley and the "Clipper Saloon" next. Thirst parlors were certainly in evidence on Main Street in those old days, and all prohibition friends of this period ought to be pleased with the great change since the times described above.

The six horses which drew the "Bacchus float" were driven by Sill Powell, one of Parker & Tisdale's noted stage drivers, a contemporary with "Mickey Jim," Wash Walker and Frank Brazier and others of that old clan, who guided the stages down into the Indian country.

Just at this time, Powell was driver of the big four horse bus, which made the two daily trains and was the only conveyance between the trains and the hotels. After the parade, Powell, who was garbed and painted like a clown, proceeded to fill up on "coffin varnish," then so freely dispensed at the numerous saloons.

One of the daily events in old Wichita was the street auction of ponies and horses conducted by a town character, E. R. Dennison, popularly known as "Old Four Eyes." Soon after the parade, he had auctioned off a number of sore-backed, sprung-kneed ponies and was closing by offering an old wagon and harness. "Old Four Eyes" had a sharp and ready tongue and at striking street repartee he had few equals, usually getting the best of an encounter of that kind. Sill Powell, acting the clown, came out of the saloon and offered some banter words, to which Dennison replied in usual characteristic manner, much to the amusement of the crowd and to the chagrin of Powell. Dennison was standing in the front of the wagon and Sill pulled off the neckyoke as if to strike, but the onlookers regarded it as a bluff and had no thought that he was in earnest. However, to his liquor inflamed mind he had been insulted and he struck the auctioneer a terrific blow with the yoke, breaking his left arm, which had been thrown up for protection. Powell was promptly arrested by

Mike Meager and locked up in the city calaboose.

Late in the evening, the stage agent, L. A. Brown, known as "Brownie," found that he had no one to drive the bus to the train.

Wichita's one incoming passenger train arrived about midnight and left for the north at five in the morning. "Brownie" hunted up the police judge, George Reeves, and deposited a cash bond that Powell would appear in police court the next morning and got Mike Meager to consent to his release on condition that Powell had sobered up and would drink no more that night, and that he would be good and go at once to the stage barn and stay until he drove out the bus. Powell, however, broke his promise and proceeded to "tank up" again to the limit of his many opportunities.

Burning with humiliation at his arrest, he indulged in violent and threatening language and finally sent out the challenge that he was "looking for Mike with a gun." This information was indiscreetly conveyed to Mike, who had gone home for the night.

The city marshal did just the natural thing for a man of his mettle and position toward the society of those days; he immediately came down town in search for Powell with the intention to re-arrest him and lock him up again. Hearing that Powell was at Hope's saloon, he went there and learned, that, only a moment before, he had left by the side door which opened into the alley. Out into the darkness, Mike went all alone, and what transpired is partly conjecture and partly from Mike's lips; for there were no witnesses and one of the principals never related his side of the story. Going from the lighted room into the darkness, for a moment, the marshal was blinded and had proceeded down the alley but a few paces, when Powell, stepping from behind a coal bin, opened fire.

Mike was taken completely by surprise; and, as he wore a heavy ulster coat, could not quickly draw his gun and being in very close quarters, "he

closed in on his man and grasped his pistol." Three shots were fired in quick succession; then Powell broke away, undoubtedly thinking his shots had taken effect, and in a panic fled east to the alley leading south past Houck Brothers hardware store and down to Douglas Avenue, thence west on the north side of the street to the corner.

Mike apparently conjectured the course Powell would take and went in the opposite direction to Main Street and they met at the old New York Store corner—the corner of Main and Douglas. Mike fired a quick shot at a distance of about twenty-five feet, shooting Powell squarely through the heart, and with the single exclamation, "Oh! Mike, you have killed me," the victim fell full length on the board walk and expired.

Across the street, in old Eagle Hall, the annual New Year's masked ball was in progress. As the sounds of the shots echoed along the street of the old town and died away on the cold, frosty air of that winter night, the music ceased, the dancing stopped and then there was a stampede from all directions for the scene of the affray. Among those who gathered around the prostrate form of the well known stage driver were a number of the masked dancers from the gay ball-room across the way; and there at midnight, in the last dying moments of the old year, gaiety and frivolity, grotesquely garbed, paused for a moment and looked through the eye slits of their masks upon the mysteries of death—and then the dance went on for the rest of the night.

The body was carried into Hill's drug store, next to the corner store and laid on the floor along the side of the counter and a policeman was stationed to keep back the crowd. But where was Mike?

The writer met two men at the alley corner; both of these were young lawyers and now answer to the name of "Judge."

Seeing a man run down the alley, we approached him in the darkness. It

was Mike Meager, our city marshal, with his back to the wall and gun in his hand, standing not far from the very spot where he had, so recently, had his encounter with Powell. As we approached, he recognized us as friends and spoke in great agitation—but still in that soft smooth voice of his and said, "Gentlemen, I had to do it; it was either he or I, one or the other of us; I had to do it." After some reassuring words, he was asked if he had been hit. Apparently, that thought had not occurred to him and we began to look him over. First, he held up his left hand, remarking that he had had hold of Powell's gun and thought that his hand was powder burned. We found his left thumb blackened, abraded and swollen. Then we discovered a wad of cotton as large as an egg sticking out of a hole in the back of his coat. A ball had entered his ulster from the front and had passed out at the back near the waist line, carrying with it the lining and padding, but had not hurt him.

Mike then stooped over and rubbed his knee, where a ball had cut his trousers at the inside of his left knee and grazed the skin.

We advised him to go around and show up and the four of us went to the drug store and went in. As Mike passed through the store, he glanced uneasily at the prostrate form lying there on the floor, then walked to the back room, where he remained with his friends out of sight.

Jim Antrim was the assistant city marshal on duty that night and Dick Cogdell was his aide and guarded the door. Dick was a fiery, dashing young southerner, just from Alabama and he always carried a pair of white handled revolvers that were as ugly looking guns as ever poked their steel noses through holsters. Presently Wash Walker, Powell's partner, came running down the street and with tears streaming down his face attempted to push past the guard at the door. "I want to see Sill, my pardner, I want to see Sill," he cried and Cogdell had dif-

ficulty in restraining him. After being searched and disarmed, he was induced by his friends to go to the stage stable without having a view of his dead partner.

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts and the city council exonerated Meager, but he never was at ease in Wichita after this affair and soon resigned the marshal-ship.

Viewed from the standpoint of the present time, Mike made a great mistake in going out that night to re-arrest Powell. He should have remained at home and left that duty to others. However, in those days on the wild frontier, any display of weakness on his part would have injured his prestige and pride and his reputation would have suffered had he paid no attention to the challenge that Powell foolishly issued on that festive night.

When the railroad was extended further south, Caldwell received the Texas cattle trade, and, for a brief period, had strenuous times. Men died with their boots on in quick succession and the office of city marshal was vacated weekly. One industrious Mr. Wilson wished to try his hands at the job and his first day's work was to kill three men. The city council was alarmed; for they had buried his three predecessors, at the city's expense, and to save further funeral bills promptly removed Wilson.

The business men held a meeting and concluded, that if a majority of the cow men and freighters were killed off, it would greatly curtail all branches of trade, except the undertaking business, and that some one must be found who could hold the town down and control the troublesome element without annihilating it; so they sent for Mike Meager; made him city marshal; he assumed charge of affairs in his quiet way and order and confidence were restored.

One day Mike came up to Wichita and called around to visit with the boys at the postoffice. It was a summer evening, the office was closed, but we

were waiting for the arrival of one of the stages with the mail; for there were one or two still in operation. We were in the mailing room near the back door, where the mail was delivered, Frank Todd, Romeyne Eldridge, Mike Meager and the writer, and to all of us Mike seemed changed, almost broken, sad and dreamy—not the man of former days.

He was examining a heavy revolver, which we always kept handy in the letter case and speculating upon its efficiency, when the stage drove up and we saw Wash Walker, Powell's old partner, on the box. Mike laid down the gun, looked out at Wash and Wash eyed Mike, but neither spoke. After Wash had driven the stage away, Mike broke the silence, in a soft low voice, almost as if speaking to himself and said, "Boys, there is the only man on top of ground that I am afraid of; and after another period of silence, he dreamily said, "They will get me some day; they will get me some day." Yes, poor Mike Meager, they did "get him" within a few months; but that is another story.

My first sight of this famous city marshal was the first day I was in Wichita, was rather dramatic and made an impression upon me I have never forgotten. A drunken cowboy had been ejected from a saloon on Main Street. He had made a stand in the middle of the street, waived a big six shooter in the air above his head, breathed defiance to all the world and recited what a terrible bad man he was. Mike appeared on the scene, coming quietly down the street on the walk, until opposite the fellow, then approached him from the rear and when within a few feet spoke to him in an ordinary careless tone of voice, just as he would ask for a chew of tobacco and said, "Look here, my boy, give me that gun."

It was cold weather and Mike wore a long, heavy overcoat, which was unbuttoned and carelessly thrown back; his right hand hung naturally at his side, but mighty handy to his pistol

butt. The fellow turned in surprise, looked into Mike's grey eyes a moment and without further hesitation or protest handed over the gun and was perfectly subdued. Mike talked to him very plainly, led him to where his pony was hitched, saw him mounted and told him to "get." The fellow, "wild and woolly," went down Douglas Avenue, across the bridge as fast as his speckled mustang pony could carry him, yelling like the proverbial Indian, and struck the trail across the open country to his cattle camp. Thus a difficulty was disposed of and what might have become serious trouble was averted. A few days later, he returned, paid a nominal fine, recovered his lost and beloved gun; his honor was saved; and he was ever afterwards Mike's friend and probably a better man. Such incidents were daily occurrences, were characteristic of Mike and received not even passing notice.

Mike Meager was tall and erect, and while not heavy, was a powerful man. He had the fine head and face of a Celt, heavy chestnut brown hair, rather long and with a suspicion of a wave in it, a refined yellow mustache which did not hide a firm mouth and determined chin; his eyes were grey and kindly and his voice was low and as smooth as velvet. His face and movements and general personal appearance carried the impression of firmness,

thoughtful composure and reserved strength.

The old time city marshal of a frontier town was an unusual and peculiar type of man. Unlike the ordinary officer of today, he had no powerful police force and the civilization of a settled community to back his authority. He usually fought his battles alone and had to rely upon his own resources. He must be ready to meet unusual and hazardous situations. He must have unflinching nerve, alertness and quick perception and that unusual personality, mental and physical, which carries with it that strange power to control men.

He was created by the special demands of those times and as the demand ceased, the type fast disappeared.

Such men were Abilene's famous "Wild Bill," Bat Masterson of Dodge City, Mike Meager of Wichita and Caldwell and John Polk of Old Council Grove, Pat Garrett of Arizona—although he was a more recent type. They were all men of remarkable bravery and individuality and noted in their day. They daily accepted the uncertainties of their hazardous avocation, as a mere matter of business, until it became attractive to them.

They have passed away like the buffalo, the wild Indian and the old time cowboy and will soon live only in the history and poetry of the western country.

What Shall We Do With Our Dead?

BY FRANKLIN L. PAYNE

HOW SHALL we care for our dead? This question sooner or later will come to every one of us, or must be decided for us, by some one else. By far, the greater number of us consider this a disagreeable question, and refuse to think about it at all, until some day, suddenly, we are brought to it, face to face, when it

must be met and decided, and at once.

I have long thought of cremation as a means of caring for the dead, but could find out practically nothing about it at first hand. I met those who told contorted stories about it; who distorted the truth in order that they might be amused for a moment to see their listener wince at the narra-

tion, but I found these stories to be idle inventions.

Last summer I visited the largest and most perfectly equipped Crematorium in this country to learn for myself, and remained during the summer and fall, to assist in the care of those brought in and write from personal observation.

First, let me say that there is absolutely nothing repellent about cremation which can repulse even the most fastidious. We often had funeral parties enter the retort room and there witness the entire operation from beginning to end. There is no flame or fire in or about the retort at any time after the body is placed within the incinerating chamber. In the older styles of equipment this is not true, but we had the most modern and latest improved equipments that could be obtained, and it is a vast improvement upon older methods.

In preparing for an incineration, the retort is heated, and before the body is placed in the incinerating chamber, the fire is entirely extinguished. The funeral party enter the chapel and the body is placed upon the bier, and at the proper time in the service, it gently sinks through the floor exactly the same as it would be lowered into a grave. When it reaches the floor below, those of the funeral party who wish to, may come down by the stairway. It is unnecessary to open the casket, or to touch the body in any way. The casket is covered with a clean, white sheet wet in alum water to prevent its catching fire while the door to the incinerating chamber is open. This door raises noiselessly, disclosing the bright, even beautifully, colored interior, the casket is placed gently in this chamber and the door closed to exclude the inrush of cold air. The interior can then be seen through a small glass-covered opening. There is neither odor nor smoke. In about thirty minutes the casket has disappeared. The process is more like evaporation than anything else. Over ninety per cent of the body is water, and this has

passed away in vapor; by the time the casket is gone, there remains but a shell, resembling the original form of the body, which slowly is reduced to clean white ashes which requires a somewhat longer time to cool, before being placed in the receptacle. The process is extremely clean and absolutely free from a single repulsive feature.

Turn to burial. It is the most crude method possible. I find that the greatest horror that people generally have of death, is the thought of being placed in a long narrow box; let down into a dark, cold, hole and tons of earth piled upon them. We have all heard of the "peaceful sleep in the quiet grave," but we are disillusioned when we think of the facts. Soon that body which we have placed away is a mass of corruption. We revolt at the thought, but it is true, and to this decay and the earth-worms we consign the remains of our loved ones. But the marvel to me is, why we have not, in this enlightened age, taken steps to prevent such conditions. But the story is incomplete. In its decay the body accumulates water, this water afterward passes on with the underground water-courses, carrying with it the germs of diseases with which the bodies are filled—typhoid, cholera, yellow fever, tuberculosis, cancer—but turn to the medical works for the complete list. This water flows on, and we pump it up out of the ground and we drink it, and give it to others. Of course, some of the germs in this water die, but others do not. Contagion from this cause has been directly traced too many times to disprove the fact. It must be remembered that the live germ in a few grains of wheat, buried in the tombs of Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs, when they met favorable conditions within our time, grew and reproduced their kind.

There are cases upon record also, where bodies have been moved or even excavations made in their vicinity, from 100 to 300 years after burial started a contagion, and again, others living in our time have succumbed and

been buried, when again through them, others may be prematurely taken away.

The Hindoo burns his dead upon a funeral pyre in the most crude manner; the Parsee consign their dead to the buzzards; the Andean Indian carries his dead far out into the desert to shrivel and dry in the moistureless heat; the North American Indian formerly wrapped his dead in a blanket and placed them high upon poles or in a tree, away from prowling animals; the Mexican and the Cuban placed their dead in stone niches until the relatives no longer paid the yearly rental, when the bones were removed and dumped into the "bone pile;" but we Americans, who pride ourselves as being the most enlightened, the most progressive, the most humane, still adhere to the most unsanitary and most unenlightened method of disposing of our dead.

Almost everyone of us recall that the first cemetery we remember, used to be considered well out into the country; now we know that it has been surrounded by many homes, and in some instances even come within the city limits. This applies to no special locality, but is almost general. Soon the living will need the ground for houses, barns, factories, residences; no one remains to defend the burial place of forefathers, and it is condemned, and some few of the bodies removed, while others are left. Examples of this are plentiful, and we must not fall into the error that our cemetery is any different from any other, for our faults are like to those of others, and we are born like everyone else has been, and we will die as everyone must, and will be forgotten and our burial place finally used for other purposes.

At present there are thirty-five Crematoriums in the United States; in 1884 there were but two and that year there were but sixteen cremations. Last year there were over six thousand, and several new Crematoriums are now under construction. Germany, England, France and Italy have long been

far ahead of us in this line, while Paris has a municipal Crematorium. It may be a surprise to learn that beer in Germany, wine in France, Spain and Italy are drunk instead of water, because the cemeteries have become so extensive that no water can be obtained from any well, save very high up in the mountains, which has not become contaminated from some ancient, mediaeval or modern burying ground. And please remember that your bath water in almost any point in Europe, especially in the more thickly populated portions, is largely contaminated water.

An effort is being made to finance the project of the establishing of a Crematorium in Wichita, to which, if the effort is with success, bodies may be sent for proper care from any point in Kansas, Nebraska, either of the Dakotas, Oklahoma and Texas. The nearest one at present is at St. Louis on the east, and another in Denver on the west.

Another feature which has been neglected, is the fact that without doubt there are many people, far more than we think, who are buried before life is extinct. Nearly everyone has known of, or at least heard of such a case. Regarding this, I have not the space to take it up, but will say that a complete plan has been perfected whereby bodies, which have not been embalmed, may be taken care of for an unlimited length of time, months if necessary, or at least, until doubt no longer remains. I have consulted many prominent physicians upon this matter, and I have failed to find any test which may be applied to a body which is absolutely certain in all cases, of determining that absolute death has occurred. In instances, where embalming is resorted to, if death has not already taken place, the embalmer becomes unknowingly an executioner. As a prominent case in point, I would refer to the late Senator Preston B. Plumb of Kansas, who was occasionally attacked by periods of suspended animation, during one of which, when away from those who knew of this tendency,

he was embalmed, no further doubt then remained.

The equipment for caring for those apparently dead, can only be installed as an adjunct to a Crematorium. The body could of course be buried instead

of incinerated if the friends or family wished. The equipment has come to light only within the last month, but no doubt will be adopted in many places, where Crematoriums have been established.

Rhymes by Two Friends

THE STORY OF A KANSAS BOOK

BY ONE OF ITS AUTHORS

Editor Kansas Magazine:

IN AN article on William Allen White, in your July number, reference is made to a volume of verse, published a long time ago, by Mr. White and myself, entitled "Rhymes by Two Friends."

I don't know where the author of the article got his information concerning that venture, but it does not seem to be of the best quality. He says that I "pocketed the profits" and then "left for New York to seek greener pastures and younger lambs."

There were no profits made from "Rhymes by Two Friends." The book was not published for profit, except by the printer, M. L. Izor, and he was disappointed. It was published for the purpose of collecting some verses which White and I had drifting about among the newspapers, and to get our work noticed by the Eastern press. At least, that was my idea, and I believe it to be White's, as well. Izor printed the book, and White and I were to have one hundred copies each—for press distribution, as I thought. It became necessary to finance Izor, as the work progressed, and I did this, being on the ground and able to borrow the money. White could have borrowed it too, but White was a hundred miles away in Kansas City and Izor's need was even then climbing the front stairs.

When the book came out (the edition was five hundred) I had completed a

list of papers who were to have review copies, and took it for granted that I was to mail them, and did so, sending out nearly all of our two hundred books. That was my mistake. White had counted—and with good enough reason, no doubt—on getting his hundred copies, to do with as he pleased. But we were very good friends, and I presumed—over presumed—on that friendship. At all events, that is what happened, and that was the cause of whatever discussion, or misunderstanding that may have arisen later. It was never very serious, I believe. White and I have met a good many times, since, and always pleasantly. I read his things, and am proud of them. I don't know whether he reads mine, or not, but I know his boy does, for "Old Bill" himself told me last fall that "Young Bill" had worn out a book about a bear, which I wrote once and sent him; and I don't think that would have happened if the "chill" between us, mentioned by Mr. Pinet, had been very severe, or had "continued to this day," as he states.

As for the books sold by Izor, he sold what he could of his three hundred, on the "first round" and turned the remainder over to me to satisfy the amount advanced. So then I became the publisher; but I did not make anything—I did not come out even. I have been more or less concerned with publishing for sixteen years, since then and

I have found that it quite often happens that way.

Nor did I find any "lambs" in New York. They found me. Whatever money I had when I came, I lost in less than six months, and have been earning a living, since, in the usual manner of present day writers and editors, that is, by doing a good deal of rather hard work.

And it is hardly worth while, perhaps, to go into these explanations now. That old book—worth nothing in the beginning to anybody—cannot mean much to anybody now. Only, if the story of it is to be told at all, I prefer to have the record straight.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

New York City, July 15, '09.

The Beloit Basket Ball Team

THE OLD adage about "honor where honor is due," is a misnomer, according to the victorious Girls' Basket Ball team of the Beloit High School. They claim they got the game without the name, for scarcely a newspaper outside their home town proclaimed them "Champions of Kansas" after they had won the title against all comers, and been awarded the silver cup by the authorities of the University of Kansas, at which place the final contest took place. It behooves the Kansas Magazine to introduce these champion athletic girls to its many readers.

The accompanying illustration probably was taken when the girls reflected on their newspaper recognition. It was something to be downcast about, so they claim. The illustration also shows the cup awarded them after the championship series of games. Besides winning the championship of Kansas the team played the entire season without a defeat.

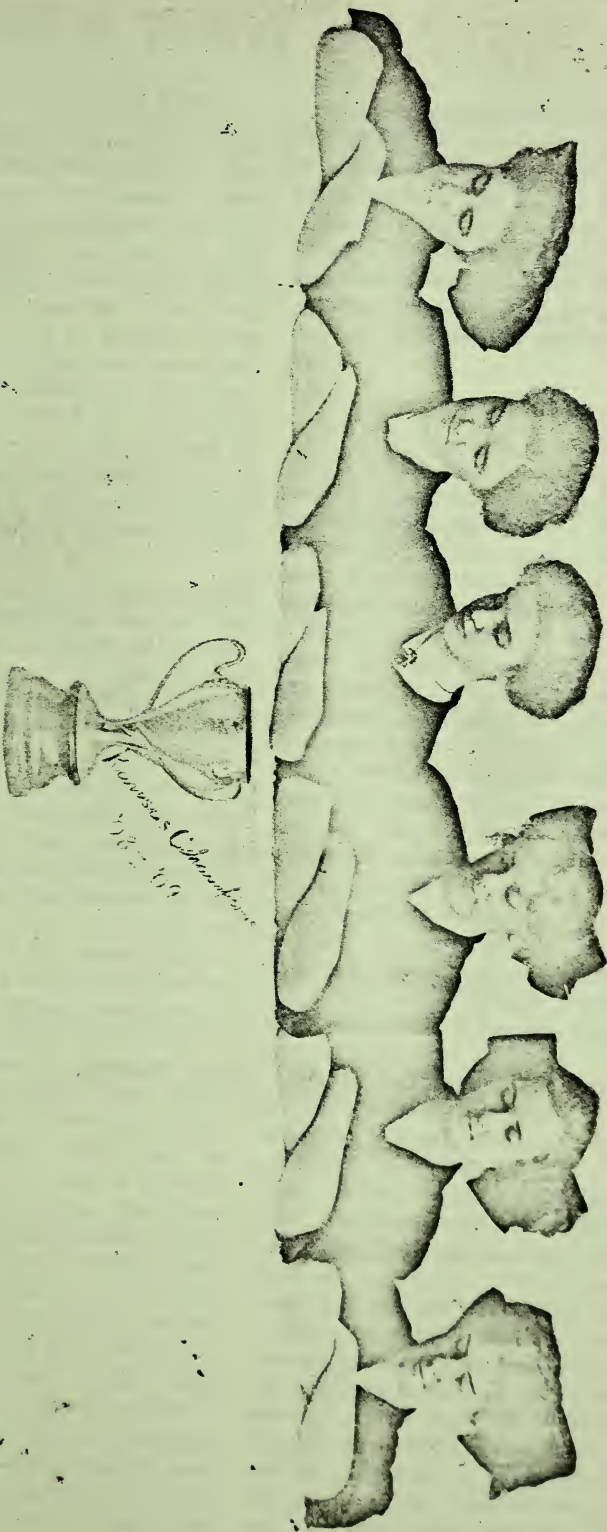
The championship series was played under the auspices of the State University at Lawrence on March 20. The

contestants in the finals were the high school teams of Hutchinson, which won the championship the previous year, and Chanute. Beloit won from Hutchinson, 29 to 10; from Chanute, 17 to 8.

The home-coming of the victors was an event that will go down in town history. Brass bands, an automobile parade, and an elaborate banquet at the leading hotel were features of the occasion. The whole town met the "champs" at the train.

Beloit also has had her athletic champions among the other sex. It is a well established claim that no section of Kansas has furnished so many stars to the Rock-Chalk-Jayhawk football constellation as Mitchell County. There are the famous Alpha Brumage, Dr. John Outland, Arthur Pooler, Art and White Hicks, and Manley Michaelson who are classed among the very best football players K. U. ever had, who claim Mitchell County as home.

This only goes to show that there is something in the atmosphere of the Solomon Valley that develops the human family on a par with its "champion" corn and wheat family.



LEONA WHITE.

LUCILLE BAKER.

PEARL BALL.

ESTHER BELKNAP.

OLLIE WILBURN.

RUTH BUNCH

CHAMPIONS OF KANSAS '08 AND '09.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

"EDITORIAL" LAND OFFERS

We note that general prosperity in agricultural districts invariably affords a rich opportunity for divers and sundry companies promoted by individuals who are wise enough to discern the trend of the times toward real estate investments. When people have money to spend it is not a difficult matter to get them to spend it upon real estate. Land values are easily expanded by a clever salesman, especially when his efforts are backed by a reputable publication. In this connection we wish to call the attention, more particularly, of our Kansas readers, to a very extraordinary offer of The Fruit Grower, a class publication mailed at St. Joseph, Mo.

About a year ago the editor of the publication in question announced that, for the benefit of the readers of The Fruit Grower he would make a personal investigation or search throughout the entire United States for a tract of land that would be ideal for fruit growing. Pursuant to this very altruistic announcement the search was presumably begun, and continued until the long-looked-for "tract" had been located. The announcement was then made personally by the editor of The Fruit Grower in the issue of June, 1909. In this announcement the editor declares: "I can unhesitatingly recommend the tract as one of the most attractive locations, all things considered, I have ever seen. The soil is ideal; the exposure just right; water is abundant and pure; shipping facilities first class; crops are as sure as any place I have ever seen."

Following this glowing description he discloses the fact that the land is midway between Grand Junction, Colo., and Glenwood Springs, and that unfortunately there are only 880 acres in the tract. Of this tract—which is evidently owned by The Fruit Grower itself—400 acres are offered for sale at the very nominal sum of \$300 per acre.

In view of the fact that a great many residents of Kansas are investing money in Colorado fruit lands, the Kansas Magazine has also, for the benefit of its readers, employed the services of an individual who is an expert in soil culture and fruit growing, to investigate the holdings of The Fruit

Grower or the Morrisiana Land Company, in the locality in question. Our report, which is absolutely fair and unbiased, places the actual value of this land at \$100 PER ACRE.

We give this information to our readers without any remuneration to ourselves from any source, with the hope that they will investigate any and all land offers before investing, regardless of editorial recommendations.

THE WEALTH OF KANSAS

Last month Bank Commissioner Dolley issued a statement showing that the bank deposits of Kansas were a little more than \$160,000,000. The population of Kansas is about 1,600,000, showing that the per caput cash bank balance is \$100.

There is nothing more misleading in statistics than this so-called per capita wealth. Per caput is a Latin phrase which by a recognized solecism has become per capita. It means head.

If a farmer cuts fifty tons of hay and owns fifty steers, he may be said to have one ton per caput, because practically every steer will consume his share, but when we use per capita and apply it to the human race, it means nothing but an arithmetical average. That is, the per caput bank balance may mean that John Brown has fifty thousand dollars at his command in the bank, while you, I, and 497 others haven't a cent to our credit.

But the real wealth of Kansas does not lie in its bank deposits. Almost every citizen of the state and probably most of the residents, excepting minors under twelve years of age, possess some tangible property. Hundreds own homes, farms, stock of some kind, merchandise and tools, but have no bank accounts. The actual per caput wealth of Kansas can hardly be estimated.

There is a way, however, to come at a reasonable idea of the wealth of the state. That method is through the books of the tax assessor. The state board last month issued a statement showing that the taxable wealth of Kansas is \$2,500,000,000. In theory this is a full valuation, but in fact it is not to exceed three-fourths. That is, the farmers of the state and the owners of city

realty would not accept less than five-fourths of the assessed value for their lands and lots. Then there are millions which escape the assessor, bonds which are not taxable, cash in pockets which is not given in, legal exemptions, etc.

The corporations of Kansas represent half a billion of this listed property, but it is certainly fair to offset that with the property which is not uncovered by the assessors and the corporate stock owned in this state.

Granting these points, we may safely assert that the per caput wealth of Kansas is \$1,600. And moreover, we need not divide this, as we have the bank deposits, because there is scarcely a recognized multi-millionaire in the state and very few millionaires, so the term per caput comes nearer meaning what it should than in any other state in the union. Counting man and wife, bachelor and spinster, it is quite probable that there are more who actually possess this \$1,600 than there are who own less.

As for paupers, outside of the institutions for the insane, criminals and the hospitals, there are practically none. Only in the cities in winter when work is impossible, is there any considerable demand for public aid.

Kansas notably leads the world in arithmetical per caput wealth and for actual per caput possessions, where every head has its share, there is no state, nation or province on earth which can approximate the Kansas conditions.

The great popularity of the Kansas Magazine has offered an excellent opportunity for fake solicitors, who are appropriating the money obtained to their own use. We regret very much to note that several of these crooked individuals have been obtaining money in different sections of the state. Some have offered the magazine at the rate of one dollar per year as a special inducement. The Kansas Magazine has never authorized any one to solicit subscriptions

for less than \$1.50 per year. For our own protection and for the protection of our patrons, we must insist upon every agent carrying with him a written statement, signed with the stamp of the Kansas Magazine and the personal signature of the manager of the publication. We cannot be responsible for subscriptions taken by individuals who are unable to show this credential.

Recent disclosures of "graft" among high officials of the Japanese government, need not occasion surprise nor alarm in this country. It is more to be wondered that stories of misappropriation of Japanese public funds have not cropped out long ago. "Muck-rake" stories date almost as far back as the cave-man, and it is not to be supposed that the little almond-eyed Orientals are so far removed from modern methods as to have failed in this world-wide requirement of "civilization."

That the tariff bill, as well as a number of other laws, enacted by the last session of Congress, do not meet with the entire approval of President Taft, is evinced by the persistent rumors that he intends to advise certain recommendations at the next session. An amendment limiting the capitalization of corporations doing an inter-state business, as well as giving the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Department of Labor authority to ascertain the value of railroads, will probably be urged. "Progressive" senators are sanguine over a half-way promise from the president, to call the attention of Congress to certain amendments to the tariff bill, looking towards a more general revision downward in conformity with the Republican platform. Just what the final outcome of Mr. Taft's recommendations and plans will be on the next session, is, at this time, a matter of conjecture, but it is very evident that an improvement in certain schedules is entirely possible.

Wellington, Kansas

BY THE OBSERVER

THERE is no use trying to be poetical when writing of Wellington; there is very little time to recite your lines though you write never so well. There is plenty of sentiment in the city but very little poetry. For long years the wheat fields, like yellow seas, have crawled up to the cramp-ed edges of the smoky town, and smitten with the powerful hand of the warm summer wind, have splashed golden waves into the very streets and for many years the busy townsmen have been engaged in building banks to store the gold, fighting between times to expand the city lines to make room for stores and mills and to erect homes for growing sons and to set up domes and spires where exceedingly busy men might perhaps take time to worship. And the effort to expand has been successful, to the extent that the population has grown from 4,000 to 7,000 within the last four years and new buildings crowd each other almost into the streets.

One hundred thousand dollars worth of street paving will be laid by the first of January, 1910. The postoffice receipts have shown an increase of \$5,000 in three years and mail is delivered to the door of every home.

Wellington has a dozen churches, three large mills, an iron foundry, natural gas for light and heat, an ice and creamery plant, two railroads with twelve miles of yard track with 1,000 men employed in railway operation, and many other institutions that go to make a city. We give herewith a clipping from a recent issue of one of the five newspapers of the town:

"There is more building going on in Wellington today and more buildings proposed than in any other town of its size in the state. Today in Wellington there are over one hundred thousand dollars going into buildings and business blocks. The Masonic Temple heads the list at a contract price of \$15,000 the others are: Second Ward school house, \$15,000; Fourth Ward school house, \$15,000;

the Romig Garage, \$5,000; the Hicks building the contract for which was let recently, and the building to occupy a lot north of the city building, \$5,000. This building will have a twenty-five foot front, two stories and built of brick, the Ames building, \$2,500 and the Chas. Ross flat on East Harvey, \$2,500.

Buildings and business blocks representing as many thousand dollars are under consideration. The government building said to be erected at a cost of nearly \$65,000, to be built on South Washington. The Russell Heasty livery to be built on East Seventh to cost \$5,000 or more; the business blocks on North Washington, between Seventh and



Major Levi Ferguson.

Eighth streets. This entire block is to be built up. The building for the new steam laundry on West Lincoln to cost nearly \$5,000.

Every contractor in this city reports that they have enough work ahead of them to keep a large force of men at work for over a year. They have their hands full to handle the contracts for business blocks and bid for the residences, of which a great number are being built in the city.

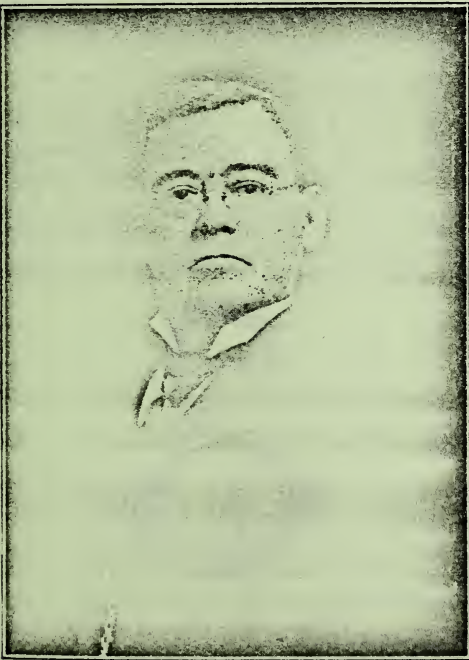
The past few years have marked Wellington with more new buildings and a greater progress than in any ten years in her history. In two weeks men will be here and commence the work of paving streets. Our progress is indeed remarkable."

Wellington is the center of a large educational area presided over by 266

teachers who instruct 8,622 pupils attending classes in Sumner County in 208 school buildings whose combined value is \$590,000.

As evidence of the importance of the schools to the county it is well to state that seventy-five per cent of the teachers employed in the county are four-year high school graduates, seventy-five per cent have attended three years or more while only eight per cent have had no high school training. The average salary paid to teachers is \$68 per month, while the average length of the school term is seven months.

Senator Geo. H. Hunter began the milling business in Wellington in 1879 and since that time has been active



Senator George H. Hunter.

both in the business and political life of his city. As a business man he has held the position of president of the Kansas State Millers Association and president of the Southern Kansas Millers Commercial Club continuously with the exception of one year since 1883, till in July, 1909, when he refused to accept the position

again when Mr. L. R. Hurd of Wichita was elected to the place. He is president of the Hunter Milling Co., and vice president of the Wellington National Bank. As a public official, he has served as member of the city council, nine years, as member of the school board, fifteen years and is now mayor of Wellington and state senator, having been elected to that honor in November, 1908. As a testimony to his loyalty to Wellington it will be well to state that the city has been assured of asphaltum paving through his activity and zeal.

Major Levi Ferguson was born in Pike County, Indiana, May 29, 1841. Entered United States service as private July 1, 1861, and took part in the Civil War, serving as private, non-commissioned officer and captain. He served eight years as auditor of Pike County, Indiana, 1866 to 1874. Was delegate to Republican national convention at the nomination of Grant and Wilson in 1872; was Republican candidate for congress against "Blue Jeans Williams" in 1874, and was presidential elector in 1876. He came to Wellington in 1887 and was elected probate judge in 1894; was appointed postmaster at Wellington in 1897 and served as such until March, 1906. He became an Odd Fellow in 1866, and in 1894 was elected Grand Master, I. O. O. F., State of Kansas, and served as grand representative to Sovereign Grand Lodge. Major Ferguson became a Mason in January, 1863, and is now a 32nd degree Mason of the Wichita Consistory. He began the practice of law in 1865 and is now in active partnership in that profession with Judge Jas. Lawrence.

In 1871 Mr. J. C. Smith Sr., established the Smith Clothing and Furnishing Store in Wellington and in 1885 moved into the present building erected by himself and known over the state as the "marble building," as it is constructed of marble quarried not far from Wellington in Sumner County. In 1905 the father turned the business over to his two sons, Edwin A. and J.

C. Smith Jr., who now devote their entire time operating this well founded institution. One of the features of the work as carried on by the sons is a first class tailor shop and a dissatisfied customer is unknown. Mr. J. C. Smith

in Wellington. He began business in Wellington in February, 1909, and while carrying a full stock he is in touch with the New York markets where he has a resident buyer and is constantly adding to the volume of his business by frequent shipments of ladies' ready-to-wear furnishings. The business is run upon a strictly cash basis and satisfaction is guaranteed or money returned.



The Smith Clothing and Furnishing Store.

Sr., has for many years been a most successful financier and at one time owned other stores in Ashland, Harper and Garden City, Kansas, with many other business enterprises in southwest Kansas. In 1905 he took up his resi-



J. C. Smith, Jr., of the Smith Clothing Store.

dence in Cincinnati, Ohio, but he spends much time in this state in the oversight of property interests among which is a body of land near Ashland comprising 13,000 acres.

Mr. I. A. Zug is the proprietor of the ladies' ready-to-wear clothing store which bears his name. For many years Mr. Zug was a traveling salesman for a large eastern house handling the line of goods which comprises his stock and he is especially prepared to meet the growing demand for his goods



Zug's Ready-to-Wear Ladies' Clothing Store.

The Amsden Lumber Co., have long been established in Wellington, seeing other companies come and go, but special mention must be made of the recent reconstruction of the yards and warehouses in which the company has spent thousands of dollars. The buildings which cover one-fourth of a block are made of highest grade pressed brick and are fire proof throughout. Mr. S. J. Waugh is superintendent of the Wellington yards and has been with the company seven years. Mr. F. A. Ams-

den is the president of the company, which has eleven yards in Oklahoma and Kansas and under his care all lines of the business prosper.

The National Bank of Commerce was

on February 1, 1909, the bank took up temporary quarters in E. B. Roser's jewelry store the next day and soon afterward moved to the new Stewart building. About October 1, they will

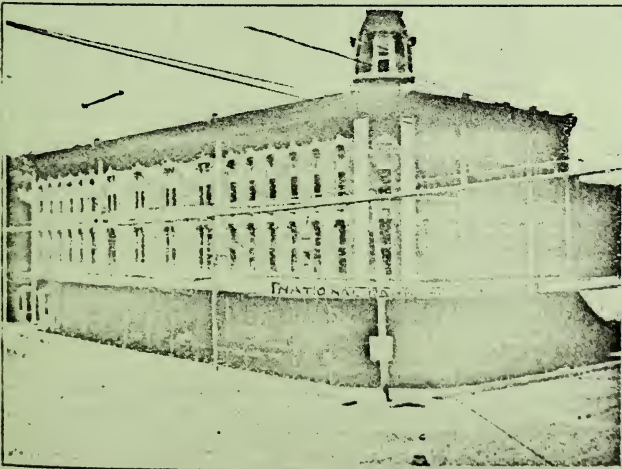


Plant of the Amsden Lumber Company.

opened for business December 3, 1906. The officers were Geo. W. Robinson of Wichita, president; E. B. Roser, vice president; Chas. P. Hangen, cashier, and Amos A. Belsley, assistant cashier. Seventy-five per cent of the stock is

occupy their new location on the Arlington corner.

The National Bank of Commerce went through the "panic" of 1907-08 safely and they have now a capital stock of \$50,000. Deposits are steadily



National Bank of Commerce.



E. B. Roser, President
National Bank of
Commerce.

held by Wellington business men and Sumner County farmers. This bank was first located in the Woods building on North Washington Street and when this structure was destroyed by fire

increasing and are now \$140,000.

The present officers were elected in January, 1909, and will serve as follows, E. B. Roser, president; H. F. Harbaugh, vice president, Chas. P.



Hangen, cashier; Amos A. Belsley, assistant cashier. The directors include

dent; Henry F. Smith, vice president; W. H. Burks, cashier, and W. T.



C. P. Hangen, Cashier National Bank of Commerce.

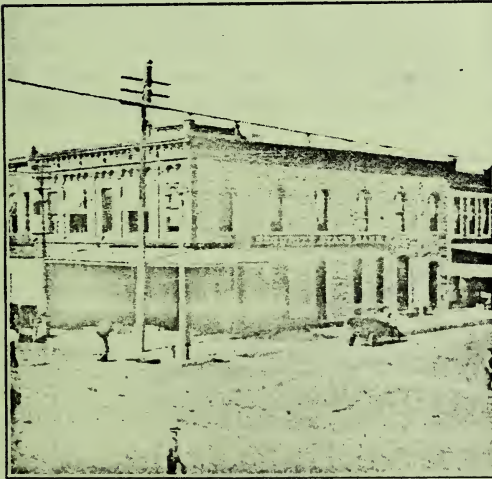
the above officers and Oscar L. De Turk, F. A. Amsden and J. M. Purcell.



S. J. Waugh, Cashier Security State Bank.

Schulte, assistant cashier.

The Wellington National Bank has for many years been a fine testimonial to the financial integrity and safe business methods of the men who comprise its list of officers. Like the city in which it does business, its increased prosperity has been steady and constant and one of its chief assets is the character of the men who handle its affairs.



Security State Bank.

The Security State Bank was organized in June, 1897, and has ever since enjoyed the confidence and patronage of the people. As proof of this we reprint from this bank's official statement issued at the close of business June 30, 1909, which shows the capital stock to be \$75,000, surplus fund \$35,000, the individual profits \$11,360.58. and the deposits \$530,644.81. The officers are T. J. Garland, presi-



B. F. Sparr Clothing Company.

The Farmers State Bank is one of the sound financial institutions of Sumner County, having on its list of officers some of the leading men of southern Kansas among whom are J.

E. Kramer, President; F. C. Piper, vice president; M. R. McClean, cashier, and W. H. Maddy, assistant cashier. Its capital stock is \$50,000, with a surplus of \$15,000.

repair the most serious breakdown in any machine.

The Auburn 1910 four cylinder is best known by the famous Rutenbar motor using the Bosch Magneto. This

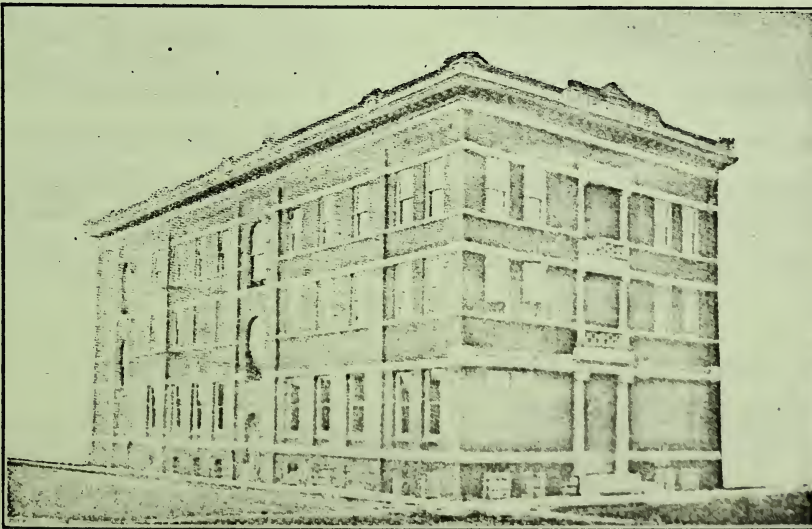


Wellington Motor Car Company.

The Wellington Motor Car Company is the exclusive agency for the Auburn motor car in Sumner and adjoining counties. T. W. Romig is president and F. N. Merry is manager. Mr. Romig is a business man of ability and energy

company has under construction a large garage built of pressed brick 60x100 feet, with cement floor, equipped with a full line of underground Bowser oil tanks.

Regardless of what may be said of



The "Antlers," Wellington, Kansas.

with much experience in the handling of motor cars while Mr. Merry has had years of experience in one of the largest shops of Chicago, being able to

Wellington in other ways it is an undeniable (?) fact that it has been known for years as a town having very poor hotels. An account of the in-

conveniences suffered by the traveling public because of this lack will never be written. But now, all is changed. A company of business men who realized that the absence of a good hotel was the direct cause of the loss of much business to the city got together and built, of pressed brick, the hostlery known as "The Antlers," a fire proof building three stories high,

50x140 feet, with fifty finely furnished rooms, with gas heat and electric light, with bath and modern equipment throughout. The meals served are not surpassed in the state. Mr. G. W. Fink is the proprietor of The Antlers and has the rare art of personally looking after the comfort of his guests that makes them remain in town even after business has ceased to demand their presence there.

With Kansas Bards

This magazine desires to preserve here all poetry of merit about Kansas or by Kansas writers. We earnestly desire any verse that is available.

The Sea Dream

By Elizabeth N. Barr.

'Twas creeping slowly to the sea
That silent, stealthy tide,
I dreamed it bore us, you and me
Out on the ocean wide;
The moon was twice as light and bright,
O, how the blue waves shone!
We floated back to paradise
Together and alone.

For thee my sad and lonely heart
Was breaking all the day
But soothed by Lethe's gentle art
My spirits fled away;
And lo, together, hand in hand
Our trials and heart-aches o'er,
We stood upon that sunlit strand—
Fair Eden's blissful shore.

We scanned the shining sands for gems
We searched the woods for flowers,
O, we were happy, you and I
Nor heeded fleeting hours,
We came to where the myrtles bloomed
By Love's unending stream—so pure
But, Idol of my heart,
'Twas nothing but a dream.



Fashion's Folly

By George W. Freerks.

Supernal Reason!—Heavenly gift of mind—
Superb endowment of all humankind,
How can a thinking man thy lead forsake
To follow in erratic Fashion's wake—
Tho' Reason welcome to a feast of sense,
To Fashion's piping yet prefer to dance—
To cut the capers, e'en assume a shape,
In all, save caudal finish, like the ape—
At Fashion's shrine
Become a devotee,
And prove the line:
"What fools these mortals be!"

Amazing truth, how on life's rugged road
Humanity will crave things "à la mode."
Tho' all Pandora's box of jumbled ills
From dewy dawn till dark the journey fills—
Tho' forced by Heaven's curse on Adam's
head

In unaesthetic sweat to eat their bread,
Still, a misguided, vice-encumbered crew
On Fashion fawning, do deride the few
Who yield her no applause—
Join no encore—
But Folly's fetic, Fashion,
Dare ignore.

The motley hosts, by good and bad are
swayed;

The onward march of progress is delayed.
Alas! that good by ill is so beset
And beautiful Utopia lingers yet
An iridescent dream. Uncertain move
The crowd; some gen'rous, many selfish
prove.

In spite of all the prospects of the wise
The bells and bauble dazzle human eyes.
In visionary whirlpools
Of today
The soul's best heritage
Is flung away.

Behold the few sublime, true, brave and
strong

Heroic figures 'mongst the trifling throng
Presented to the retrospective gaze
In Time's vast panorama. In that maze
They, like fixed stars set in the gloom of
night,
Shed but their own, and scorned to borrow
light.

Not circumscribed by Fashion's foolish rules,
Like the mere million, aying, gaping fools
By her beguiled—
Their course with Reason squared—
Not whimsied dupes
By Fashion's wiles ensnared.

*The Open Range**By Chas. C. Jones.*

Oh, I long again for the fair, free life
Of the open range 'neath the open sky,
And my heart goes back from the world of
strife

To the land where the wind-swept prairies
lie.

Where the vision ends in a misty haze,
And the distant peaks are a dim, blue line;
Where the lush grass waves through the
cloudless days

And the keen wind blows with a tang like
wine.

Oh, a wild, free life is the life for me,
And I ask for naught in the world beside,
But for rugged health and the chance to be
On the sun-kissed reach where the "punch-
ers" ride;

With an ewe-necked "bronc," and a way to
go,

And a chance to swing with the pulse and
change

Of a life that none but the dwellers know
Where the wind blows free on the open
range.

*Teaching the Calf to Drink**By Walter Martin.*

You've slaved and toiled from sun till sun,
And your trials are o'er you think;
Your work has yet but just begun,
You must teach the calf to drink.

After you've milked the mamma cow
And patted her coat of silk,
You offer him the bucket now
Of warm delicious milk.

In goes his head up to his ears,
He drinks with mouth and nose;
You blamé yourself for having fears,
When he bursts like a garden hose.

You see him through a milky haze,
Milk dripping from your chin.
He blinks at you with a liquid gaze,
And you're sure you saw him grin.

Then you grab him by the head
And fall upon his neck,
And swear by gods for ages dead,
You'll make him drink a peck.

He skins your knuckles on the pail,
Out comes his slimy snout,
Gets his head caught on the bail
And the milk goes down your boot.

You take the bucket sadly bent,
From off his dripping head,
Eat your supper ill content
And shuffle off to bed.

His hungry hawl breaks your repose,
He keeps it up all night.
You smile at your heavy eyelids close,
And mumble, "It serves him right."

*Old Forgotten Trails**By H. S. Schaub.*

The ploughman in this sunny western land,
Who drives his glittering share o'er hill
or swale,
Turns turf by many an unknown warrior
trod

And fills forever many an old forgotten
trail.

'Twas here, the savage warriors passed
along,

And there the full as savage, foe was
found..

And there, and there, the bloody fray was
fought..

The ploughman turns their weapons from
the ground.

'Tis thus the ploughman, Time, conceals all
trace

Of battlefields where great men win or fail
And history has left no stones to mark
The way of many an old forgotten trail.

*The Clover and The Sky**By Esther M. Clark.*

O blest is he whose sorrow
Hath lasted but a night!
Thrice blest he, whose tomorrow
Dawns ever calm and bright.

Yet who, the wide world over,
Could choose to sit and sigh,
While underneath's the clover,
And overhead's the sky?

Then, nake no friend of Trouble,
And have no peace with gloom;
For, surely Joy is double

When all the Earth's a-bloom!
Look up! there bends above you
The tender, shelt'ring sky.

Look down! and there, to love you,
The clover, sweet and shy.

Last night the wind fell sobbing
Against my window-pane;
And like my heart's dull throbbing
There beat the mournful rain.

Yet, now the storm is over,
There's none so blithe as I!
With underneath, the clover,
And overhead, the sky!

*Stealing**By John L. Simpson.*

I stole the diamonds from her eyes,
The luster from her hair;
She stole the wisdom from my tongue,
But left it wagging there.
I stole the kisses from her cheek,
But left the blushes there;
She stole my thoughts of all but her,
Then laughed at my despair.
I stole a promise from her lips:
A promise for all time.
She, like a robber, stole my heart.
(Aye, stealing is a crime!)

When I Get Home Again

By Sadie M. Walker.

Today I hate the thought of school
With its stern realism;
The sight of books contracts my brain
With mental rheumatism.
I mope around my room and sigh
And wish it wouldn't rain;
While o'er and o'er I count the days
Till I'll be home again.

I always thought 'twould be so nice
To get away from home;
To go away to school some place
And paint the college dome.
But now "I've been there" and my heart
Throbs wild with joyous pain,
As each day I realize
I'll soon be home again.

I wonder how the farm will look,
With green fields all about;
I wonder if the brook's the same,
With just as many trout.
I wish I was at home tonight
To help them feed and chore,
To see when coming up the path,
My mother in the door.

I think I'd even like to work
With father in the wheat;
To smell again the new-mown fields
Would be a glorious treat.
But best of all will be the meals;
I'll tell you very plain
That no one knows how much I'll eat
When I get home again.

Of course I'll miss our club of boys,
The jolliest lot around.
And worst of all I'll miss my girl,
The sweetest to be found.
But when another fall comes round
I'll see them all again.
So now I'm waiting for the time
When I'll be home again.



My Ancestry

By A. B. Leigh.

If the Earth is a part of the Sun
And I am a part of the Earth,
The Earth is my Mother—my Parent—
The Sun my Grandparent—
And I am a child of the Planets!
A glorious ancestry's mine,
A pedigree ancient,—divine,
The Founder and Head of the Line
Divinity—God!

The Call of Life

By Dale A. Resing.

Where love and toil and health abound the
years run short;
But ah, the length and sorrow of those long
twelve-months
In which nor health nor love nor labor do
abide..
To love, to strive: those are the cardinal
virtues.
In them alone are life and happiness com-
plete.
Life is but happiness. Sweet is the life of
love.
Love well; love wisely; then is love serene
and dear.
Yet strive while loving: love's but the spark;
work the end.
He who loves mightily charged is for labor
great.
Place high the end of life's endeavor. Gird
the soul.
Then full of vigor keep thy veins and limbs.
Be clean.
Health, next to love, is God's best gift to son
of man.
When health is shattered love may quickly
fade away.
Gone love, gone happiness: poor the life re-
maining.
Heed then the call of life. Make each day
count its share.
Fold close abreast thy love and guard it
carefully.
E'en more protect thy health. Health is the
means of life.
And lastly, yea without ceasing, march on
thy goal.



Evening

By Mrs. M. R. McCabe.

Wind a sighing,
Day a dying,
Night draws nigh!
Stars a spying,
Bats a flying,
Hoot-owls cry!

The birds and bunnies nestle close
Beneath their mother's breast;
She watches, 'fends them from all foes,
Safeguarded in the nest.

Stars declining,
Sun a shining,
Fast comes day!
Birds a stirring
Insects chirring,
Night away!

Our Prize Scenery Contest



A Winter Scene of Fox Creek, six miles north of Strong City. Photo by Miss Anna Hacken, winner of First Prize.



On the Whitewater, six miles east of Wichita. Photo by O. D. Newell, Wichita, Kan., winner of Second Prize.



A Riffle on Tany Creek, northeast of Ottawa, Kan. Photo by Arthur Bridwell, winner Third Prize.



The Old Road; one mile from Frankfort, Kan. Photo by M. B. Nichol, winner Fourth Prize.

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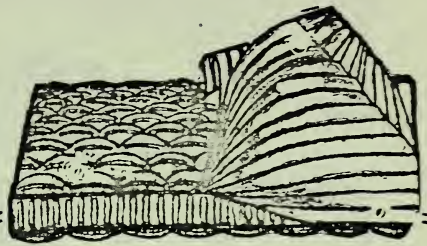
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The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company is now offering for the first time, 6 per cent bonds with a bonus of stock in the railway company. The engineers are already in the field and money raised from the sale of bonds will be used for construction and equipment and will be a first mortgage lien on the property.

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company is a Kansas enterprise for Kansas people. The officers and directors of the company are Kansans and Kansas capital is desired to build the road.

The Arkansas Valley Interurban Railway Company's 6 per cent bonds are selling at \$100 each. They are payable either in full or in partial payments as follows: Twenty per cent on the 1st of September, 1909, and twenty per cent on the first of each month thereafter.

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The actual realization of this interurban railway will enhance the value of every foot of land in every farm and city lot throughout the country traversed. We cannot be too emphatic as to the value of an interurban railway. The business man of today appreciates its importance, the farmer knows its necessity and every up-to-date community is alive to its advantages. Interurban railways in Kansas and in every other part of the country are paying handsome dividends, especially to those who are first to buy bonds and secure some of the stock.

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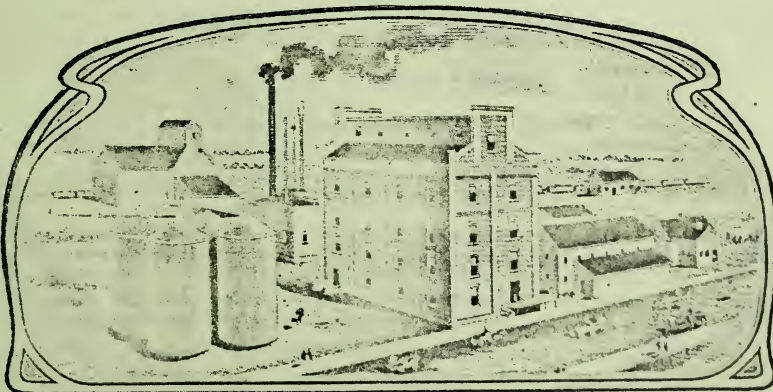
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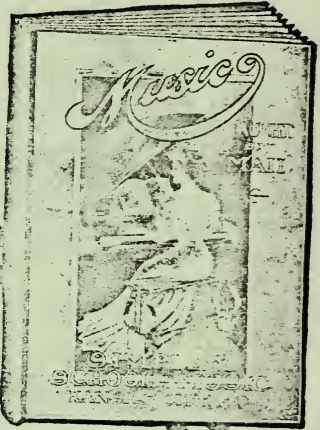






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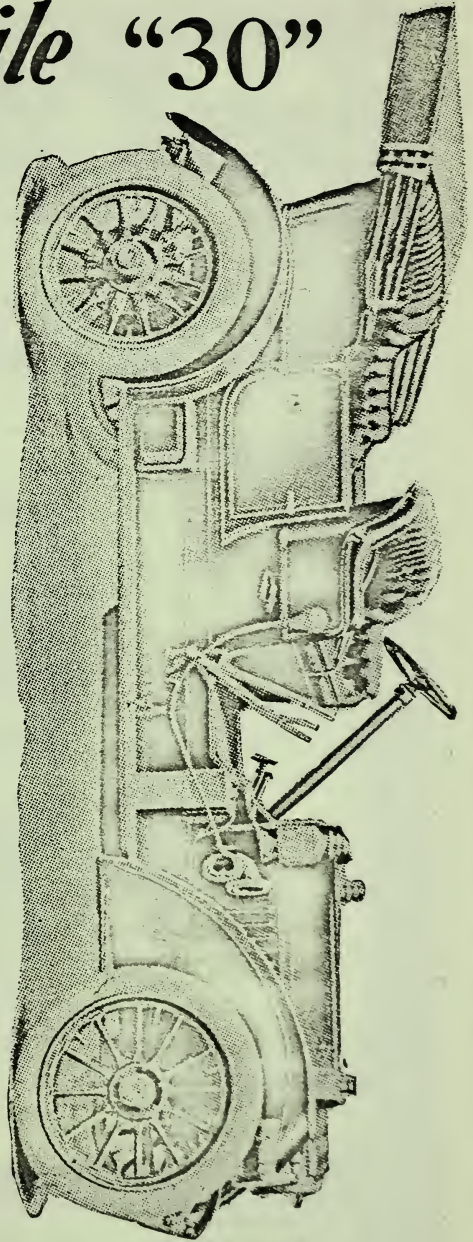
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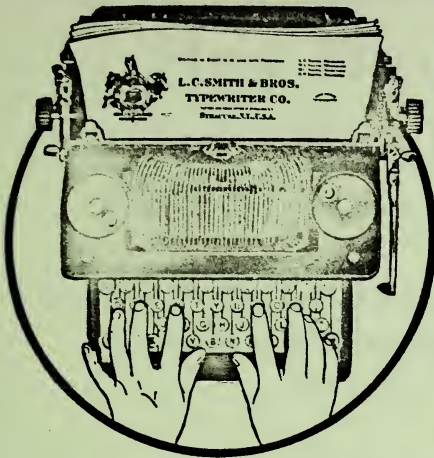
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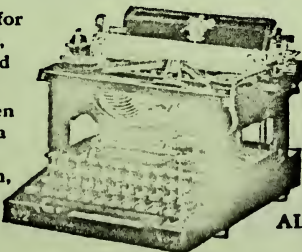
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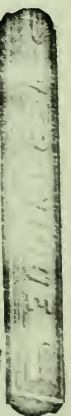
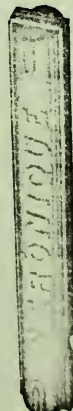


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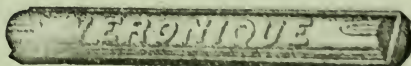


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# KANSAS MAGAZINE



OCTOBER 15 CTS





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## HOW \$100 MADE \$12,000

Magazines reach a basis that enables them to earn immense profits quickly. \$100 invested in Munsey's a few years ago would now be worth about \$12,000 and would be earning the immense dividends of about \$1,200 a year. Those fortunate enough to obtain stock in McClure's made 1,000 per cent. The Ladies Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post return a gross annual income not far from \$6,000,000. Everybody's, the Cosmopolitan, the Outlook, the Red Book and many others are earning annual profits which are enormous.

Magazines as a rule are owned by a few individuals. The public is rarely ever given a chance to share in the profits of this line of business.

## STATE MAGAZINES

There is a general movement toward the establishing of state magazines. This movement is prompted by state pride and state loyalty. During the past two years the following state magazines have been established: The Ohio Magazine, the South Dakota Magazine, the Arizona Magazine, the Vermonter, the Central New Yorker, The Mid-Western of Des Moines, The Great Southwest of Colorado and the Kansas Magazine. These magazines will become an important factor in the state in which they are published. The mission of each one will be to make known the excellence and glory of its own commonwealth. The Kansas Magazine is a pioneer among these publications. It is on the ground floor and it has behind it a spirit of loyalty—the Kansas Spirit—that is not surpassed in fervor by the loyalty of any state in the Union. It has behind it more wealth than many other state publications can ever hope to have. Ex-Kansans are already an important factor in the business and commercial life of the largest cities of the United States. Hundreds of these men are already subscribers to their home magazine. Those "at home" recognize it as their own publication. Indeed the Kansas Magazine is destined to become one of the great publications of the middle west.

## THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, INCORPORATED

When the Kansas Magazine venture was launched, nearly a year ago, the founders of the enterprise promised that eventually it would be incorporated in order that its many enthusiastic supporters might have a working interest and thus share in its success. At the very beginning of this institution the "Kansas Spirit" began to manifest itself and voluntary subscriptions for stock began to come in from individuals in all sections of the state as well as from ex-Kansans in other states. None of these stock subscriptions were accepted, but an accurate file of the applications was kept.



The men who founded the Kansas Magazine were prompted by a long felt need in the state for a publication that would give an accurate and impartial review of the state's activities, and at the same time, gather and preserve its many valuable fragments of pioneer lore. Their intention was to make the publication so attractive that it would serve as a valuable advertisement abroad for the state.

The men who undertook this are business men of state-wide reputation. They are men of integrity and honesty. They realized that their undertaking was in a measure a venture, and in view of this situation they did not feel justified in receiving money on stock until they were absolutely assured of the financial success of the publication. They preferred to finance the undertaking themselves until they had proved by actual experience the possibilities of its success.

## FINANCIAL SUCCESS ASSURED

The point has been reached where there is no longer any doubt as to the financial possibilities of the Kansas Magazine, and in view of this situation the corporation has been formed. As an organization it has reached a basis that enables it to earn a large profit. The men who have in charge the practical end of the publication are men who have already been eminently successful in the publishing business. They are men who would not undertake the responsibility of incorporating the Kansas Magazine unless they were positively assured of its ability to earn dividends.

## PREFERRED STOCK

Over 50 per cent of the stock has already been subscribed for by eminent editors and well known business men of the state. The balance of the stock—which will be preferred and carry a 6 per cent dividend—will be distributed among the friends of the publication who are interested in it becoming a great factor in the affairs of Kansas. It is desired that authors and younger writers of known ability take a small working interest in the Kansas Magazine and thus share the literary success of the publication as well as the financial gain.

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The shares of stock will be \$1.00 each, so that every one who desires to do so may take stock. Send your remittance to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY and a certificate of preferred stock will be mailed to you at once. A safer or more conservative investment cannot be found. Come with us and join The Kansas Magazine Family.

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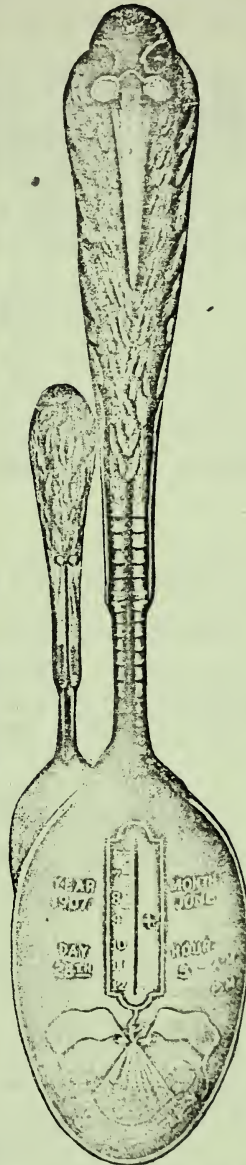
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## MAGAZINE TALK

Our November number will be full of snap, vim and vitality. It will speak the "Kansas Language" in a way that cannot be misunderstood.

### *Hon. Victor Murdock*

Congressman Murdock, leader of the insurgent force of the last House of Representatives, will champion the cause of his "Comrades in Arms" in the November number of the KANSAS MAGAZINE. He will have something to say about "Cannonism" that will be instructive and decidedly profitable to our readers.

### *The Social Whirl in South Africa*

Frank L. Snow, a young Kansan of note, will tell about what he saw in the social life of South Africa. His personal experience in the country about which he writes assures our readers of a very interesting sketch. His article will be elaborately illustrated with photos taken by the author.

### *George Warburton Lewis*

Mr. Lewis will contribute another one of his inimitable war sketches that are so popular with magazine readers everywhere.

### *John Brown, of Osawatomie*

Rev. Arthur Metcalf of Des Moines, Iowa, will relate some reminiscences of John Brown that have never before been published. This article will be worthy of careful preservation because of its historical value. It will be illustrated with original photos of the Adair Cabin, the Kronkite Cabin and a number of historic views of the Marias des Cygnes.

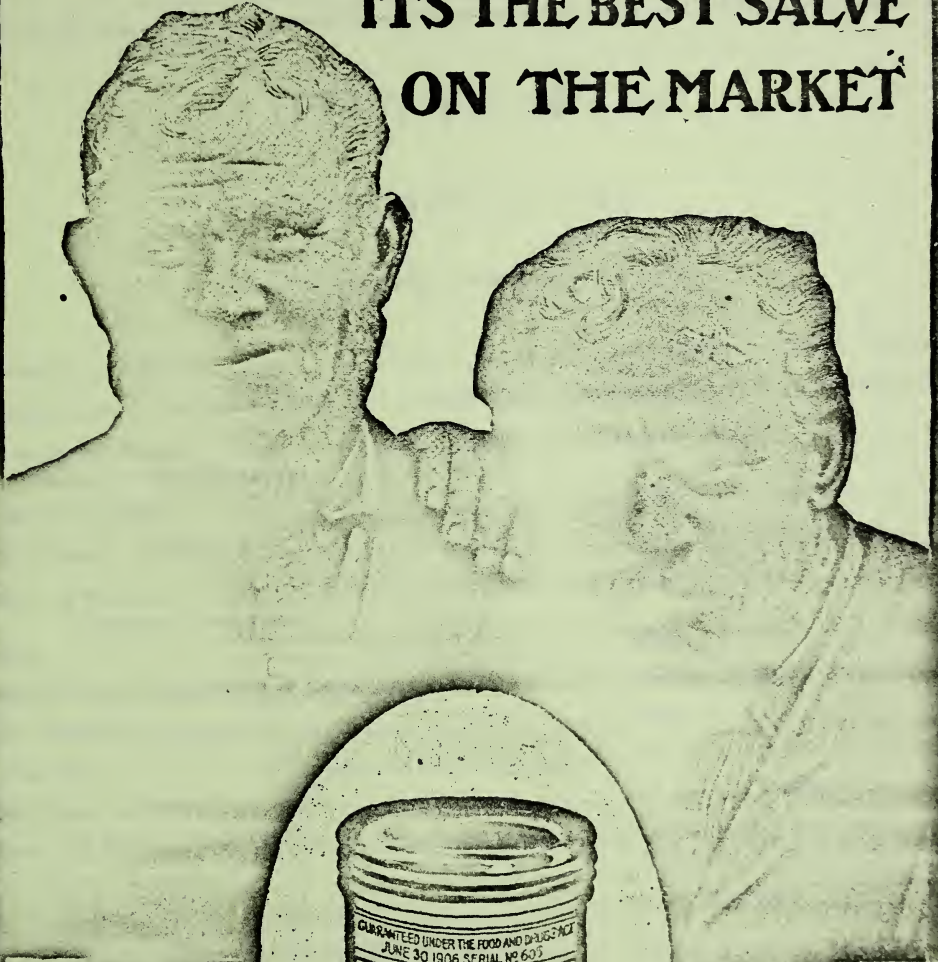
### *Kansans in Chicago*

It is with considerable pride that we announce an article on "Kansans in Chicago" by William W. Loomis, a distinguished member of the Chicago Press Club. This article will tell about ex-Kansans who are doing things in the big windy city. Illustrations will be from photographs of the men whose success is recounted. Valuable data that cannot be had elsewhere will appear in this splendid article.





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# KANSAS MAGAZINE



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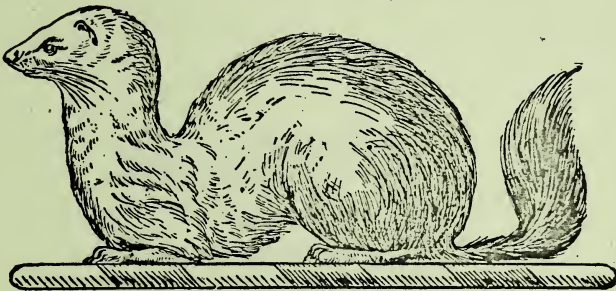
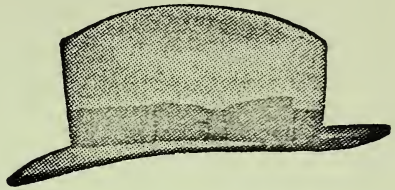
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THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS





Some men wear stylish hats,  
Others do not.  
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# MEMORIES

*By Alan Lamm.*

Just a lonely autumn leaf  
Trembling in the wind,  
Speaks memories of joy and grief.  
Sweet memories entwined  
About the heart—  
Do not depart  
Dear memories, sweet memories!

The minor strains of childhood's days,  
The wildest notes of fear,  
Are now melodious roundelays  
Full sweet to Memory's ear.  
Life's discord all  
Makes sweet the call  
Of memories, fond memories!

May Heaven grant, should I grow old,  
And hearts grow void of cheer,  
Youth's hours of gold, not to withhold  
From Memory's eager ear.  
They're gone I know,  
But let them grow  
In memories, blest memories.







"THE BANANA BOY,"

Reproduced from a Painting by George Melville Stone.



# THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER 1909.

NO. 4.

## Marking the Santa Fe Trail

BY JESSE H. BUFFUM

THAT history may be indelibly recorded and the pioneer achievements of America's bravest frontiersmen in crossing and conquering a desert, more terrifying than the wastes of Sahara; the Daughters of the American Revolution, the school children of Kansas and the Legislature of the state are now engaged in one of the most noteworthy and commendable projects ever credited to our well advertised commonwealth. Granite boulders from the red quarries of Oklahoma, varying in weight from six to sixteen hundred pounds are being placed from Missouri on the east to New Mexico on the southwest along the line of the old Santa Fe Trail, to preserve to posterity the traditions of this historic highway that American history and development have proven to be one of the greatest pioneer routes along which commerce and civilization have flowed, until the old-time West has become well populated from an overflowing East.

The slow destruction of time is relentlessly obliterating from the long reaches of western prairie the familiar evidences of a historic trail. Intersected by fences, washed by miniature torrents, plowed up by the husbandman, or usurped by the inevitable railway, the old ruts and tracks that once could be seen all along the four hundred miles that traversed Kansas, is to day a thing scarcely noticeable. And now, the people of Kansas, at the eleventh hour, seem to appreciate the urgent need of saving to posterity the trail, or landmarks of its pristine route, and there is that which overshadows

mere sentiment in its demands for adequate and substantial memorial of an epoch in American history that had to do with, nay, achieved, the discovery and growth of the most important or at least, most promising section of this country, the area bounded on the east by the Mississippi river and on the west by the Pacific coast. Yet why so much of Kansas? Does the Kansan alone glory in what the West has become? Does the magic name of U. S. Grant, a Freemont, or a Zebulon M. Pike, grow impotent outside the Sunflower State, where a to-be president of the United States rode guard on the Santa Fe Trail? Does Coronado and his discovery of his "Quivira" of three centuries ago, our Kansas of today, stand for the making of a single state, or does it typify the future of a great nation?

### EARLY HISTORY OF THE TRAIL.

A man whose name and career are linked with turbulent, exploitative history of the most pronounced variety, sought, with brilliant coterie, a fabled, wealthy city. He found an Indian village; and returned to Old Mexico, his starting point, disgusted and destitute. He was Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. His toilsome, disastrous journey across plains devoid of tree or oasis of water and shade, brought to the bold explorer a reward of grief and despoilation; but his more happy successors, while attributing to him the honor of being their pathfinder, have for centuries and for many generations been crossing and recrossing the same repelling desert, and in later





days, were to unify their progress down one avenue of a western nation's growth, until this artery of commerce and civilization became the over-trodden route of the Santa Fe Trail. Coronado's way was the first way, and he initiated a route for this trail of later centuries; but he had the misfortune to be of the Old World. It was the New World that must find itself, and, later, re-find the Old.

After viewing the awesome ravine of the Colorado, and ejaculating despair-

lay asleep, and the thunder of a thousand million buffalo hoofs could not disturb its coma.

Coronado was dead, and not until a short time prior to 1763, the date of the cession of Louisiana to Spain, and while that state was in the hands of France, did a genuine route become spoken of through the Great American Desert. Strangely enough, some French traders, starting from the Upper Mississippi, pushed through with merchandise to the Mexican mountains, and



Typical Street Scene in Ancient Santa Fe.

ingly as he gazed into the impassable canon, "The earth is here cut in two," Coronado went home; and for two centuries the antelope and the buffalo were not seriously molested, and the great wild West lay undisturbed. The occasional venturesome hunter or trapper who invaded the unknown land, did so at peril of his life, and with, perchance, no thought of a nation's commercial future hinging on the wastes of prairie grass that he trod. The "Great American Desert"

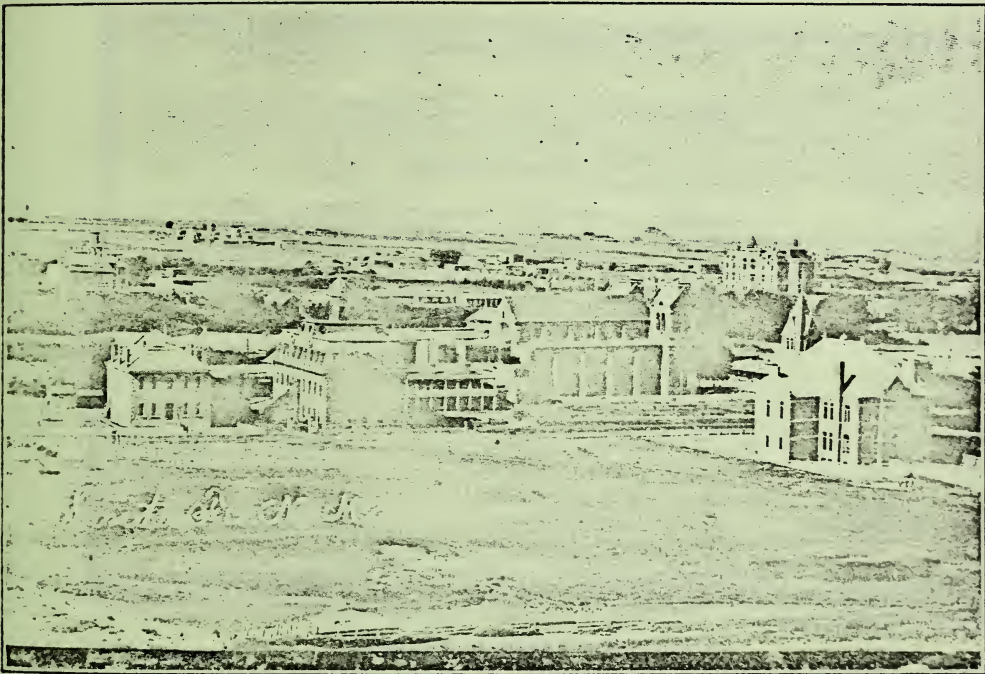
they followed rather closely the trail left by the intrepid Spaniard from "The True City of The Holy Faith of Saint Francis." These Frenchmen opened a store there in Santa Fe and traded with the Indians and the natives of North Mexico. Captain Amos Stoddard tells of this; and he also speaks of the occasional trading with the Indians about the waters of the "Kansas" and the River Platte. Stoddard, even in his early day, prophetically saw the tremendous import of a



future opening up of that vast country to trade and commerce.

In 1804 a man, tradition tells us, set forth from historic, romantic old Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi, and on foot, alone, insufficiently armed, braved the unspeakable dangers before him in an effort to reach Santa Fe, Mexico. He got there—and perished miserably; but aside from firing the imagination with graphic adventures on the unknown plains, he gave little to enrich history, save in the one fact that he was the third known traveler to penetrate that

the rock-ballasted, oiled right of way to our present day regime. When Sebastian de Capparicio of Spain turned the first wheel on the American continent and drove the first ox cart in the Western Hemisphere, he signaled the advent of an epoch of industrial traffic over whose grave five centuries later, the verdure of a revolutionized, perfected development has scarce begun to grow. To acknowledge the prairie schooner and stage coach as the culmination of a distinct development in the world's progress, is



The American Quarter of Santa Fe in Marked Contrast to the City of the Old Trail Days.

fearful region of death, and that he adhered throughout his journey to the immediate region that later was ramified by the Santa Fe Trail, which follows, for very many miles, the Arkansas River.

There is no need to scrutinize the fitful years of that period whose engineers of commercial progress were unwittingly surveying the route of a great trail. We need but to remember that the trail period was as ideal to the civilization of the Western era, as is

not an alternative; its demands of recognition are not to be denied.

There comes a time when the frontiers of western expansion begin to overflow. The same spirit that drove Peary toward the North Pole had massed a long phalanx of pioneers who faced the alternative of conquering a desert unknown and uninviting, or stifling in congested communities of restless civilization. Over all was the mania of venturesomeness that impelled the great potentialities of a new





West. Herrodston had overflowed, Kaskaskia had experienced her ebullition of population, St. Louis had satiated the frontiersman's spirit of untrammelled adventure, and "Westward Ho!" rang out as clearly and persistently as when Daniel Boone first floated down the Ohio on his tent covered raft. This was civilization's "era;" and uncounted thousands

miles long, four hundred miles of the route running through Kansas, today the banner state of the great Southwest. Merchandise from New Orleans, on the south; the upper reaches of the Mississippi fur country, on the north; the East's contributions to traffic flowing down the Ohio hundreds of miles from Pennsylvania, then up the Father of Waters another two hundred



THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH.

A rare old picture showing this, the famous and ancient city of Cortez and Coronado, "La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco," before the Americanizing of New Mexico achieved the marked alteration of some sections of the town. This is the Santa Fe of the old Trail Days, and the route of this historic old highway led down the picturesque street shown in the middle of the picture, terminating at the "Fonda" in the center of the town. Possibly no photograph in existence is more pregnant with history than is this.

since then have taken the stunt. The result is typified in the western city of today, the Oklahoma of tomorrow.

Glance at its span of fifty years of activity, and the Santa Fe Trail reads a history of romance. Independence lays claim to the notoriety of the eastern terminus; so does Kansas City; but the real starting point was St. Louis. The trail was nine hundred

miles—was all transported from St. Louis to "Westport Landing" at Kansas City, and from there projected itself across nine hundred miles of desert plainland to mediaeval Mexico, to be converted into glittering silver dollars, these in turn to be carted back in the same ponderous prairie schooners to the marts of the East. These returning caravans, if they started back



in early spring, were fortunate indeed, to reach their eastern destination in July.

For obvious reasons, the Santa Fe Trail had two eastern starting points. The commerce of this route drew traffic from a rather widespread and promiscuous area. St. Louis was not the only Mississippi town, and Independence, Missouri, and Leavenworth, Kansas, were the accepted fitting-out stations. Leavenworth was a United

The Santa Fe Trail was sinuous, oft times crooked, but significantly direct in its general trend, as if, from the crest of a tidal migration of pioneers, some far-sighted adventurer had caught a gleam of Santa Fe's adobe walls, and the vision had fired his instinct of exploration with the unerring index of a compass. Certain it is that Time's economic demands upon directness of travel have scarcely altered the pristine route of this trail,



THE OLD PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR

Unaltered since its construction in 1598, this historic old building has been the seat of the Mexican Government for over 300 years under the Spanish, Pueblo, Mexican and American regimes to this day.

States fort, and is to this day. The two tributary branches of the one trail had confluence at Wilmington, Wabunsee County, Kansas.

"It wound through strange, scarred hills,  
Down canons lone  
Where wild things screamed,  
With winds for company;  
Its milestones were the bones of pioneers."

for from the moment you enter Kansas on the east, you ride for five hundred miles over the original track of the trail, today rock-ballasted and spiked.

Following the "high divide" of the prairie between the valleys of the River Kaw and the Arkansas, the trail kept close to the latter river that water might be procured from the inflowing tributaries. One stretch of the old trail was sixty-five miles long with no supply of water. This was the death





route to many a parched traveler and his thirsty beasts.

The old regime is obliterated, but we are not to be denied just one more trip, in retrospect, to ancient Santa Fe. We are in a caravan of from thirty to forty wagons, or schooners. Here is the odorous commotion of five hundred mules and oxen; the indigo parlance of pachyderm "bullwhackers" with their rattlesnake whips of incredible length; and the indescribable activities of a huge caravan in motion. One hundred and twenty days will bring us to the city of Coronado's brilliant sortie to find the grandeur of an Indian metropolis. It took us a whole day to cross the treacherous sands of the Arkansas River. The ford was at Larned, where the old government fort remains to this day—a wheat ranch now, of three thousand acres. Near where Garden City is we ran through a prairie dog town forty miles in diameter. We had gone by "Pawnee Rock," reeking with the memory of blood, the scene of Kit Carson's first encounter with Kansas Indians; and we had spent our first night on the plains. The event became memorable from the moment the first ox was unyoked. Never did the integral parts of a caravan camp en masse—a stampede would then be ruinous and fatal.

Many have died on the old trail. Yet how? Up to the year '44, only twelve men had been slain on this route by Indians. On that stretch of trail running westward fifty-eight miles from the Cimarron Crossing, at about the 100th meridian, uncounted lives were lost because of an inexplicable mania existing among the teamsters for going to sleep on their wagon tongues, falling off, and being run over. For some reason, best known to those now beyond the pale of recall, it was an almost universal custom to make most of the journey astride the wagon tongues. Whether this was to facilitate a lookout for Indian surprises or to gain diversion from the unrelenting jolt of the springless

schooners, is a matter fit for conjecture only; but on the "uplands" to this day may be exhumed particles of human remains which were piled in high pinnacles of warning landmarks on this particular stretch of trail.

It was during the "grass" season that we passed the Elm Creek Crossing. The Pike's Peak excitement was on, and at this point were congregated that night, hundreds of wagons and a thousand men, of twelve nationalities. Burlingame and Council Grove were, however, the principal stopping places; and Council Grove was a recognized re-fitting station, as early as 1831, probably. Oh, the magnitude of that pioneer traffic! In 1847, 9,884 wagons left Kansas City for Mexico over the Santa Fe Trail. Had all of these prairie schooners been ranged in one lone line, that line would have been two hundred and twenty-three miles long, with 98,840 mules and oxen, and merchandise weighing 59,304,000 pounds.

We were with Washington Irving on that trip. His tour of the trail was historic and picturesque. Romance and pathos clung about his "Bet." He purchased Bet—a docile old mare—from an unclassified gentleman at Westport Landing. Less than a mile out on the trail, Bet balked, did vaudeville, and was promptly returned to her original owner. Just what the margin of transfer was, remains incognito.

We were approaching it. We smelled its mysticism, and in anticipation viewed its mediaeval enchantment. Named by its Spanish founders "La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco," it is, however, the plain Mexican Santa Fe of today. Its founding was long before the Mayflower cast anchor in Massachusetts Bay. This, the oldest city of civil and religious government on American soil, had its beginning in 1582. The governor today receives his visitors in the same room devoted to that custom under its first viceroy. In this building Lew



Wallace penned the magic pages of his classical Ben Hur.

## THE TRAIL OF YESTERDAY AND THE TRAIL OF TODAY.

"We cross the prairie, as of old,  
Our fathers crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the Free."

—Whittier.

Where once the caravans of prairie schooners bearing precious freightage to historic, mediaeval Mexico, went winding their tedious, perilous way over nine hundred miles of savage plainland, today, nearly one hundred years later, the California Limited hurls its placid tourists to sunny climes. And if you are susceptible in any degree to the throng of romantic suggestions that echo up from plain and prairie the din of a bygone era, the minute you strike the rare atmosphere of sun-kissed Kansas, you dream away the monotonous hours in con-

jured pictures of bullwhackers lashing their reluctant mule teams through hub-deep alkali sand; or behold the Sand Hills at night aglow with the campfires of "buffalo chips," in the center of a half hundred wagons that barricade the men and mules from Indian surprises and banditti attacks. These memories and the fast disappearing relics that the tourists may occasionally see along the route, are all that remain to tell of the trail. The Santa Fe railway follows the route for one hundred miles after leaving the division terminal of Newton, and the old trail is plainly in sight from the car window as the Limited follows the Arkansas river. This is the trail of today. A well ballasted route, traveled by thundering locomtives and thousands of homeseekers yearly, it leads through a section of country becoming thickly populated and immensely rich. Yesterday the trail teemed with its thousands bent on a similar errand, but its life was of a distinct era, bygone and outgrown.

# Genesis in Kansas

BY ELIZABETH M. DINSMORE

**K**ANSAS was originally occupied by four great tribes of Indians, the Osages, Pawnees, Kansas and Padoucas or Comanches. At one time, 1846, the territory now comprising Kansas was the home of nineteen different tribes of Indians. Today only three small tribes make their home in the state; the Pottawatomies, the Sacs and Foxes and the Iowas, and their reservations comprise only a small part of three counties.

Professor Dunbar states that the name "Kansas" is derived from the Indian word "kanza" meaning "swift." In the beginning of her history Kansas was known only as a part of "The Great American Desert." Later some of her "pet names"—and

very significant ones—were "Howling Wilderness," "Home of the Savage," "Daughter of Drought," "Daughter of Dearth," "Bleeding Kansas," "Grasshopper Kansas," etc. Today the heart of every true Kansan thrills with pride as he hears her called the "Core of the Continent," "Storm Center of Beneficent Impulse" and "Peerless Power of the West."

## THE FIRST TOWNS.

The first towns founded in Kansas were Leavenworth, organized at Weston, July 13, 1854; Atchison, July 28, 1854; Topeka, December 5, 1854; Lawrence Association, founded September 15, 1854; and Osawatomie.





## THE FIRST KANSAS CHILDREN.

The first white children born in Kansas were Napoleon Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone, son of D. Morgan Boone, at the Kansas Indian Agency, Jefferson County, August 22, 1828; Louis B. Dougherty, Fort Leavenworth, December 7, 1828; Colonel A. S. Johnson, Shawnee Methodist Manual Labor School, July 11, 1832. He was the son of Rev. Thomas Johnson who was a missionary to the Shawnee Indians in 1829 and for whom the first county in Kansas was named Johnson County. Elizabeth Summervill. (Mrs. John S. Carter) was born at the Shawnee Baptist Mission, Johnson County, January 24, 1835.

## THE FIRST WEDDING.

On July 3, 1845, Silas Peirce and Miss Mary Shook were married by Reverend William Hamilton at the Iowa and Sac Mission in Doniphan County. This is probably the first marriage that occurred within the bounds of Kansas. In 1893 Mr. and Mrs. Peirce and family, five daughters and one son were still living at their farm near Oregon, Missouri, where they settled in 1846.

## THE EARLIEST WRITERS.

Some of the earliest writers who championed the cause of Kansas and helped to make her what she is today were Horace Greely, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Ward Beecher, Thurlow Weed, John C. Vaughn, Whittier, Emerson, Thomas Parker, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Boynton, Dr. Thos. H. Webb, Horace White, Robt. G. Elliott, Wm. Ross, John Speer, Joseph Speer, George W. Brown, W. E. Webb, Dan W. Wilder, John A. Martin and George W. Martin.

## THE FIRST POSTOFFICE.

The first postoffice in the state was at Fort Leavenworth on May 29, 1828, under the name of Cantonment Leavenworth "on the La Platte" then in Clay County, Missouri. The first postmaster was Phillip G. Rand.

## HORTICULTURE.

The first orchard was planted by the Reverend Thomas Johnson at the M. E. Mission grounds near Shawneetown in 1837. It comprised twelve acres and was an apple orchard. Some of these trees are still living and probably fruitful.

The first meeting of the Kansas State Horticultural Society was held in Leavenworth, December 15-17, 1868—the first of its kind organized west of the Mississippi. Its first report was published in 1871. In 1869 Kansas received a gold medal for the best display of fine fruit at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A Kansas specialist first proved that commercial orcharding would return solid and substantial recompense.

## THE FIRST BRIDGE.

The American Bridge Company of Chicago completed the bridge which spans the Missouri at Atchison, in July 1875, the first to cross the Missouri and connect the two states.

## FIRST WOMAN'S CLUB.

Miss C. P. Leonard, instructor in French and German at the University at Lawrence, organized December 5, 1871, "The Friends in Council" on the plan of her home club in Quincy, Illinois, and was chosen president of the first woman's club west of the Mississippi.

## DISCOVERIES.

The first discovery by the "actual settler" was that of coal. Pike had predicted that owing to the scarcity of fuel, unless coal should be discovered this western country must remain at best a range, its people herdsmen and shepherds.

About 1870 "Uncle Billy Cook" discovered the first zinc ore, or jack, near Galena on "the Cook forty" and he was thereafter called "Black Jack Cook." The date of the discovery of lead is far back in Indian history. The Indians would fill a depression in the rocks with dry wood put the lead ore on it, cover it to prevent the heat from



escaping too rapidly, and then slowly burn the wood. As the lead settled to the bottom they would mould it into bullets for their guns.

### THE FIRST MARKS OF CIVILIZATION.

The first broad mark of civilization was the Santa Fe Trail, sixty feet wide and seven hundred miles long, four hundred of which were in Kansas and lined on either side by sunflowers. It was the best natural road in the world.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have been instrumental in securing from the State Legislature of 1905 and from the school children of Kansas money enough to procure ninety-six granite markers which have been placed along the entire trail throughout the state of Kansas; from four to six markers in each county. The "Daughters" of Colorado have continued the work and six hundred miles are now thus marked.

### NAVIGATION.

During the Eighteenth Century the navigation of the Missouri River was restricted to the wooden canoe of the Indian and fur trader, then Manuel Lisa and his Keel boat, and at last the steamboat in the Nineteenth Century. Probably the first long race run on the Missouri was by two Keel boats in the hands of Hunt and Lisa in 1811, from St. Louis to the mouth of the Yellowstone—a distance of one thousand seven hundred and ninety miles. Lisa won the race. The first steamboat to ascend the Missouri was "The Independence," May 15, 1819. She went to Chariton and returned to St. Louis June 5. The first steno wheel steamboat to ascend the Missouri was "The Western Engineer" in 1819, under Major Stephen H. Long. It left St. Louis, June 21. The "Western Engineer" was followed by three other boats of Long's fleet—to explore the Yellowstone. They were "The Thomas Jefferson," "R. M. Johnson" and "Expedition." At the mouth of the Osage the Jefferson struck a snag and sank,

being the first of the many steamers wrecked on the treacherous Missouri. The Indians called the steamboats "Five Canoes."

### THE EXPRESS.

The first "Pony Express" started in April, 1859, from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco. The distance, one thousand nine hundred and ninety-six miles was made in ten days. This was followed by the Wells Fargo Express, then the Butterfield Overland Stage Company and then the great railways. The first railroad started from the Missouri to the Pacific was "The Union Pacific."

The first railroad iron laid in Kansas was at Elwood, March 20, 1860, now a part of the St. Joseph and Grand Island division of "The Union Pacific."

### KANSAS YOUNG STATEHOOD.

The first census of Kansas was taken in 1855 at the order of Governor Reeder. It showed a population of 8,501 persons, of which 2,905 were voters.

The first territorial capital of Kansas was at Fort Leavenworth and the first permanent capital at Lecompton. The first state capital was located at Topeka, March 26, 1861. The first State Legislature met at Topeka, March 26, 1861. The House met in the Ritchie Block, southeast corner of Sixth Street and Kansas Avenue and the Senate in the Gale Block just north of it.

The first territorial governor of Kansas was Andrew H. Reeder. The first state governor of Kansas was Charles Robinson who was sworn into office February 9, 1861.

The first United States Senators were James H. Lane and Samuel C. Pomeroy.

The first capitol building was at Pawnee near Fort Riley.

The first constitution of Kansas was completed November 11, 1855.

The state seal was adopted by the Legislature of 1861 and the motto "Ad Astra per Aspera" was suggested by





John J. Ingalls. At the first session of the Topeka Legislature, March 4, 1856, a memorial was prepared asking admission into the Union and the state was admitted on January 29, 1861.

The first vote of Kansas for president was for Abraham Lincoln. Late in the fall of 1859 Lincoln visited Kansas for the first and last time, speaking at Elwood, Troy, Doniphan, Atchison and twice in Leavenworth. The Leavenworth Register pronounced them the ablest addresses ever delivered upon the soil of Kansas.

The first celebration of the Fourth of July in the state was in 1804 at the present site of Atchison, by Lewis and Clarke.

The first person to raise the flag in Kansas was Zebulon Montgomery Pike. He was also the first intelligent explorer of Kansas and the first to record observations of interest and value.

The first place "Old Glory" floated on the Kansas breeze was at Pawnee Village in Republic County, September 29, 1806. A large monument costing three thousand dollars, erected by the Kansas State Historical Society, now marks the spot. It is a twenty-seven foot Barre granite shaft, and an iron fence encloses it and six acres of ground on which the signs of the tepees are yet distinctly visible. Pawnee Rock is the greatest natural landmark in the state. The first Kansas star in the flag floated over Independence Hall, February 22, 1861.

#### THE WAR.

The first call for troops was on April 15, 1861, for seventy-five thousand men. On the 3rd of July, 1861, a party of volunteers from the First Kansas crossed the Missouri River from Leavenworth to Itan, on the Missouri side, and captured a confederate flag. Three men were wounded. This was the first Kansas blood shed in the war. The first Kansas regiment was mustered June 3, 1861. The first Kansas colored regiment was organized at Fort Lincoln, near Fort Scott, in November, 1862. In November, 1862,

over six thousand Indians in the Indian Territory who were loyal to the United States joined together and fought the Indians who had joined the Confederacy. They suffered terribly during the hard winter in Kansas, but in the spring three regiments were formed from these Indians, officered from Kansas regiments, and an Indian brigade was commanded by Colonel William A. Phillips. The first fort in Jewell County was built of sod and the first well was dug within the enclosure.

#### THE PRESS.

The first newspaper was the Leavenworth Herald, proslavery, and its first office was the shade of a large elm tree on the levee, September 15, 1854. Among the earliest papers were The Herald of Freedom and Tribune, Lawrence; The Elwood Advertiser and Free Press; Squatter Sovereign, Atchison; and Crusader of Freedom, Doniphan.

The first printing press was brought to Kansas by the Rev. Jonathan Meeker in the winter of 1833 to the Shawnee Baptist Mission, Johnson County. The first issue was the "Delaware First Book" in March, 1834. He also published many other books and pamphlets, among them a "Hymn Book" of the Ottawas to whom he went in 1837.

The Troy Chief enjoys the distinction of being the oldest living paper in the state. It was first issued at White Cloud, June 5, 1857, by Sol Miller. The first issue was printed on a press operated by a slave, whom Mr. Miller had hired from his owner for that purpose.

#### STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Kansas State Historical Society is the custodian of one of the largest and most valuable collections of original historical material in the United States. Its organization was suggested in 1855 by Missouri friends. In 1860 the Scientific and Historical Society of Kansas was organized at Lawrence, but its library and collections were destroyed in the Quantrill Raid,



# Mary

BY WILLARD A. WATTLES

"PULL DOWN the curtains, Mary, so. Our little room is always much cozier when we are shut in completely from the storm outside. No, don't bother about the lamp just yet; the fire-place gives us light enough and is softer for our eyes. Our eyes seem to tire more easily than they used to do. Somehow, the old house is just a trifle lonely, and you are very quiet. Come, Mary, sit beside me in your cushioned chair that the children gave you on our anniversary. If you lay your hand here on my knee I shall feel it there, and talk much better. For I am strangely talkative tonight, you see. There, my arm so. Now we sit hand in hand before the fire, just like old lovers. And so we are, old lovers, Mary, you and I.

"You know, I was sometimes a little lonely after the children came. Isn't that a queer thing to say? You were always so busy with them, and I knew their claims were first, more important than mine. But, when I came home from the field after a hard day's work, and the chores for the night were done, I used to watch you setting things in order after the supper dishes were washed, tending the babies, bundling them off to bed, always so bustling and happy; and, though I knew it was a selfish thought and I shamed myself for having it, yet sometimes I missed the long, quiet evenings when we were together always, and there were no childish calls to separate us as we sat talking low, or silent in each other's presence, until the clock had warned us it was time to go to bed. I yearned for those sweet hours of comradeship; and yet I knew it was not right. It is too quiet, now, I think at times.

"The fire does not seem to blaze freely enough tonight. The snow had melted on the woodshed roof, and run in, through the cracks, on the wood, and I guess I forgot to throw the upper

sticks aside. But, no matter. We are not afraid of the shadows, and it will grow brighter soon. You used to frighten at them, when you were a girl. Do you recollect the night I met you first? Yes, I know; but I like to think about it, for I always see you just as you were that first night we knew each other.

"It was at Jessie Stone's party when her folks lived on the old home place. That summer morning when her brother came to tell me that Jessie wanted me to come to her party, at first I did not know whether to go or not. Father had gone to town that Saturday, and left me to cradle the last of the wheat. I was twenty then, you know, brown and sturdy, and I always worked with all my might, even in the hottest sun, so that when night came I was glad to get to bed. But, somehow, when John said there was a new girl coming, who had just moved with her folks from the next county, somehow, I forgot all about my backaches and my weary arms, and I knew that I would be there that night. I could stand more then, than I can now. I get out of breath very easy now, and it takes a great deal of strength for me to walk across the orchard. In those days, I was full of life, always ready for fun.

"The party was on a moonlight night, you remember, and a cool little breeze had flaked up the clouds into downy bunches, and scattered them like soft, white feathers through the sky. I was feeling good that night, for father had come home to tell me at the supper table, that when I was twenty-one, if I wanted to set up for myself, I should have an ox team and the eighty acres next the walnut grove. You know I had always worked hard, and never hung back when there was something to be done; and, though I knew my folks had done well by me, I knew also that I had always been a





good son. I am glad now that I was; it is a great comfort to know that they could not complain of me.

"Just a little nearer, Mary, my voice is sort of shaky, from a cold I guess. Warm your hands before the fire; they are trembling, too. You must not tire yourself out another day.

"When I got to Jessie's, most of the young folks were already there except you. I never was much of a hand for girls, but when you came in at last, dressed in something soft and fluffy, with one of those cabbage roses, its petals pink and smooth as a baby's cheek, tucked into your hair, I felt somehow that you were different from all the other girls I ever knew. And when we came out into the white-washed kitchen to pull taffy, and Jessie's little brother burned his fingers on the syrup kettle, you fixed his hand up so quickly, while the tears filled your eyes as if you felt the pain as well as he, binding it up in damp soda, and kissing him so tenderly on his poor little puckered face, all I could do was just to stand and stare until John Stone asked me if I wanted to burn my hand on the syrup kettle, too. And then your cheeks grew red, and you said it was warm in the room; you walked over to the open window and leaned against the casing, while you looked out into the cool night air.

"Just a minute, Mary, 'til I put another log on the irons. There. Now, you may put your head on my shoulder; and my arm, so.

"And, after we had finished with the taffy, on the journey to the spring where we all went for a drink of water, somehow I found myself beside you, and, before I knew how it had happened you had told me I might be your company home that night, as your brother was to go with Alice Williams. You remember her? She married another man; always was sort of flirty. And how I wondered at John in those days, that he could like another girl better than his sister! But I was glad he did.

"It took us a long time, that moon-night walk home through the walnut grove, sweet with the fragrance of the new formed nuts, green on the trees. There were big white stones near the path with thick black shadows at their sides, and every little while, your fingers would close on my arm as something strange and shiny loomed up ahead of us. And yet you did not waver, though, now and then when I spoke to you you were silent and your breath came quickly. You never were one to make an outcry, Mary.

"So it went on, 'til we were married. Then there were years of toil, and the girlish beauty faded from your figure. Your hands grew roughened, and the veins stood out; yet they were always to me the fairest hands in all the world. The babies came and we worked early and late, for there were many mouths to feed. When the boys could follow me around, and the girls began to help you churn and sweep, then life grew easier. I think we were good parents; we did the best we could, and lived our lives again in those of our children. Yet, one by one, they left us; Fred to California, Porter for a home of his own; Ruth married a good man, and now is happy as we would have her be.

"When daughter Mary left us, it was hard, I know. We were so happy together, and we counted on her to be with us when we grew old, to be our comfort and our home-maker. The others had their families, we must not try to keep them for ourselves; but Mary was all our own. She was unlike the others; like you, I think, quiet and womanly, patient and always smiling, our last and dearest treasure. We missed her so at first. Ruth came back, like the loyal daughter she was, to be with us when all was over. Yet it was plain she hungered for her babies; and it was not right that we should keep her long. On such a night as this I think of Mary; it is so cold and dreary where she lies; and she always loved the firelight so, loved to sit with her golden head bent thought-



fully, gazing long into the glowing grate.

"Ah, what was that? Only the shutter slamming to; I forgot to close it, and the wind has done it for me. Everything is so quiet all at once. Speak to me, Mary, wife, have you

fallen asleep? You tire so easily nowadays. Come, Mary, wife, wake up, the fire is low, and I have talked so long that you grew drowsy. I cannot understand why you do not hear me, when I call: Mary! Mary! Mary!"

## Defects of Public School System

BY EX-GOVERNOR SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD

WHILE our state authorities are engaged in the important work of reconstructing the state government and placing it on a solid business basis, as contemplated by the constitution, the question suggests itself, whether it would not be advisable for them to take into consideration, our so-called educational system and if necessary, administer heroic treatment. The theory of that system or rather want of system, as seen from airships, is beautiful as a dream, but when we come down to earth and view it from a practical standpoint, it is not so enchanting. According to the Sixteenth Biennial Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, we have in Kansas about five hundred thousand boys and girls of school age. For the education and proper training of these children, so as to prepare them for useful citizenship, the state has been divided into 8,600 districts, in most of which, school houses have been erected and schools maintained during a part of each year, with an enrollment of 392,000 and an average attendance of 290,900 pupils and 12,985 teachers. Of these schools, 1,316 have an enrollment of between fifteen and twenty pupils; 1,049 between ten and fifteen; 474 between five and ten; 78 have five or less, and 170 have no schools at all. This shows an absence of over 100,000 of the enrolled children, besides an army of children, who have not been enrolled. This showing is bad; but it is not the worst feature of

our public school system. There are other glaring defects plainly visible to the naked eye. Take for instance the text books and rules and regulations prescribed, and what can the average boy or girl do, except to flounder in total darkness for three or four years and then become hopelessly discouraged and leave school.

No state in the union has brighter children than the state of Kansas and the teachers, no doubt, do the best they can, under the circumstances. Money in abundance for the support of these schools, is cheerfully supplied and yet, insofar as the country schools are concerned, they are, generally speaking, little less than a farce. The pupil is expected to do impossibilities; to read before he has learned the English alphabet or can spell words of two syllables; and to solve problems in arithmetic before he has learned the multiplication table. As a result, when he is big enough to take notice, he finds himself at sea, without compass or rudder. It looks very much like the course of study for children in public schools, was adopted under the delusion that all the boys and girls in Kansas, five hundred thousand and more, were preparing to enter college, rather than complete their education in the public schools. Certainly, on no other hypothesis, could the authorities have selected the text books used and prescribed the course of study and methods of teaching now in vogue in the common schools; especially is





this so, since every one knows that not to exceed five per cent of the 392,000 enrolled pupils, will ever reach the portals of a college or university.

Too much strenuousness has been exerted by the State Board of Education and Text Book Commission, in an effort to lead the youth of Kansas on a run through the common schools to a pinnacle of fame where nobody works "but our old man." Anyone ought to be able to see where such a policy will lead. In fact, the old veterans of the Civil War, already know. During the dark days of the Rebellion, Artemus Ward, a soldier of fortune and a rough rider without a battle, concluded to exterminate Lee's army and squelch the Confederacy by organizing what he called the "Mackerel Brigade," composed exclusively of brigadier generals. The scheme was brilliant but it did not work to the General's entire satisfaction, and after surrendering his Brigade of Brigadiers to Colonel Mosby, of Confederate fame, he directed his crestfallen Mackerels in a loud tone of voice, to "git back to Culpepper."

So it would be, if the glittering theory of a college education for all, should be carried to its logical conclusion. No soldiers, no reapers; all generals and gentlemen of leisure.

The text books, methods of teaching, and rules and regulations for the government of common schools, should be such as to teach the children: Always to speak the truth; the English alphabet; how to spell and define the meaning of words properly; how to read understandingly and to write correctly; the arithmetic to the "single rule of three," including the multiplication table from start to finish; English grammar thoroughly; geography, composition and history; how to find words in the dictionary and encyclopedia and other practical things of every day use.

This would make a permanent, solid foundation, upon which a student could build at his leisure, whether in or out of school. The boys and girls, who cannot build on such a foundation, will never build at all. But the State Board

of Education and Text Book Commission seem to think otherwise and as a result, the rural schools of Kansas, generally, speaking, have become a disgrace, with the village and town schools, a close second. While in many of the districts, they have worthy, competent teachers of experience, who do the best they can under the circumstances, it is not an uncommon thing to see "kid" girls and beardless boys, who are utterly incapable of governing themselves, given certificates to teach in the common schools, when some of them, at least, can scarcely read, spell, repeat the multiplication table or tell the pupils how many letters there are in the English alphabet. Such certificates are presented to the District School Board, the "kid" is appointed from necessity and the circus begins. For seven months, the children of the district tread the monotonous road to the play house and when the show is out, not one in ten, is any the wiser. From the beginning, discipline is out of the question, and the school a sort of go-as-you-please, free-for-all, and the devil take the hindmost. So between the text books, methods of teaching, and certified children-teachers, the country boys and girls have a poor chance to learn anything correctly. The common schools, beyond which the great majority of pupils never go, are entitled to fair treatment. The course of study, prepared on the supposition that all, or a majority of them, are going to the high schools or colleges, is a great mistake.

It deprives the children of a practical, sensible education, without benefitting any one. The common schools should stand and build on their own foundation, free, separate and independent of all other schools, except insofar as the teachers are concerned. A practical course of study, such as above indicated, with proper directions for teaching should be adopted upon the supposition, that all the pupils are going to complete their education in the common schools and immediately enter upon their life's work. Then,



when that is done, those who so desire, can turn their attention to industrial pursuits, while others who wish to pursue their studies further, can do so, conscious of having laid the foundation for a higher education.

But the question is, how can all this best be accomplished, in view of the present deplorable condition of our common schools? The State Superintendent recommends consolidation of the rural schools and an enlargement of school districts, with transportation furnished by the state for the conveyance of children to and from school.

This, in my opinion, would prove to be impractical. It would lead to unforeseen trouble and confusion. It may have been tried in other states, but it will not work in Kansas. It would be impossible to gather up the children and distribute them, scattered broadcast, as they are over the entire district. The school districts are now about four miles square, with an average enrollment of twenty-five to thirty pupils. The school houses are centrally located and within the easy reach of all. Consolidation would mean districts twice as large or more, with an enrollment of perhaps seventy-five to one hundred pupils, enlarged school houses, two teachers for each, four wagons with teams and drivers and much clamoring about who shall walk and who shall ride; who shall be taken home first and who last, and other disturbing causes, too numerous to mention. No, the scheme will not work and if tried, will be abandoned sooner or later, with a heavy debt for the districts to pay.

To meet the additional cost of this visionary scheme, the Superintendent recommends the levying of a state or county tax, on the grounds that neither have heretofore been taxed, for school purposes. Of course they pay no taxes, because they have no taxable property. They collect and disburse money for various purposes in pursuance of law, but the people pay the taxes.

So that if the schools are consolidated and the districts enlarged, the tax-

payers of such districts must pay for the fun of their children riding to school. Certainly, the taxpayers of other districts, that support their own schools, will not be taxed to support two-teacher, riding-schools in remote parts of the state. No, it will not work. Even if the children of such districts should walk to school, consolidation in rural districts would not be practicable.

It would not only be expensive beyond the ability of the people to pay, but it would crowd their children in school houses, perhaps one room, where they could neither study nor receive proper assistance from the teachers. It is the duty of the state to see to it, that every child of school age, within its borders, is given a good common school education. To perform this duty properly, the state should see to it that none but competent teachers are employed.

#### HIGH SCHOOLS.

Our high schools, as well as our common schools, are a part of our public school system, and they should be managed, controlled and utilized for the good of the people. There should be uniformity of system, and perhaps, a three years course of study. This course should be such as to thoroughly prepare the student for teaching in the common schools. Every young man and woman, on entering the high school, should be required to sign a written contract, approved by parent or guardian, to the effect, that they will complete the three years course of study, unless prevented by sickness or other unavoidable cause; and that they will devote, at least three years of their time to teaching in the public schools, unless released from their obligation by proper authority for good cause shown, or for the reason that they are going to pursue their studies, in higher educational institutions. Having been educated in the common schools at public expense, they can well afford to enter into such a contract, in view of the fact that they are further fitting themselves for professional work at public expense. They





will have received that additional benefit by reason of having attended the high school.

As the high schools should be required to furnish teachers for the common schools, so too, should our state normal schools be required to furnish teachers for the high schools.

#### MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Our manual training play-shops and agricultural make-shifts, attached to high schools, should be abolished and state aid withdrawn from the so-called Industrial Institute near Topeka, the Western University at Quindaro, and the Soldiers' Orphans School at Atchison. There is no pressing need at this day and age, for squandering money on these political grafts. The soldiers'

orphans (if there are any) can easily be accommodated in other schools. The Western University should stand on its own foundation, the same as other denominational colleges. The Industrial Institute near Topeka, never should have been foisted on the state. If the young negroes desire to follow industrial pursuits, let them go to the farm or the shops—the foundry or factory—where such things are taught free of expense. Let the money that is wasted on these concerns be applied to the State University, State Agricultural College and State Normal Schools at Emporia, Pittsburg and Hays City, all of which are worthy and doing splendid work in the uplifting of the state and people of Kansas.

NOTE:—When ex-Governor Holbrook of Vermont, died recently, interest was revived in the men who were the chief executives of the various states during the troublous times of the Civil War. The youngest of these men—he was only thirty when elected to office—was Samuel J. Crawford, who is now making his peaceful home on a farm near Baxter Springs, Kansas. Mr. Crawford was born in Indiana, April 10, 1835, and was graduated from the law School of Cincinnati College in 1858. He emigrated to the Territory of Kansas in March, 1859, and engaged in the practice of law until the Civil War broke out. He was elected a member of the first state legislature in 1861. Shortly after his election, however, he resigned and entered the Union army, as captain of the Second Kansas Cavalry, but was promoted to a colonelcy by President Lincoln, and assigned to the Eighty-third Regiment, United States Infantry. He participated in nearly all the important battles fought west of the Mississippi. He led many successful cavalry and infantry charges, and captured fifteen pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners. In the fall of 1864, and again in 1866, he was elected governor of Kansas, serving until 1868, when he resigned before the end of his term to accept a military commission under Sheridan, against hostile Indians. Subsequently he practiced law until he took up farming. Governor Crawford is still hale and hearty, and is likely to become the last survivor of the honored fellowship of Civil War Governors.—Leslie's Weekly.



### Sic Humani Generis

The One:—O, life is a trackless path  
Beset with mire and stone.  
(Tears, sighs, etc.)

The Other:—And we never would reach the  
goal  
Had we to travel alone.  
(Kisses—more kisses—)

Clarence J. Martin.



# The Unlighted Cigarette

BY ARTHUR E. ANDRE

"**E**LEPHAS primigenius," he murmured absently, "Megatherium Cuvieri, Glyptodon clavipes, Ichthyosaurus communis"—he recognized them all—weird, misshapen forms, that stared at him with sightless orbs, or gaped and grinned from dusty corridors. Faint sounds of traffic drifted to his ears—faint echoings of the turbulent stream of life—the tireless, creative, ever-changing stream that in the depths of time had fashioned man and dinosaurs and pterodactyls. The thought impressed him—interested him. Then he searched aisles and galleries, as if he feared at that moment the arm of the law might descend upon his ragged, rain-soaked collar. He was alone in the museum.

Still, if there had been any choice in the matter, he would have preferred Grogan's, on the water-front, where for an expenditure of five cents could be obtained a "mug" of beer and access to the "free lunch." Not that he cared for the beer at all, but he was hungry; and the purchase carried with it the freedom of Grogan's steaming bar room until closing time—no mean privilege that, on such a night. Lacking the necessary nickel he had drifted aimlessly up town, and the museum served as a shelter from the rain.

Mammals, reptiles, infusoria—all in turn claimed his attention. Walruses from the frozen polar seas, and dainty, shimmering humming-birds from the tropics; the skeleton of a whale, that crowded all else from the far end of the museum, and the bones of a field mouse, scarcely larger than a butterfly; restorations—the lordly mammoth, with his thick mane and kindly, watchful eyes, and an attempted representation of the Neanderthal man; glass reproductions of jelly-fishes; pen-and-ink sketches of bacteria—he gazed

at them all, his aches and pains forgotten in the feast of intellect so lavishly spread out before him. Then he coughed—a long, distressful cough, that seemed to have no beginning and no end—and sniffed and gasped for breath.

He pondered the uninterruptedness of the ascent of life—the vast number of forms which had been preserved in the age-long struggle for existence, the still vaster number which had perished. Step by step, life on the planet had climbed, from the amoeba squirming in the primal sea to God-like man and his creations. His own variation, he reflected grimly, had been in the reverse direction. He coughed again, that torturing, racking, never-ending cough—and sniffed and gasped for breath.

Why was it, he asked himself, that some human beings rise, some fall? Why was it that he had always and continuously fallen? Environment? he shrugged his shoulders—man, and particularly intellectual man, could make his own environment. The simile of a pit occurred to him—a pit with sheer, precipitous sides, whose bottom was a downward-sloping path, without beginning and without an end. Always he had trodden that downward-sloping path! Time and again, he reflected bitterly, he had thrown himself against its frowning sides, in a desperate effort to win to the top and freedom—but always he had fallen back again. Why was this? He asked the question of a big sea-spider, that sprawled at ease upon the museum wall.

His descent had been gradual. Always his mind came back to that. Suppose, then, that instead of trying to climb out of the pit, he had attempted to walk out, step by step as he had entered it. He coughed, awakening





the dusty echoes of the place, then sniffed and gasped for breath. Tobacco, for instance, and he glanced at his yellowed, nicotine-stained fingers; he could gradually rid himself of the desire for tobacco, as he had gradually given way to it. Thriftlessness! He could rid himself of that too—gradually. Time! Of course it would take time; but how much time had he consumed in futile efforts to clamber out of the pit? At any point in his descent he could have faced about and walked out, provided that not one step that he had taken had overtaxed his powers of self-control! And what was true of himself was true of everybody; the law of return to normal, which he had stumbled upon, was universal—all that was needed was the intellect to understand it. Mechanically, as he arrived at these conclusions, he thrust his hand against the plate glass door which formed the entrance to the museum. The door was locked!

However, the prospect of spending the night in the building disturbed him little. A place to sleep was unexpectedly provided; he was secure, for hours at least, from molestation—and he could smoke. He felt in his pocket for tobacco, then stopped short, as another problem presented itself to his mind: would the world at large accept his law of return to normal, if he, its discoverer, failed to demonstrate it? Manifestly not. But he didn't want to demonstrate it; he preferred "the downward-sloping path"—and Grogan's. He could see himself quite plainly, with his feet propped up against Grogan's stove, his lungs inhaling and exhaling tobacco smoke in rich, Nepenthean draughts. . . . Back and forth he trudged, from one end of the museum to the other, while the shadows lengthened, and the denizens of the place grew vague and indistinct. Each time that he passed the mammoth he looked up, and the big, woolly creature nodded with grave concern. At last he made up his mind. He would not smoke again

until tomorrow. That should be the first step.

And, tomorrow, he would "beat" his way South, lessening the number of cigarettes he would permit himself each day, till the desire for nicotine was banished from his mind. Work! He smiled. Yes; he would find work. He would accustom himself to that, too, gradually, as he had gradually discontinued it: It would be dish-washing, he supposed, at first; but afterwards, when he had bought himself some decent clothes, he would look for something better. Mannerisms! No doubt he had picked up some objectionable mannerisms; he must be on his guard against them. He sniffed. And he would do these things to demonstrate the truth of his discovery.

But not entirely. He had spent his days in parks and public libraries, his nights in barrel-houses and saloons; he had wasted his substance and his opportunities; he had disgraced his parents; he was an outcast, a wanderer upon the face of the earth—but what, after all, was one poor wasted life? Thousands—an unending procession of the hopeless and unfit—unfit because they were hopeless—were daily and hourly going down to death. He felt that he could save them. It was his duty to save them, and in this Divine assumption of responsibility for the salvation of others lay the hope and promise of his own. He groped his way to the foot of the friendly mammoth, and rested his back against its woolly leg.

He could see quite plainly now the drift of the race towards the light and life, the drift of the individual back to darkness and death. And this was the twofold nature struggling within him. Unconsciously, as he made these reflections, he felt in his pocket for paper and tobacco and rolled himself a cigarette. Take a step forward each day—not a stride, nor a leap, but a step—and easily, joyously one goes onward with the progress of the race. His hand trembled as he struck a match on the rough pine boards of the



platform. Apply this principle universally, and vice and crime would disappear, man would become superman. His lips closed over the end of the cigarette; and the lighted match illuminated his cupped hands, his frayed and dragged cuffs, his eager thoughtful face—a little world of light in the surrounding darkness. What was he about to do? He extinguished the match, and composed himself to sleep.

Then a paroxysm of coughing seized him and echoed back and forth in the deserted museum. He sat up, struggling

for breath, then lay down again, feeling faint and overcome. . . . Something warm began trickling out of the corner of his mouth, and from time to time he wiped it away with his coat sleeve. . . . He was very tired.

Next morning, the janitor of the building, when making his rounds, discovered the body of a young man—a tramp—in soiled and tattered clothing, lying upon the platform which supported the restoration of the extinct mammoth, *Elephas primigenius*. Beside the body was a burnt match and an unlighted cigarette.

## Cremation

BY MRS. L. S. CARTER

ONE SUBJECT which most people dislike to contemplate, and yet morbidly delight to converse on, is that of their future dissolution. Those who talk of death, generally do so with horror, or with flippancy, since those who feel rightly, that it is solemn, unavoidable, yet natural, are usually silent. But think we must, at times, of that to which each hour carries us on. Thinking each of ourselves, and not of others, we shall more readily escape false sentiment. We face this fact, however; one day, this body, through which my soul has worked, deserted by its tenant, will become utterly useless; further, it will not only be useless, but it will be dangerous, and nature guards the dangerous by the disagreeable. Now comes up the question: How shall we dispose of our dead? This has been a question since man's creation. When the country was new and sparsely settled, it seemed of little importance how bodies should be disposed of; but in crowded cities of today, with the influx of foreign population, and the increased death rate, it assumes a gravity not to be ignored.

Sanitary science has made great ad-

vances towards saving life by averting a repetition of the epidemics of the past, such as cholera, yellow fever, etc. Will cremation aid in preventing the spread of contagious diseases? If so, it would be a step in the right direction. Is the burial of persons who have died of diphtheria, cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, etc., a menace to the living? If so, would it not be well by the purifying action of fire to remove that danger? It is a thoroughly established fact that the burial of bodies in the earth contaminates the earth, the water below and even the air above it.

Sanitary science in these last days has been teaching us some very important, if not altogether palatable truths concerning our usual methods of disposing of the dead. It has very rudely dispelled the pleasing illusion of the peaceful sleep of the grave, and has most offensively opened to our astonished gaze, not the sweet repose of our departed loved ones, awaiting the resurrection, but instead, the loathsome processes of putrefaction in all its stages, from the first fading of life's bloom from the cheek to the final resolution of the decomposing mass





into its elements. It is the process by which life has been supported, carried on after death, until all the material fed to that life has been consumed. Thus, science has discovered to us the fact that, in our bodily material we all must burn. In this we have no voice of election, and no device of man can finally avert this destiny. We may choose whether it shall be a process of an hour or two in the clean rosy glow of a crematorium, or a process of twenty, fifty or a hundred years, in the gloom and loathsomeness of the grave, but, in any and every case, these material bodies must burn. The embalmed bodies of the Pharaohs and their descendants, preserved these thousands of years with great care, which are now being sent by shiploads from Karnak to England; to be converted into fertilizers, furnish examples of the process of oxidation long retarded, but not finally defeated. Whatever the process, and, however, retarded, ashes to ashes is the inevitable result.

Sir Henry Thompson says no dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the water and the air above and about it. Of course, the immediate danger from the corpses of those dying of contagious disease is well understood—a danger which can be reduced to a minimum only by cremation—but this is not the chief danger to which the living are exposed from the dead. We are told that the atmosphere of thickly populated cemeteries contain ordinarily more than double the normal proportion of carbonic acid gas, besides other deadly exhalations; while, in times of calm, and in the spring of the year, when the opening earth releases the gases which have been imprisoned during the winter, the proportion of these deadly poisons is much greater. Pasteur tells us that earthworms bring to the surface myriads of bacteria from the bodies of the decomposing dead, that the atmosphere of burial grounds is freighted with the germs of almost every form of zymotic disease; and those whose systems become charged

with them, if not at once stricken down, suffer serious loss of tone and impaired vitality, accompanied with headache, nausea, diarrhoea and sore throat, and are peculiarly susceptible to all forms of disease. Upon the authority of Drs. Koch, of Germany, and Ewart and Carpenter, of England, it is stated that the blood of animals dying of splenic fever may be dried and kept for years and pulverized into dust, and yet the disease germs survive with power to produce infection.

Dr. Domingo Freire, of Rio de Janeiro, while investigating the causes of a recent epidemic of yellow fever, "came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried, was positively alive with microbial organisms, exactly identical with those found in the vomitings and blood of those who have died in the hospital of yellow fever." This characteristic parasite, says Dr. Freire, permeates the soil of cemeteries even to the very surface. From a foot under ground he gathered a sample of the earth overlying the remains of a person who had been buried about a year before, and though it showed nothing remarkable in appearance or odor, under the microscope it proved to be thickly charged with these yellow fever germs. The cemeteries, therefore, Dr. Freire pronounces nurseries of yellow fever, the perennial foci of disease. The plague at Modena in 1828 was shown by Prof. Bianchi to be due to excavations made where victims of the plague were interred three hundred years previously; and the terrible virulence of the cholera in London in 1854 is charged to the upturning of the soil wherein the plague-stricken of 1665 were buried.

In New Orleans, during the epidemic of yellow fever in 1853, the mortality in the fourth district reached the enormous figure of forty-five per cent of the population, being more than double that of any previous year. In this district were three extensive ceme-



teries, in which were buried the previous year more than three thousand bodies. These cemeteries, beautiful as many of them appear without, are simply plague spots and pest beds to this and following generations. The London *Lancet* says: "It is a well ascertained fact that the surest carrier and the most deadly fruitful nidus—center of infection, of zymotic contagion—is in water, charged with nitrates which result from decomposition. The writer further says that the contamination of walls, foundations and water courses in and about burial grounds is a source of far greater danger than is generally supposed; that this grave-fed water has a peculiar sparkling crystal-like brilliancy, due to the very large proportion of nitrates and nitrites therein contained, which are the products of the neighboring graves; that wells and springs of burial grounds and their vicinity have a never failing supply of this sparkling and seductive water, which is eagerly quaffed in large draughts by the multitude of visitors, who, they know not why, find their heads aching, their throats sore, by reason of the water they drink and air which they breathe."

Some time ago I visited one of the large cemeteries in St. Louis, this one being located about a half mile north of the Missouri Insane Asylum. The warden told us that in the Potter's Field they were then burying the bodies six deep, one body above another in these graves and that no well or cistern of water near there was fit to use for drinking or cooking purposes.

In 1806, more than a century ago, the New York Board of Health advised the removal of all graveyards from within city limits, and recommended that the then existing burial places be converted into public parks. To some extent this was done; and Washington Square, which was then the Potter's Field of New York, is one of the fruits of this recommendation. Sanitary science had not then discovered that soil saturated with the emanations

of the decomposing dead would continue for generations following; a plague spot to its neighborhood; but even to this day, a dense blue haze several feet deep rests every calm morning over Washington Square, and a physician, who lived several years on its western border, declared it impossible to raise children on the ground floors of houses in that vicinity. Another has said that of the great cemeteries about New York, there is not one, not even Woodlawn or Greenwood, in the public lots of which three or more bodies are not put in one grave. In the public or poor quarter of Calvary Cemetery, a far worse state of things exist. A trench is dug seven feet wide, ten or twelve feet deep, and of indefinite length in which coffins are stowed tier upon tier, making a flight of steps five or more deep, and with not enough earth to hide one from the next. The great cemeteries of New York are thus types of the beautiful park-like cemeteries all over the land; and essentially the same is true of the burial grounds of smaller towns. The fountains in them are corrupt and the air above them is laden with disease.

The pernicious practice of earth-burial has so poisoned almost every well and fountain of Europe, except a few far up the snow-clad mountain steeps, as to render each what another has aptly designated as a "*fons et origo mali*," the cause and origin of sickness, insomuch, that every tourist is warned to avoid the drinking of any water, the one beverage which pre-eminently nature intended for the use of man, but which man has so corrupted with his dead as to render it the source of disease.

In a recent conversation with Mrs. A. G. Walden (who spent three years in Milan, Italy, not long since), she said among the many objects of interest, there were none more interesting than the crematory, which is an annex to Parta-vulta, one of the grandest cemeteries of the old world. She says the cause leading to cremation was the







fact of the crowded condition of the cemeteries. The graves are let for a certain number of years, not more than eight. When that time has expired, every one is compelled (if there should be no death in that family) to allow it to be taken by others for use, and so it is used again and again. Often, very often remains of the former body is found, finger bones, hair, etc. Is this our vaunted Christian burial? What will our children say of us fifty or a hundred years from now? No doubt they will look upon inhumation as an instance of the imperfect civilization of a people who lived before the beginning of the twentieth century. For all this ever-increasing accumulation of evil, what is the remedy which sanitary science has to propose? It is simply nature's remedy—oxidation, incineration, or cremation, whichever term may be preferred.

The disposal of the dead by cremation, commends itself to men and women of science, to social economists, and to reformers and leaders of thought. It is such an improvement on present methods, and of so obvious and decided a character, that we feel sure time will bring it about. The sentimental prejudice which resists it weakens year by year. If the municipal authorities of all cities which have a population of 15,000 and upwards, would erect a crematorium, to which access might be had, also to allow those desiring to take advantage of it in the surrounding towns, they would earn not only gratitude, but the practical recognition of their enterprise by many besides their own citizens.

Cremation should be advocated and endorsed by every intelligent person. It is a reverent and beautiful way of caring for the dead. As conducted at the Missouri Crematorium at St. Louis, the process is as follows: The body is borne into the chapel and placed upon a catafalque which stands in front of the rostrum. The section of the chapel floor upon which the

body rests constitutes the floor of the elevator. As the funeral services proceed, the elevator invisible and noiseless, descends, bearing the body to the portal room below. The incinerating chamber has previously been heated, and as the door of the incinerator is opened to receive the body the inrushing air cools it to a delicate tint, and the body, covered with a cloth of linen soaked in alum, passes into this bath of rosy light. Immediately it becomes incandescent, in which condition it remains until incineration is complete. This requires about two hours for a person of ordinary weight. There remains only a few handfuls of pure, pearly ashes. These are placed in a proper receptacle or urn of terra cotta, marble, alabaster or other suitable material, and returned by means of the elevator to the catafalque. The friends of the deceased find the ashes just where they had last seen the body of the departed, and can take them away or to the Columbarium, where they can obtain shelf room for urn for ten dollars. No fuel or flame of foreign substance ever touches the body. The fuel used in these furnaces, of which they have two, is wood, from which, by aid of generators the wood gas is distilled and is led with an admixture of hot air into the furnace, creating a clear, clean, bright flame. The process is indeed, in every way, so decorous and so beautiful, as compared with other methods of disposing of the dead, that it is described by my friend who witnessed it, as fascinating, and scarcely an instance is known he said of any one having witnessed the process, who has not become a convert to cremation. Since the erection of the Missouri Crematory in 1887, at a cost of \$9,000 the number of bodies they have incinerated is 2,433, over two hundred during the past twelve months. When I was there they were just completing the Columbarium at a cost of \$15,000; a place for the final reception of the ashes. It is built of granite, iron and Roman brick and is strictly fire proof. The average cost



of cremation should not be over fifty dollars.

Jenkins Lloyd Jones of Chicago, is a friend of cremation. In one of his lectures he makes this statement, speaking of the enormous charges made for funerals: "One and one-fourth times more money is expended annually for funerals in the United States than the government expends for public school purposes. Funerals cost this country in 1880 enough to pay all commercial liabilities in the United States during the year and to give each bankrupt a capital of \$8,630 with which to resume business."

A writer in a New York journal recently said: "To some it may appear almost cruel to utter the word 'economy' in connection with funerals, and yet there is in every large city families who are shelterless and foodless because of the expense entailed in the burial of their dead." To condense his statement he made the expense among the lower and middle class, aside from a burial lot, tombstone and carriage hire, \$150 to \$300. This three hundred dollars, more or less, has to be paid in advance by the poor, to raise which they alone know what sacrifices must be made. Apart from carriage hire, which he assumes to be about the same in either case, the cost of cremation decorously performed, should not exceed forty dollars, while the cost of a terra cotta urn of classic pattern could not exceed five dollars. Add ten dollars for a niche in the Columbarium in which the urn may find a permanent resting place, in case the friends should not wish to take it to their home, and still another five dollars for an inscribed tablet under the niche, and we have sixty dollars, as against four or five

times that sum for earth burial. The item of individual expenses is not the only one to be considered under the head of economy. He says, nearly four thousand acres of valuable land are perverted from the use of the living, to the abuse of burying the dead; while practically much of the adjacent land outside is rendered almost valueless, no one wishing to live on the border of a cemetery. I will close with a short article taken from an eastern paper a few months ago, with this heading: "Solid Common Sense." It is scarcely possible to condense more of this scant commodity into a few lines than the Erie Herald does, when it says that, looked at, from a sanitary standpoint, very few will be found to question the superiority of cremation over earth burial. In the former, there is no process of slow decay to contaminate the atmosphere, and pollute water supplies. All impurities are quickly consumed in the purifying flames, and absolutely nothing remains to endanger the well being of the living. If cleanliness is next to Godliness, surely cremation is the proper method to adopt in disposing of the dead. To a rightly balanced mind, unswayed by sickly sentiment, there can be nothing repulsive about the idea. Indeed, when fully considered, the idea of slowly rotting in a hole in the ground, becoming food for worms and endangering the health of the living, must be infinitely more repulsive.

An effort is now being made to establish a crematorium in Wichita to which bodies may be sent from any point to be cared for by this method. An experienced man has been secured, and it is hoped that the effort will not be without success.







# The Pact

BY A. A. B. CAVANESS

Over the line dividing Hates  
The ancient riders rode;  
Now west, now east, like hostile Fates—  
Vengeance the bloody goad.

And smoking ruin was here, was there,  
And always harrowing dread;  
And tho' the lands were passing fair  
Each darkened with its dead.

Vanished are they who wreaked their will,  
And ebbless is the tide  
That flowed into the valleys chill  
In the last and lonely ride.

The steed that gallops into night  
No clank of saber knows;  
And riders leave behind the blight  
That makes of kinsmen foes.

Over the line still riders haste—  
East, west, as anciently;  
Yet leave not ashes, rapine, waste,  
Nor hear the midnight cry.

And still the riders work their will—  
Meet, clasp hands, and know  
Each other in the bosom's thrill  
That findeth never foe.

Between the states of bluest skies,  
The sunshine's fairest door  
Linking the dreams of paradise,  
Shall darkened be no more.

Unpanoplied of sword or crest—  
Challenge of head and hands—  
The riders burn with fire of quest  
That solders touching lands.

And in the large allegiance  
That is the soul's surmise  
Of life that has the earth's expanse  
And Heaven's sympathies,

Shall burst the glory of the days  
Of far and fine regret  
When blended loves, old temples raze,  
And building new, forget.

And evermore there is no line  
The myraid riders know;  
And heart-blown flowers hide the sign  
That held the ancient woe.



# Hendrick Friesen

## CHAPTER XVII.—ANOTHER MISSIONARY.

WHILE all paid close attention to the sermon of the young missionary, there was one who with eager joy, received and treasured every word he said. While all were touched with the higher life of peace and sympathy, there was one whose heart was filled with that life, nay, was overflowing with holy zeal and sweet compassion. While all were proud of the preacher's ability and reflected with much satisfaction that they had contributed toward his education, that he was their messenger, there was one who so completely identified herself with him and all his aims that she claimed his success as her own success and blessed the day when she made a great sacrifice to aid his cause and his success. Others were thankful, she was all praise and exultation.

"When will he come to our house?" Anna anxiously inquired of her father, for whom she had waited on the gravel walk.

"He promised me to be there for coffee at four o'clock," was the reply.

At four o'clock Julius appeared and was received with all the old time warmth and informality. Here he was not missionary, or preacher, or scholar; he was Julius, the friend and companion, the partaker of former pleasures and sorrows. At table Friesen elicited a full account of German student life, and after coffee the visitor suggested to Anna a ramble over the scenes of childhood. They saw and discussed them all, noticed the growth of the trees, the new crows' nests in the near woods, the large post which now propped the back wall of the Martens house, the rearranged flower beds, and all the other objects of interest. What could be more natural than to end by settling on the old seat under the maples? And what more natural in this memory-hallowed place than

that heart should speak to heart?

"Anna," said Julius in low, solemn tone, "I told you and your father many things about my life in Germany, but there is something I omitted. I failed to tell you how very much I had missed you, dear Anna. When many miles divided us, and years of separation were before me, I fully realized how much you had become to me. But we were both young, and I had chosen a future of possible dangers and privation; I deemed it my duty to remain silent and to devote myself entirely to the preparation for my chosen work. But your image, Anna, was in my heart; it accompanied me, it inspired ardor and diligence in my work, it rewarded success, it sustained me in failure, just as Anna in person had done when we attended the village school together. Often I wondered whether the real Anna remembered me sometimes and cared for me in spite of my uncertain future, whether she could love me, as I love her."

Anna blushed. It was not the blush of surprise; it all seemed so natural, so self-evident. It was the blush of love and gladness, and her beautiful brown eyes full of confidence and ardor told more than words can ever tell. But a sudden thought paled and saddened her. "My father! My brother!" she exclaimed.

"We will go and see your father, Anna," urged the happy lover, gently leading her into the large room, where Friesen read his newspaper.

"Uncle Friesen," began Julius, "I have a great prayer to make to you—"

"Don't make it, Julius, don't," interrupted Friesen. "I have seen it all coming. You want to be man and wife. You are old enough to decide for yourselves. I hope, Julius," he continued with a severe look, "you will tell my daughter in what desert or jungle you expect to build her home."

He turned away with a hard, gloomy





expression, as though he was about to charge Heaven with another large item of loss. But before he could leave, Anna embraced him passionately, and with tears she pleaded, "Don't leave me that way, father. Remember the many happy hours we have passed together; remember your love for my mother."

A tender cord in Friesen's heart had been touched, and he turned to hide his face, and then burst out, "I do not quarrel with your heart, Anna, I do not quarrel with your heart. But why, oh why did you ever permit that young man to study for a missionary?"

"My heart and my convictions approved of it, dear father," she said tenderly.

Julius, who had been much depressed, now assured Friesen that he would acquaint Anna with all the dangers that might await her, and that he would watch her better than himself. "Well," said Friesen, after he had regained full control over himself, "things cannot be helped. You have my blessing, children. Be happy wherever you go. Even if I could keep her here," he added with a resignation that had some bitterness in it, "her heart would still be with the missionary in distant lands."

Those hopes which once had been buried, but had come to life again, which had grown strong in patient waiting, now found themselves transfigured into glad reality. "I love you with all my heart, and always loved you," was her fervent answer to a fervent question, and blushing joy received the sacred seal of love.

"And you will not be afraid to accompany me to the new field that awaits me," whispered Julius.

"No, no, my Julius," she replied, "I want to assist you in the blessed work of your choice—of our choice."

Light footsteps were heard in the open door. Jacob had hurriedly entered, and at the strange sight had as hurriedly retired.

"Jacob," called Anna in sweet confusion, "come in, I have something to

tell you." In came Jacob with his accordion. "What is it, sister?" he asked, much embarrassed, standing on one foot and swinging the other desperately.

"Will you not come here and shake hands with Julius?" Anna asked tenderly. "He is to be your brother."

Jacob timidly looked up to the promised brother. He had not ventured to say a word at table in the presence of the missionary, whose very title filled him with awe. But when Julius stretched out his hands and with a winning laugh assured him there was no mistake, he put the accordion on the floor and seized the offered hand.

"Really, Anna," he exclaimed in glee, "you are going to get married to—to uncle missionary, and you will be aunt missionary."

"No, no," she corrected him, "that is not the way at all; I shall still be your sister Anna, and Julius will be your big brother."

"Julius and Anna will be married, and there will be a big wedding," Jacob now cried. "May I run and tell the boys?"

"No, wait a little, don't tell yet," begged Anna.

"All right," said the boy, getting ready to leave and picking up the accordion. "Anna, I am going to learn a long, long piece on my accordion to play at your wedding." Having received Anna's grateful kiss, he ran out.

Elder Lehmann in the presence of a few invited friends solemnized the betrothal of the two, whom he claimed as his own spiritual children. The period between the betrothal and the wedding was one of probation, permitting withdrawal of either party. It was also a period of privilege and distinction, and particularly so in the case of a missionary. The labor and cares of life were not allowed to touch them. They visited friends and relatives and were received as persons of high estate. Theirs were the seats at the head of the tables, theirs the best roasts and plum soups, theirs the highest pillows



and softest feather beds; and the finest carriages conveyed them from friend to friend, from village to village in the sunny, happy days of May, the days of tulips, roses, and ruddy cherries.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—AND STILL ANOTHER MISSIONARY!

The female stork sat in her nest on top of the barn and watched with alarm the doings below. The back doors of the barn were thrown open, and a tent of canvas was added to the barn. Boards and trestles were carried in, and a great deal of sawing and hammering was heard. "What in the world does all this mean?" she inquired of Mr. Stork, who shook his grave head. "I cannot tell you, Mrs. Stork."

And now, on a beautiful day of June, many carriages arrived in the forenoon, and about one o'clock in the afternoon the villagers poured into the barn. "Why do these people go into our barn?" again inquired Mrs. Stork. Mr. Stork put down his raised leg and attentively watched the proceedings. At last he spied Julius in black suit and Anna with a myrtle wreath in her beautiful hair and in a dress of cheerful light colors. "Aha," said Mr. Stork to the alarmed Mrs. Stork, "I have it. Don't be frightened. There is to be a new family. Put that down; we must remember that."

When in the evening the moon spread its soft light, and the young people engaged in merry games on the threshing floor back of the barn, alarmed Mrs. Stork again asked, "What in the world does all this mean?" "Never mind these," answered grave Mr. Stork. "Those young people are preparing for more families, but there is no need of putting them down yet."

The heartiest good-will prevailed. The village school teacher had deemed it a favor and a pleasure to compose the wedding invitations in five copies, in which Friesen was made to invite cordially all persons therein named and beloved families to appear at his house on a day in early June, to attend the wedding of his daughter Anna with

bachelor Julius Martens and to invoke God's blessing for the couple. Each letter was forwarded by the friends named in it, in the order of their names, and thus the invitation reached every villager and many inhabitants of other villages.

At the appointed time happy guests filled the large frame barn which had been converted into an auditorium with pulpit and seats. With sympathy and admiration all eyes met the youthful and handsome couple who entered and took their seats in front of the pulpit. The portly song leader announced the most beautiful wedding hymn he had ever known and led in the gladdest wedding tune he had ever heard.

Elder Lehmann read the old, old text, "That it is not good that the man should be alone," and delivered his most enthusiastic wedding sermon. After the sermon he asked Julius and Anna to rise, and having put to them the customary questions, he joined them in holy matrimony.

The barn was next converted into a large dining hall. Tables of boards and trestles were laden with wedding cake, biscuits, and sugar, and the nicest girls in the whitest aprons poured out rich and strengthening coffee. No end of subjects there was for lively conversation at the tables, and there was more to discuss when the guests left the tables and gathered in groups. Marriages, births, deaths, relationships, annual fairs, the seaport, the wheat market, foreign missions, all received attention, as did also, in a different way, Crimean wine and smoking tobacco. But never a word was said about Mr. Dick or the Dick-Friesen trouble.

Toward evening, when the barn was well lighted yet by the tarrying sun of June, the guests gathered once more for the evening exercises. The young people seated themselves around the table of the newly married and sang some lively songs, accompanied by Jacob's accordion. During the singing a pretty girl came forward and, kissing the bride, removed the myrtle wreath. A bright married woman fol-





lowed and placed on the bride a small white hood, welcoming her and her husband into the company of the married.

After the music Elder Lehmann, who sat at a table near by, cast a pleased look on the bride and bridegroom and, gently nodding his head, said to those around him, "I am going to tell you something. These two whom we have just received into the circle of the married are very dear to me. Indeed they are favorites of mine. And I will astonish you when I say, I have a grievance against them and I ask you to judge between them and me. You remember as well as I do how three or more years ago Julius left for Germany. He promised to write me often and keep me posted about his progress. And I must say he was very punctual. He wrote about his studies, his comrades, his plans, and aspirations, and quite incidentally, you know, he would hope that Anna Friesen was well, and all the Friesen family. I happened to know about Anna. She very often called at our house and assisted me a great deal in my work among the children, the poor, and the sick. She would inquire, incidentally, of course, how Julius was getting along. I told her and even formed the habit of letting her read his letters. Those letters of our zealous young missionary will influence her for good, I argued. And they always seemed to do it; she would be twice as eager in the good work. And I used to think that the poor, solitary boy in Germany needed a little encouragement, and to cheer him on I would relate some of Anna's good deeds and words and tell how well she assisted me. His next letter then was always full of gladness and joy and had another incidental reference to Anna and her enthusiasm. So far, so good. But what comes next? Hardly had Julius returned when these two got together and invited me to marry them. And here I sit, much perplexed. Did these pious young people use this white-haired old man as a sort of marriage agency, a go-between? Would you permit that, my brethren

and my sisters? What are you going to do about it?"

There was a merry laughter all over the audience when the elder had finished his complaint, which had been accompanied by interesting changes of color and expression in the happy faces of the two culprits. "You dear old man!" exclaimed the vivacious bride, who, winged by her emotions, ran toward him and, amidst the cheers of those present, gave the reverend elder a hearty kiss, thus making her second offense even greater than her first.

Later the strong voice of the bride's father was heard from one of the nearer tables. "I have some news for you, neighbors," Friesen said, "important news which Mayor Willems and myself have withheld intentionally, as we did not desire to disturb the glad mirth of this day. A few days ago the mayor received some orders. It appears that the White Poplar affair is practically dropped, and I am glad of it. But the mayor's insubordination is not to go unpunished. After deliberation I think it inexpedient to seek a review of the decision at the present time. I have lived with you, neighbors, these many years, and I hoped to close my days in your midst. But the peace of the community and good order require—that is the finding of the Committee—that Friesen sell his goods and move out of your midst."

These words, spoken with proud resignation, stirred all his hearers. Anna and Julius hurried to their father's side, while the elder and the guests rose and gathered around him. They felt the expulsion of Friesen as a blow intended for all his sympathizers.

Friesen, rising to his feet, bade his anxious children and the excited guests to be calm. "Let me finish," he went on. "I, of course, must leave you soon, and as there might be some here that I could not meet again, I thought it well to tell you the news before you left and to bid you all good-bye. My children here, in sublime recklessness, have decided to go to the borders of



civilization to instruct the savages. I always thought there was enough work at home. Under the circumstances, however, I and my Jacob turn to these enthusiastic missionaries and say to them, 'Here we are, without a home and without a country. Take us with you. We are not to be refused.' "

Anna clung to him with tears of joy, and Jacob kept close to his right side.

"My arm is strong yet. My health is unbroken. I feel in me the blood of our father who changed these steppes into pleasant gardens. Wherever these young people go, there I shall go, there I shall build a new home and plow new fields, and watch over my children's well being. Good-bye, neighbors, one and all."

He spoke the last words with all the force and determination that had characterized the old mayor, placing his strong left hand on Anna's shoulder, who affectionately clung to her husband's arm, and his other hand on the rich, dark locks of Jacob, who looked up to him with unlimited confidence and tightly clasped his accordion under his arm. The vigor and energy of youth again filled Friesen's veins and flushed his manly countenance. All looked with awe and admiration on the man, and there was not a soul that for a moment doubted his ability to carry out his plans. They pressed forward to shake his hands.

Peter Pauls and Peter Willems, as usual, left together. Pauls had been much affected by the scenes just witnessed. With groans he had climbed a bench to have a full view of Friesen, and he had used his red handkerchief freely to wipe his tears.

"Pauls," said Willems, thrusting his pointed elbow into his neighbor, "yes

Pauls, I tell you, if Friesen gets among these heathens, they will earn some good farming—yes, good farming." Willems knew of no higher praise, had he known of any he would gladly have bestowed it. For all was serene again for the new mayor. The danger of corporal punishment was averted, and he and his wife, after a hard fought battle had submitted to Peter's marriage with Sophia, and since then united to sing the praises of their bright and pretty daughter-in-law.

The incorrigible Pauls hit his lean neighbor's vest, saying, "Listen here, old man, the young missionary can teach these heathens religion—matters spiritual; Anna can teach them house-keeping and care of children—matters domestic; Friesen can instruct them in farming and all matters temporal, and Jacob could give lessons on the accordion—matters musical; but who, who will cheer the hearts of these poor heathens with some good practical jokes—matters jovial? Tell me that, neighbor, tell me that." And with an arch squint of his keen little eyes he added, "It is a pity, Odarka cannot go along."

That day good old Martens in the garden above told to the children entrusted to him, not a wonderful story of Heaven, but the story of two loving children on earth who devoted their lives to the blessed work of showing to ignorant and erring children of men, the way to the beautiful garden. With loving admiration he mentioned the name of his old neighbor, the village mayor, Hendrick Friesen, in whose manly breast there dwelled a fearless passion for all things fair and just.

THE END.







# Cold Feet

BY GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

Author of "A Pair of Shoulder Straps," "The Trail of Mars" etc.

THE MAJOR twisted his mustache thoughtfully.

"No, Williston," he demurred, "it's hardly the prudent thing to do—just the two of us. The day before yesterday that place was fairly bristling with gugas—amigos, of course, they always are; but the slashing up of Haley's bunch out there has somehow put a keen edge on my discretion. What we want with us, I estimate, is a platoon."

It was fortunate that the lieutenant's back was to the speaker, for, ere he lowered his glasses and faced about, he smiled in a way which his superior might not have appreciated.

"Certainly, sir," he acquiesced inscrutably, "I'll have a platoon of B company made ready at once. I only thought to suggest that, unaccompanied, we might draw less fire and thus be able to obtain a nearer and consequently more accurate view of the trenches. However—"

"Then what say you we compromise on a squad; that wouldn't be too many, would it?"

"No, sir, I should say not," again agreed the subaltern; "a squad might do nicely—granted we contrived to keep their mouths shut."

The major's face hardened a little. It was clear to him that the obdurate understrapper would not concur with his wishes. He could have settled the matter in a trice, had he so chosen to do, by virtue of his rank, but there was an after consideration. In these days of barbaric bravery a man must needs deliberately poke his head into a noose if he would escape the chilling social atmosphere about those whose courage was, however, faintly shadowed by a doubt.

Moreover, there was a girl—as always—away back in God's country, of whom he and the youthful lieutenant

were about equally favored. He had been canonized to her as a veritable destroyer of men, and, like most girls, she had smiled upon his personal unvaunted valor and admired the barbarian in him. And this fair creature, the major determined on the spot, should never be suffered to hear of any remissness in him, her dream-god.

"Suppose we take it alone, then," he snapped out to his subordinate, forcing an indifference which failed signally of concealing his perturbation.

"Thank you, sir," said the lieutenant, covertly smiling again, and together they set off.

After awhile they passed a field where many natives in white camisas were harvesting rice. The primitive sickles paused in air while their owners gapingly reviewed los oficiales Americanos.

"You see, Williston," observed the major, obviously ill at ease, "it is much as I said. I wager there's not one of those ostensible harvesters but has a loaded rifle within his reach."

The major's apprehension so amused the lesser officer that he dared not reply lest his voice betray the contempt he felt.

Anon they were picking their way between thick-set clumps of bamboo; and something which the lieutenant saw in his surroundings caused him to smile still again, this time a hard, lip-compressed smile; at the same time he loosened the flaps of his holsters.

The major's eyes were searching everywhere for a movement which would justify the dread that was at his heart, that would turn suspense into certainty and relieve a mysterious oppression that was stifling his breath. He looked across the broad Pacific and saw once more the volatile creature who was eagerly waiting to hear of deeds of blood and heroism by her own



barbarian in tropic jungles. Now it came to the major again and with renewed pangs of bitterness that he was after all, a coward. It was not his fault, but his misfortune. He knew army tactics as a child knows its playthings. "At home" he had been the idol of women and the envy of men. He was a conceded authority on all matters military or social, a soldier by choice and an officer by inculcation; yet the one supreme element essential to his chosen calling was lacking in his nature. In his own blunt philosophy he had striven to assign a reason why God had given him a make-up so incongruous in its parts, but he had failed, and with each successive failure his bitterness toward himself had augmented. How gladly would he have laid down all he had gained through education and experience in even exchange for one-half the courage of the slim, devil-may-care West Pointer by his side! He was only a cub warrior as yet, and leonine deeds were not expected of him, but in his own case it was different. For him, a trained and hardened soldier, to fail of distinguishing himself was to disappoint a thousand eager friends at the other end of the cable. And the major writhed under the weight of a mighty responsibility.

Presently they came upon something which mystified them. It was a long, low rick of freshly cut rice running at right angles with their course. The lieutenant kicked the pile tentatively with his service boot. It appeared to have been strewn there without intent other than that of curing. It was only four or five yards in width. The obvious thing to do was to walk over it. This the younger man started to do without hesitation. When half way across the yielding stuff, something snapped sharply under his feet and he felt himself sinking. He essayed to step, and—horror! the earth beneath him suddenly gave way like an invisible trap door. He flung out his arms wildly, unavailingly, and disappeared downward before the major's

staring eyes, with a single startled cry.

The major's heart was going like a trip-hammer as he peered into the black depths whither his companion had been precipitated.

"Williston, there—are you hurt?"

A low moan from the dark pit was all he heard in response.

"Williston," iterated the major, "where—how deep is this place?"

"A—a pole," painfully faltered the voice from below. "I'm impaled on sharp spikes—they've got me in—three places—shoulder—hip—leg—the pole, Major, quick—for the mercy of God!"

In a moment the major had found a bamboo pole which he nervously thrust down into the pit.

"Now—oh!" Again the agonized voice rose to the rescuer's ear. "Wait—a little lower—there—wait—easy now; you'll pull me up in a moment. This spike's clean through my shoulder—whew!"

But the work of rescue was suddenly interrupted. A single Mauser bullet that whined dolefully, all at once snipped a ribbon from the major's hat-brim, and an acute realization of danger brought a choking sensation into his throat. He looked for the marksman but the marksman was nowhere in sight, and the major felt that the "snipper's" next shot would not waste its energies on his hat-brim. He loosed hold of the pole and his handsome face turned the color of dead ash. His thoughts were a great deal of a jumble, but it was very clear to his consciousness that he must save himself. His revolvers were in his hands now and he was dodging here and there, taking advantage of anything that might shield him as he ran. It seemed to him that he was being pursued, though he could catch sight of no pursuer; but wildly he was making his way rapidly to the rear, tearing unheedingly through thorns and tripping over concealed vines, but never checking his mad flight.

And behind the fleeing major, abandoned to his fate, writhing in agony as





his life-current ebbed slowly away, lay the young West Pointer, conscious that he had been forsaken, realizing that he must die, and preparing to do it in a quiet, unflinching way—the way that he knew his comrades would have applauded had they but known.

But after a space the lieutenant became aware that he could not die. The pain of his wounds had become so excruciating that he could not lie still. He wriggled desperately on the wooden spikes that held him a prisoner, and after what seemed to him a long night of torture he came to know that he was free. He stood up on the bottom of the pit, tottering weakly from loss of blood. He knew that he must bind up his wounds, and he did, after a fashion, with strips of his woolen shirt, and thereafter he spent nearly half an hour in a dogged attempt to climb out of his prison by means of the bamboo pole. And he succeeded. On the edge of the pit he lay half fainting as a result of his exertions. His presence of mind saved him, however, for he rolled into a shaded spot, where he presently revived. He drank deeply from the putrid water of a caraboa wallow, which he came upon by chance. Then he set his jaws resolutely and tottered toward camp. When he arrived opposite the field in which he had seen the natives at work, he noticed that they had all disappeared. This discovery caused him to keep to cover, for he knew that the harvesters had constructed the pitfall in the hope of snaring an advancing army. He knew, too, that the natives in peace garb whom he had seen cutting rice were in reality none other than Mascardo's soldiers. As the lieutenant toiled toward the American lines he fell to thinking of the major, and the smile came back to his face, only it was a hard, half-sinister smile now, as of one delirious.

"You're all right, Major; you put up a good fight and helped a poor devil out of a h— of a hole, you did. Congratulations on your nerve, old man. You're a first-rater, all right,

only I believe I'd have done a little different by you—a little different, I think, Major."

He wondered vaguely if the major could ever face him again, and if so, how he would excuse his dastardly conduct. But he himself had no intention of compromising the major. He would not let it be suspected that he had used low means to gain a modicum of favor with the girl in the States.

It was late in the afternoon when the lieutenant finally staggered within hailing distance of the camp. He was dizzy and exhausted and his mind was wandering. He sank upon his knees and raised his voice in a hoarse, unnatural cry. Thrice he repeated the weird call, clutching the vegetation with blood-crusted hands as his aching lungs strained out the signal on which his life depended. Then slowly he became aware that his right hand was dabbling in something adhesive and warm—blood, he thought. He dropped his gaze listlessly. Within reach of his hand, yet dimly defined to his senses, lay an extended dark object. Its shape told him plainly what it was. Mascardo's brownimps of hell had ambushed another American scout, shot or stabbed him to death and delivered him, a ghastly warning, to his comrades, who must soon discover his mangled corpse. Who was it, he wondered. He might recognize the victim as a member of his own company. He tugged with all his feeble strength to turn the body. The dead seemed to resist, as if loath to disclose its identity. But the dead presently yielded to the half dead, and the body turned with life-like reluctance upon its back. The last yellow rays of the setting sun illumined the set, distorted face, blending oddly with crimson streaks and splotches that disfigured it. As the lieutenant looked, his drooping figure swayed for a moment as from emotion; then he suddenly relaxed and fell forward, murmuring:

"It's the only way—you could have done it, Major—the only way you



could have made her—worship you. And she'll never know—about the pit—no, trust Williston never to—betray a memory. But—Major, the spikes were sharp—I can feel them bite and tear—as if—”

He was conscious of gentle hands upon him, sensible of the droning voices of his comrades.

“B-r-i-n-g t-h-e m-a-j-o-r, t-o-o, b-o-y-s,” he wheezed, then fainted.

## An Executive Order

BY MACK CRETCHER

“W E’LL HAVE to give it up,” said Jack.

“We’ll do nothing of the kind,” said the girls.

“I really don’t believe there is anything in the old fort worth seeing, anyway,” retorted Jack. “It’s been nothing but age and antiquities ever since we arrived at St. Augustine. Fort Marion, so far as I am able to make it out, is merely another small body of antiquity at present entirely surrounded by tourists.”

Jack had stopped the big touring car in front of the causeway at old Fort Marion. Numerous tourists were ahead, waiting their turn to be shown through the historic old fortress. We were in a dilemma. Jack was to leave at three o’clock for Atlanta and the north. We had planned this visit to the fort, then a spin to the beach and back in time for Jack to meet his train. We were ready, Jack, the girls and myself; ready to storm the fort, if necessary, but there was no getting around that crowd of resolute tourists in front; nothing to do but await our turn. We couldn’t do that. The girls’ pretty lips were pouting—we couldn’t stand that.

“I told you we should have started earlier,” said Stella. “There is always a crowd here at this hour. How provoking.”

“Must go? Fort or nothing?” questioned Jack, seriously.

Stella and May nodded.

“Then in we go,” said Jack, resolutely.

“But Jack, you can’t—that is—not

yet. We must wait our turn,” said Stella.

“And miss my train? Not much,” said Jack, positively.

“Couldn’t we bribe the old sergeant?” suggested May.

“No, indeed. Even if we tried it, we couldn’t bribe that whole crowd.”

“Well, we can’t sit here until my train comes in,” said Jack. “If we must see that fort, we’ll do it right now.”

“Why, Jack, you couldn’t run this car in there if you wanted to.”

“I don’t happen to want to,” said Jack, with a grin. Then he turned to me and said: “You go over there and tell that sergeant that the governor of Missouri and party are out here waiting. Say you are the governor’s private secretary, that the governor’s time is limited and that he would like very much to inspect the fort before he leaves for the north this afternoon. Tell him any old thing so we get in. You know how to fix it up, old man. Run along now and do your prettiest.”

I looked squarely at Jack. The audacious rascal actually meant it. But what really sent me on the fool’s errand was the faint glitter of hope in May’s eyes and the laughing challenge of Stella. I at once climbed out of the car. As I pushed my way through the crowd of sightseers I overheard the remark that there were many in the party from Kansas City. This changed my plans and made me so nervous that I fear I presented rather a sorry spectacle when I confronted the sergeant, who received me quite civilly. There





was nothing for me to do but change governors. Every one in that Kansas City crowd outside no doubt knew the governor of Missouri by sight. After all, it was a small matter, so I braced up and used the first name that popped into my head.

"Sergeant," I said, "the governor of Colorado is outside with a small party. He is anxious to inspect your historic old fortress, but he leaves for the north at three o'clock. I am his private secretary and he asks me to present his compliments, and to inquire if it is possible to make a little concession for himself and party. Otherwise he will not have the time."

"What state?" asked the sergeant.

"Colorado," I repeated, my assurance rising at my not being thrown out bodily as an imposter.

The sergeant looked a trifle perplexed. I rightfully attributed it to his unwillingness to crowd us in ahead of the others in waiting and pressed my claims the harder. My bluff won. A merry party was being escorted out through the old casemate by a jaunty soldier when the old sergeant stepped out before the waiting crowd, and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: One party is now making the rounds of the fort. Another is just passing out. Before the next party is made up, I have a request to make. The governor of Colorado and party are outside yonder. The governor's time is limited and he has asked if it were possible for him to inspect the fort before leaving at three P. M. With your permission I will ask you to wait and will invite the governor and party in at once."

A faint ripple of applause greeted the sergeant's speech, dainty kerchiefs were waived in greeting and cries of "Sure," and "Go ahead with the governor," was the hearty response.

The sergeant smiled. "You tell the governor and party to come at once."

He bowed low, and retired. I expect my head was rather high as I returned to the people at the touring car and piloted them through the applaud-

ing crowd to the sergeant's private apartment.

"Governor, this is the sergeant in charge," I said simply.

The two men clasped hands cordially. The gallant sergeant also touched his cap to the ladies.

"One of the boys from the barracks usually goes with each party, but I will be glad to show you all the places of interest, myself, if agreeable," said the amiable sergeant.

We assured him that we were highly honored, so the officer led the way. We were not fairly started, however, before Jack had me on the gridiron. Taking one hasty view of the interior of the old fort he said airily: "There are no antiquities in Missouri to compare with this, girls."

I had barely time to give him a friendly nudge before the sergeant turned. Jack colored and looked puzzled. I had forgotten to tell him about the change of governors. We were viewing the old Spanish lock, with its ponderous bolt and key, carefully preserved on the door of one of the cell-like rooms. Jack suddenly evinced a wonderful interest in its queer mechanism until the sergeant and the ladies were out of range, then said abruptly:

"What's up?"

"Jack, you're not the governor of Missouri," I whispered. "There were Kansas City people in that crowd outside, and I had to switch."

"Then who in blazes am I? Roosevelt? Taft? Quick. Think of the girls."

"Governor of Colorado," I cautioned, a trifle crestfallen at Jack's show of temper. It wasn't really my fault. I couldn't think of everything, and here he was, a governor of my own creation, lording it over me royally. We joined the party at the old cell-room where Geronimo and his band of Apaches had been held captive and had left their queer signs and legends written on the walls with charcoal. We were none too soon. May's face was aflame and there was a startled



look in Stella's eyes. They, too, were among the breakers.

"Now don't make sport of me, Miss," the sergeant was saying. "I wasn't joking. You know I meet so many people I really can't keep track of names. Honestly now, what's the governor's name?"

May took one startled look at me over the sergeant's shoulder, moistened her lips and said, faintly: "Denton—Governor Denton." Where she discovered the name I have never been able to find out, but I was quite proud of her, and came promptly to the rescue.

"Governor Denton," I said, quite loudly, "this is the room I was telling you about this afternoon. Quite interesting, isn't it?"

The sergeant turned to greet us. May gave me a smile of gratitude that elated me wonderfully. She, at least, was appreciative.

As we strolled about the old prison room I could see that Jack was trying his best to get the girls separated from the sergeant long enough to put matters straight, but the gallant officer refused to be shaken. In vain I tried to draw him into a detailed interpretation of some of the Apache sign writings on the walls. The particular inscription that interested Jack and the girls was always the one in which the sergeant likewise evinced interest. Also his evident desire to change the subject from Indian signs, Spanish intrigues, dungeons and torture chambers, to events of the present, worried me. As we passed from the Apache prison to the room where the old Seminole chief had made his famous escape, the sergeant said to Stella:

"I suppose mining is one of the principal resources of your state."

"Yes, sir," replied Stella, promptly, "the Joplin district is the greatest of its kind in the world."

"Joplin?" repeated the sergeant, with rising inflection, "Pardon me, but I thought Joplin was in Missouri."

Jack was making frantic pantomime behind the sergeant's back.

"Why certainly," commenced Stella, steadily, then catching sight of Jack she ended brokenly, "that is—why—yes, sir."

"Beg pardon, sergeant," said Jack, stepping forward quickly, "My friend, Mis Stella Carson, is from St. Louis, you know."

"Oh, I see," said the sergeant. "From Missouri, eh? Well, there are still other sights to show you."

He led the way through the other show places, chattering away merrily as he climbed the stairs to the northeast lookout and told for the thousandth time of the great storm of 1893 that wrecked the sea islands and carried the foaming ocean billows up over sea wall, fort and parapet.

Climbing the stairs May hesitated, then said to me in a stage whisper, as she tragically clutched my arm: "What is it? Quick. I'm really afraid to say I'm alive. Do hurry. What about Colorado?"

"It's our state," I replied half under my breath. "We've transferred our allegiance, that's all. Denton's the governor. You said so yourself. Brace up."

We had time for no more. The view from the northeast lookout was grand. We inhaled the bracing sea breeze. The white breakers were pounding away in foaming crests out on Anastasia's coral reefs with steady boom, boom, boom. Sea gulls stretched their white wings lazily in the languid tropic air, floating aimlessly. Porpoises disported their bulky black bodies in the quiet waters of Matanzas Inlet. We reveled in the beauty of the scene, enchanted, loath to leave, but the jolly sergeant prattled away of his greatest show place, the old dungeon and older torture chamber of the Spaniards. He laughingly led the way for the girl who was "from Missouri." Out in the bright sunlight of the fort promenade our spirits ran high. We were doing amazingly well, after all and were ready for any creepy tales of dungeon, moat, torture chamber or the rack. At the dungeon's dark entrance





the sergeant paused, listened intently, then said:

"The dungeon is at present occupied. We have other distinguished visitors today. They are just coming through the narrow passage way from the torture chamber into the dungeon. I want you to meet them. They will be out presently. Yes, here they are."

Out into the tropic sunlight came a neatly dressed soldier, his hat resting at a rakish angle. Following the soldier came a tall, straight gentleman, his hair tinged with gray; on his arm, a young lady, passing fair. The sergeant saluted, advanced briskly and spoke a few words in an undertone. The tall man smiled kindly, nodded his head reflectively, then advanced cordially to Jack, who was evidently prepared to die game. Lifting his hat the tall man extended his hand, saying:

"So you are the governor of Colorado. I noticed by the local evening paper that you had arrived." Here he deftly handed the astonished Jack a copy of the News. "The sergeant informs me that you leave for the north this evening. Sudden resolution?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, whose eyes were fairly popping as he scanned the first page of the paper.

"Good afternoon, ladies," the tall man said, pleasantly. "This is my daughter," taking his companion lovingly by the arm. "You are members of the governor's party, I presume."

With a woman's intuition of danger, the frightened girls merely nodded. The tall man chatted on. "I am also a governor," he said lightly.

Fairly bursting with curiosity about the newspaper, I waited to hear no more. Stepping over to Jack I glanced over his shoulder at the sheet. There it was, sure enough; an announcement of the arrival of the governor of Colorado, his stopping at the Ponce de Leon, and all the rest. Jack took a step or two farther away.

"We're up against it," he said quickly to me. "May missed it a mile, too. The governor's name isn't Denton any more than mine is Bob

Fitzsimmons. Let's get out of here before the real article arrives and we are thrown over the parapet."

I readily assented. We turned to find the tall man chatting animatedly to the two very red-faced girls. Stella was the first to speak as we approached.

"Oh, Jack, it's no use. We've made a horrible mess of it. How provoking." She stamped her pretty foot and bit her lip to keep back the tears.

"Now what's the matter?" roared Jack, who had partially recovered his gubernatorial poise. For answer, the tall man advanced graciously, bowed and presented his card.

"Great Scott," said Jack, now also very red in the face.

"Excuse me for not introducing myself sooner," said the tall man, whose eyes shone with suppressed merriment.

After the first explosion, Jack was stricken dumb. He handed the card lamely to me. It read:

\_\_\_\_\_

Denver.

Governor of Colorado.

The sergeant, leaning against the old Coquina wall, was chuckling audibly. Even the ladies of the party were smiling at Jack's discomfiture. The tall man, still smiling, placed a friendly hand on Jack's shoulder.

"So you are the governor of Colorado?" he said jokingly.

"Yes sir, I was—that is—I might have been mistaken about it. It might have been Nevada or Utah, although I am no Mormon," staggered Jack, at which we all laughed.

"Now, see here," beamed the real governor of Colorado kindly, "let's chuck the whole business and begin over again. The young ladies have told me all about that imperative trip north that caused all this confusion.



Now this is really the jolliest crowd I have found in the whole south. Let's have that proposed motor run and then all come over and have dinner with me at the Ponce. If the trip north is really so urgent, the young man can leave with us on the special at 9:30 and still make the Atlanta connection. Is it agreed?"

We all looked at Jack, who in turn looked sheepishly at the grinning sergeant.

"Oh, the sergeant is all right, and an old friend of mine. He has enjoyed this lark better than anyone in either party," said the governor. "Come, consent and we will have a jolly old time at dinner."

Jack hesitated a moment, then burst out laughing with the rest.

"Guess there's nothing to do but obey the orders of your superior officer," he said, meekly.

## A Foreigners Viewpoint of Musical Possibilities in Kansas

BY RAFAEL NAVAS

Rafael Navas who is the contributor of the following, came to Kansas in the month of January 1907. Born and educated in Malagna, Spain, Mr. Navas commenced his musical studies at the early age of four years; at the age of twelve he entered the Paris Conservatoire, later he received first prize in the artist class, and again we find him with the Leschetizky school of piano in Vienna. Rafael Navas made two successful concert tours of Europe, playing in some of the principal cities, including Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, as well as his triumphant tour through his native land, Spain, where he received the decoration of the Alphonso XII Order, conferred personally by King Alphonso. His recitals in New York City, and as soloist with some of the leading symphony orchestras has placed Mr. Navas in the front rank as an artist.

Hector Berlioz, the great French composer and writer, tells in one of his delightful books of recollections the following anecdote:

An artist of his acquaintance, already famous at the time, was asked by an English baronet mainly interested in the breed of horses and in their production on the turf, to portray a favorite horse of his. A very surprised baronet he was when, the picture finished, the artist stated its price.

"But it only took you three weeks to do it?" he declared in amazement.

"Monsieur," was the artists's repartee, "I've worked forty years on your horse."

This seemingly paradoxical answer is, however, but one of the truths on

which art rests. Art, like intellect, requires maturity, for art principally is a manifestation of intellect; and far more so than the result of innate sentiment or refined sensibilities, natural or acquired. In any of its domains only such men as knew how to combine those more or less inborn soulful qualities with the powers of intelligence are held up to posterity on the pedestal of history; and no one was ever righteously called an artist who did not constantly aspire to perfection, to beauty.

What is true of the individual also applies to the many. "The beast in the child" must not only be domesticated but attended to; its material needs sought after, its comfort provided, its passions stilled, before an appeal to the higher senses could be attempted in the process of which, and in the transformation of primitive passions to gentle, unselfish, subtle, preconceived acts, life is spent. The church at all times has been the great educator of the masses, and nowhere in modern days has its work and influence been so efficient as in America where in a few decades the rough type of the backwoodsman and the rougher one of the adventurer who followed at his heels has been transformed into the intelligent, active, and generous type of the American of today.





Though the church has accomplished much, it has not yet reached in the West that higher plane of thought which compels the birth of art; just as in the 40's the church in the East was a hindrance to the recognition of the genius of Poe because that was an ethical and reformatory age—"all New England was a pulpit"—and because his appeal was made to a people intensely absorbed by their unavoidable tasks and not yet sensitive to beauty nor awake to the place and meaning of art.

The rapid strides of progress have diminished the weight of material tasks, the productive powers of nature have been developed to the utmost, the minds have been uplifted to higher spheres and a wave of artistic appreciation has crept over this continent with the effect that many people have embraced artistic careers who were not predisposed nor fitted for them—natural victims of any unestablished order of things when the effect is so

readily mistaken for the cause. In the long run, human folly and human failure are just as interesting to the student of humanity, and as worthy of comment, as its wisdoms and its triumphs, and those victims of art are not to be scoffed at; they must be considered as the sure forerunners of an era of artistic productiveness.

Music, of all the artistic manifestations, is the most independent, the freest, because it exists by itself. Its need is most imperiously felt; by the savage, even, it has been an important factor in the progress of every civilization and has taken a prominent part in the cultus of every nation. In America it has been a subject of study for three quarters of a century and in some communities is today an object of pride, many American musicians being now recognized throughout the world; therefore the day is certainly not far off when the bard of the southwestern plains shall be born.

## Naming the Home

BY J. C. GARST

**F**IRST, in discussing this subject, we should know what home is. Dryden said, "Home is the sacred refuge of our life."

"Home is not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded;  
It is where those we love abide,  
Surrounded by shrines the heart hath  
builted."

"Intelligence and courtesy not always are  
combined,

Often in a wooden house, a golden room, we  
find."

"Home is the place in which to find the  
rest that satisfies."

Home government is the original form of government. It is the model of all forms of good government; because the relations of its subjects, each to each, are so sacred and vital as to render the home the most complete of all earthly organizations. These relations are fatherhood, motherhood, sonship and sisterhood.

Complete and incomplete homes may be fairly illustrated by the number of wheels vehicles have. The only easy and perfect running vehicle is the one having four wheels, representing the home in which the four relationships are complete. The tricycle with a wheel out in front, or rear, represents the home in which only three relationships are sustained. The bicycle, never able to stand alone, but always runs well when supported, represents the man-and-wife home. Then there is the one-wheeled vehicle—the wheelbarrow, that cannot run at all unless it is partly carried and shoved. All know the home which it represents.

Home means far more than buildings, bowers, gardens, orchards and green fields. These are only the evidences, the outward adornments of the inner, or real home. However, we are



to consider the subjects as associated with rural life, the happiest, the most independent and time honored of all earthly life.

We are informed that God planted eastward in Eden, a garden distinguished for beauty, deliciousness, and variety of its fruits. He supplied it abundantly with water that flowed through rich beds of gold and precious jewels, that contained the necessary elements to give perfection and loveliness to the fruit and foliage of Paradise. This garden, so wonderfully and magnificently provided, was the first home of man, whose only cares were to prune it and keep it clean. Pity it was, to place in charge of such a desirable home, horticulturists with such little admiration for home as our fore-parents proved to have.

This ancient home was named "Garden of Eden." The best thought of its intention is conveyed to us by its name. Garden means yard; Eden means pleasure; hence, yard of pleasure. It was also called Paradise, meaning pleasure ground, thus giving us the very best idea of the future home of a truly good horticulturist.

So from these considerations, why not give every rural home a name? The merchant wisely selects a suitable name for his place of business; the ship-builder, for his vessel; the artist for his picture; the child, for its play-house; then why not the home-maker for his home? One merchant names his place of business "The Hub," meaning the center of trade, or that his goods are a yard wide and all wool, or it may refer to the organization of the firm; another one names his the "Bee Hive," meaning that trade is always lively, or that the employes are busy as bees; still another names his the "Racket," not to convey the idea of confused noise but that he has every article that may be called for, etc. In like manner the home-maker may select a name suitable to represent his home.

Permit me to give a few examples of home naming. Frederick the Great, as a recluse from the cares of state, built a palace, naming it Sans Souci (with-

out care). Washington at the close of his public life, retired to his celebrated home named Mount Vernon. Jefferson's home was named Monticello; Jackson's, "The Hermitage;" H. M. S. Byers, author of "Sherman's March to the Sea," named his home at Des Moines, St. Helens. Formerly in Butler County, Kansas, a Mrs. M. A. Riley dwelt in a little house on an elevation with miles of raw prairie around, and a fair target for wind and weather; wishing to contrast her discouraging situation with the inviting scenery at her former home in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, she named it the "Bleak House."

To the mother is given pre-eminently the home-making faculty. The poet, Longfellow, meant that when he sung, "Home-making hearts are happiest." It will cheer her to name the home. It will appeal to the pride of the children. It cannot break materially into the head of the family, for he too is not so very far removed from the pleasures of the home, unless, indeed, he be very, very grouchy. To illustrate, I once knew a family—father, mother, six sons and two daughters who named their home, "River Glen." The natural features of the location suggested the name; the family did the rest. At the funeral of the aged father, the six stalwart sons were the pallbearers, leaving their two amiable sisters to especially comfort their mother.

Naming the home, acts as an incentive to industry. It awakens higher aspirations; it leads to new and constantly increasing delights, and encourages home-staying and home-living.

Pity the home that is merely a camping ground. Banish the apology that is offered in defense of such "dissipation" of home, may I say? Many homes are like many individuals; their habits suggest their right name. Sure enough, some people get no farther than the door, like as not the front one, with broken bottles and dishes, tin cans and old shoes. Natural surroundings, family pride, neighborhood civility and prosperity alike fail in their ap-





peal to such.

The foundation of society rests upon the home. Homes will shine if they are dressed and kept. Because our fore-parents were careless and indifferent horticulturists, for they were not only to dress but "keep" the home, they

were expelled from their paradise, and so great was the desolation that followed that not a mark of its location has ever been discovered. We insist on giving the home a name and trying to live up to it, but we should be sure to select one that will "wear" well.

## With Kansas Bards

*This magazine desires to preserve here all poetry of merit about Kansas or by Kansas writers. We earnestly desire any verse that is available.*

### Indian Summer

*By Lydia McGaughey.*

They call this Indian Summer—  
These hazy autumn days  
With never a breeze to stir the leaves  
Or make the long grass wave.  
The little birds cheep softly,  
The brook makes a gentle murmur,  
There's a hush like that at twilight  
All day, when its Indian Summer.

It is dreamy in Indian Summer,  
We gaze through the haze and dream—  
Dreams that are faint and elusive  
As reflections seen in a stream.  
All nature is peacefully resting  
Enfolded in mystical slumber,  
Dreaming the lazy days away—  
Days, we call Indian Summer.

The blue of the dome of Heaven  
Covers the quiet plains  
That stretch far out in the distance  
Where were gathered the golden grains.  
We gaze through the blue so hazy  
With eyes half closed in slumber  
No time of the year is so restful  
As the dreamy, Indian Summer.

So peaceful it is and so quiet,  
We feel the Great Spirit is nigh,  
And the hazy blue is His shadow  
Reaching down from the sky.  
The breeze holds its breath in silence  
From nature there's never a murmur,  
All day and all night there's a quiet,  
Solemnly sweet, in Indian Summer.

There's mystery in the grave silence  
That broods upon the land,  
There's awe in the stillness of nature—  
There's something we can't understand  
That fills our souls with a longing  
That's vague—yet we ne'er murmur,  
We're grateful and thank the Great Spirit  
For the mystical Indian Summer.

### A Colored Picture

*By Hugh A. McCord.*

Out on de poch whar hop vines trail an'  
sway  
An' wiv dair shadders meller up de sun,  
I sit an' watch de pickaninnies play,  
An' rock mah babe when mawain washin's  
done.  
De blackbird in de ellum chirp an' thrill,  
De mouse-hawk circle high up in de skies,  
An' daddy call to children to be still  
So little Hobson got ter close his eyes.  
So sleep, mah honey, sleep on mammie's  
bres'—  
Tuck apurn cohner 'roun' yo little toes  
So skeeter bites can't harm yo peaceful res',  
While Pearl Mirandy's hangin' out de clos'.  
Yo daddy in de tater patch close by  
Drawls out his softest, bestest song foh  
you,  
An' while he work he gwine to keep his eye  
On des hyar little pickaninny too.  
If all de love in des ole harht ob mine  
War made in heaben an' save up jes foh  
you  
It couldn't shine no brighter dan it shine,  
Er be mo' strong, er faithful, er mo' true.  
Sleep on; tuck down yo' wolly head  
So safe an' snug on tired ole mamie's ahm,  
Jes safe as in yo' little downy bed,  
She'll keep you free frum leastest hurt  
or harm.



### The Mystery of Life

*By L. E. Frankforter.*

What makes the clouds ride there on high  
Like feathery ships in sea of blue;  
What shades them with such pretty tints  
Of delicate unearthly hue?

If we but knew! If we but knew!

What makes the grass start from the ground  
And hold itself up towards the light?  
Whence come those dainty whisperings  
Which reach us through the mystic night?

If we but knew! If we but knew!



Where gets the wind its strength to mourn  
In tree tops as it passeth by;  
What gives it sweet cadence of song  
In gentleness—in whispering sigh?  
If we but knew! If we but knew!

What makes our hearts unceasing throb  
Through days and weeks and months and  
years?

Why do we yearn for something more  
Than life here in this vale of tears?  
If we but knew! If we but knew!

Yet if these mysteries were clear,  
We'd ne'er be placed beneath the sod;  
For then our human minds would hold  
The wisdom of Almighty God.  
So if we knew! So if we knew—



## *The Grave of the Wyandotte*

*By M. D. J.*

'Twas cradled here on swaying bough  
Winds crooned his lullaby,  
Here star gleams swathed his infant brow  
'Twixt mother earth and sky.

'Twas here he strayed in sun and shade  
Life's fitful dreams, here dreamed,  
'Twas here he wooed the dusky maid  
And here his camp-fires gleamed.

'Twas here he fought in days of yore  
'Twas here his feast was spread,  
His trophies here he proudly bore,  
'Twas here he mourned his dead.

'Twas here he heard the mystic tone  
Here felt the angel's breath,  
'Twas calmly faced the great Unknown  
And closed his eyes in death.

And when in silence of the night  
His spirit haunts the glade,  
The hunting ground, the ancient site  
Of many a bloody raid,

It paces stealthily and slow  
Where dwelt the dusky maid,  
And where his fathers twanged the bow  
And where his children played.



## *My Fame*

*By Ruth West Bisbee.*

To paint a picture! It were easier far  
To journey safely to the farthest star.  
To sing a song! 'Tis better far, to me,  
Just keeper of my husband's house to be.  
But if I never write, or paint, or sing,  
Still I may rise to heaven by this one thing;  
So long as time shall last, so long I'll be  
My children's mother! This is fame enough  
for me.

## *The Rural Kansas Lass*

*By M. B. Nichol.*

Though quite a "realistic" lass,  
She's also in "romantic" class—  
And "intuition" teaches her  
With "Madame Nature" to confer—  
She thus observes the flowers and trees,  
And fitting birds, and buzzing bees,  
And often wonders how and why  
Some creatures swim and others fly!

She sees the blackbird swiftly fly  
To chase the crow from nestlings high—  
And notes, that in the mother bird  
"Parental love" is greatly stir'd,  
Or else she surely would not dare  
To risk a battle in the air  
With "pirate" of enormous size—  
And make him flee without the prize!

The zephyrs modestly caress  
Each rosy cheek, and flowing tress—  
And more of oxygen she quaffs,  
The more and merrier she laughs!  
Adjacent to her happy home  
In pastures green she loves to roam  
To pluck a rose, or wild sunflower,  
Or briefly sit in shady bower!

The frisky minnows in the brook,  
With bended pin, she feigns to hook;  
And into shallow places goes,  
To feel them nibble at her toes—  
Until at last they tickle so  
She has to laugh! then 'way they go!  
And then she wades by slow degrees,  
Till water's 'way above her knees!

When sun, behind a golden crest,  
Retires into the glowing west;  
When moon peeps o'er the hills afar,  
And owl proclaims the evening star;  
When hushed is song of meadow-lark,  
And fireflies begin to spark,  
The lass hies home—to sweetly sleep  
While "Morpheus" doth his vigil keep!



## *Compensation*

*By Roy Temple House.*

("\* \* no artist lives and loves that longs  
not \* \* \* \* \* for one only."—  
Browning.)

A world it is compact of shirk and show.  
How can a man whose purposes are pure,  
Whose aims are honest, shun the vulgar lure  
Of fame, friends, fortune, patiently to grow  
Toward a clear light that burns so pale and  
low

'Mid flaming links that leave all else  
obscure?  
Why strive to draw the furrow straight and  
sure?

If boastful bunglers reap, what need to sow?  
The world says wrong is right; why not:  
"Agreed;





I'll shirk and bluster, flatter and succeed?"

Why not? Because a God on justice bent  
Ordained that many cannot balance one;

Because no "getting on" can bring content  
As when one pair of lips proclaim, "Well  
done."



### *The Red Moon*

By Elizabeth N. Barr.

When the dusk of the great cool shadow

Grows deep by the fragrant pine,

And we scent the autumn in the air,

Sweet breath of the year's decline,

From toil that withers up our youth

And blights us like a blast

From care that saps our life-blood,

Shall a respite come at last.

When all is black, save a puny star

That's lost in the great black skies,

We shall sit in the deep of the shadows

And watch the red moon rise.

When the leaves begin to golden

With the early nip of fall,

The moon swings softly into view

A great roun' fire ball.

Then you and I, like woodland elves

Shall watch with wandering eyes,

How he pales the golden going up

The side of the steep, still skies.

This is the strength of our daily toil,

For there our dream life lies

In the depths of the ghostly shadows,

Watching the red moon rise.

Our way is hard and very long,

The prize is far, but great—

They we trusted have played us wrong

These fickle gods of fate.

Then sit we down from the weary chase

When dusk has veiled the prize,

From one lone drop of Lethe's flood

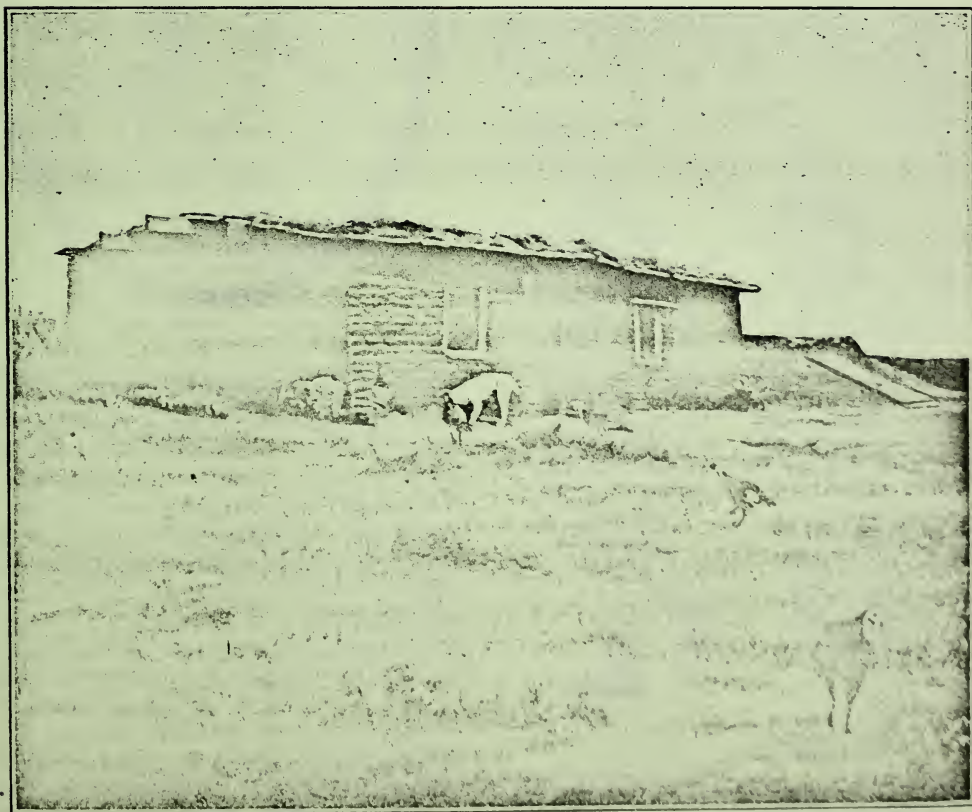
We'll make us a paradise;

And we that are old in many cares,

And we that are sorrow wise,

Shall laugh like babes in the shadows,

Watching the red moon rise.



A Relic of the Frontier Days, One of the Very Few Sod Shanties Still Standing on the Western Plains of Kansas. Photo by Rose Daugherty, Strong City, Kansas.



# A Fair Disciple of Art

GEM ABBOTT VAUGHAN

*Portrayer of Indian Life and Character*

THE MODERN mind is constantly on the alert for something original. It demands original and modern methods of expression. Moreover, these modern methods must ever change and in response to this demand we have our changes in fashion,

expression of such is never as true or as permanent as when it reveals the sympathies or portrays the life of which the artist knows thoroughly or is a part. It is to this fact that the individualism of American art owes its development. This same spirit is the power that is gradually moulding the pageant into a national drama. The same impulse sent Frederick Remington west to paint Indians and cowboys, and Brishoff to the polar regions to paint the Esquimaux.

This train of thought was readily suggested to the writer who recently had the pleasure of viewing a large collection of drawings by Miss Gem Abbott Vaughan, a few of which are



Gem Abbott Vaughan

architecture and literature. As a consequence of the changes in our environment our art must necessarily undergo the same development.

The present demands that art be keyed to the spirit of the times, and while some of our modern educators are worshippers of the old masters yet they do not accept with any marked degree of gratitude, the work of any modern artist who would duplicate the subjects, color or technique of any of the ancients.

The subject itself may or may not be entirely new, but the presentation must be original to make the lasting impression. New or foreign subjects often make more immediate impressions on the mind of the artist, but the



"That white boy must be ashamed of his skin"

reproduced herewith for the admiration of our readers.





The collection is different in most every way from anything that has come to our notice. True to her con-



The Indian's Oath.

victions, Miss Vaughan pictures the types that appeal to her most, and seldom departs therefrom. Although she can draw an elephant as well as an Indian, people prefer her Indians and thus her scope of interest extends principally to Indian subjects and particularly to Indian children. What Jessie Wilcox Smith has done for the pale faced youngster the work Miss Vaughan has begun to do for our copper-colored cousins. Her work possesses the originality of conception that marks the true artisan. Unlike some of our modern artists she has something to say and her love for color effect or faultless technique does not stay her hand in the revelation of her story. Her figures are very much alive and do not look posed as do a great many of our modern pictures of children.

A touch of the artist's humor appears in the picture, "That White Boy Must be Ashamed of His Skin," and all her powers of earnestness are expressed in "The Indian's Oath." The truthfulness with which she portrays nature is seen in the picture of the little fellow at the left of the group who has made "His Choice" between the bow-and-arrow and a rifle. With great tenderness of spirit she portrays the dusky lassie who has broken the head off her doll, and the determination of the red man that has cost many a pioneer his scalp, is clearly expressed in the face and pose of the little girl at the right of the group. To any one who has visited an Indian camp on a hot, sunny day the "Sun Face" is a familiar sight. Our cover design this month is also a splendid specimen of her talent in portraying the once powerful but now fast disappearing type.

The exact wealth of Miss Vaughan's art cannot be accurately computed at



"Sun Face."

this early stage in her career, only one thing is certain and that is, that the most valued asset in the career of any





Types of Indian Children.

young artist is the gift of continued patronage or growth. Her illustrations are eagerly sought by many of the prominent literary men and pub-

lishers and this being true we predict a brilliant future for her with a feeling that success is certain.









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Gem Abbott Vaughan



# OUR POINT OF VIEW

## CRITICISM AND IGNORANCE.

As has been stated heretofore, The Kansas Magazine welcomes reasonable suggestions and fair criticism relative to its columns. We wish at the same time, however, to call attention to the fact that it is decidedly disgusting to us, as well as to the reading public, to have thrust into our face from time to time, a conglomeration of brainless suggestions and foolish notions that are void of common sense, and altogether unfair and unjust.

The most distasteful feature of these criticisms is the fact that they are invariably offered for the purpose of attracting attention to the would-be critic, rather than to induce The Kansas Magazine to adopt the suggestion offered. In about nine cases out of ten the suggestion itself betrays the fact that the suggester lacks information.

Only a few days ago a Kansas editor, whose paper would seem to indicate that he has sense enough to read and write, offered a long and laborious criticism of the Kansas Magazine because it had, about six months previous to that time, advertised for Kansas fiction. "Kansas facts is what we want," he declared, semi-eloquently. His declaration proved at once that he had not so much as read the table of contents in the publication that he was attempting to criticize. Had he looked inside of the magazine with the hope of improving his own lame mentality he would have discovered, much to his surprise, that "Kansas facts" have been given a prominent place in the Kansas Magazine, through the courtesy of such noted men as Hon. George P. Morehouse, Col. W. P. Hackney, Henry J. Allen, Dr. Thomas H. Dinsmore, William Allen White, Capt. Robert Baldwin, Ex-Governor Samuel J. Crawford, John L. Powell, Senator John C. Nicholson and Hon. Victor Murdock. But no; he preferred to display his own ignorance merely for the sake of displaying it, rather than endeavor to learn something about the subject he was attempting to discuss.

Another literary insect from out the swamp of oblivion buzzed up recently and openly informed the world that there is no such thing as good poetry in Kansas and that the poetry published by the Kansas Magazine is worthless. This fool had probably never seen even the cover page of the publication in question. He, with a number of other critical wonders, don't know that Ida Ahlborn Weeks, a contributor to the Kansas Magazine, is also a regular contributor to The Century and Scribner's Magazine. These same fellows, loyal Kansans that they are, probably never heard of Prof. William H. Carruth, Esther M. Clark nor Walt Mason.

In our last issue we published a very remarkable poem by Willard Wattles. This

poem was recently read by the editor of the Century Magazine, who at once pronounced it a "worthy literary effort" and a "most excellent poem." It was also carefully revised and thoroughly criticised by the ablest professor of rhetoric in Kansas before we decided to feature it in the Kansas Magazine. As soon as it appeared in print a feeble-minded newspaper dub from somewhere rose up on his own authority and pronounced it very inferior. Immediately a lot of listless idlers who never read nor think for themselves, proceeded to agree with him. We note with pleasure, however, that we are receiving scores of compliments from our readers upon our selection of this splendid poem and that a number of individuals of known ability have ordered extra copies of the publication solely for the purpose of preserving this excellent example of Kansas genius.

And now comes a gentleman who should know the value of newspaper courtesy, and in his turn, offers a very pugent, and withal, a very serious criticism upon the cover design of our September number. It is not always possible for us to get the most noted talent in the world to draw our cover designs, and our engraving facilities, not being the very best on earth, we are sometimes compelled to print a design that is not the acme of art. Our September issue being Fair Number, we printed on the cover page the likeness of a heavy draft horse. This sketch was drawn by a young man who is an understudy of Albert Reid, the noted cartoonist and painter. His delineation of this particular kind of horse is true to life, but our critical jobber insists that it is very, very bad, because the artist did not make this cumbersome animal look like a spindle-shank race horse. If we had printed the likeness of a Durham bull, he would have complained because it did not look like a sheep.

This fellow, with a large class of others, not many hundred kilometers away, is sorely afflicted with a chronic and long-standing case of "belliack." It is against their code of ethics to notice anything good or beautiful. With their heavy and well made hammers they keep up a continuous knock, knock, knock, until the world is weary of the tiresome noise. With good grace they could have complimented our cover design of August, which is a reproduction of Geo. M. Stone's magnificent painting, "The Haymaker," but this would have been against their principles. Their sole mission is to complain, and complain continuously.

In the face of these intended hindrances, it is pleasing for us to know that the Kansas Magazine is a magnificent success from every point of view. During the torrid month of August over 1,000 new names were placed upon our mailing list. Our advertising columns speak eloquently for themselves. Many







loyal Kansans realize that "we are telling the nation about Kansas" in a way that is effective and decidedly to the interest of our splendid commonwealth.

To our many loyal friends of the newspaper fraternity, who have been fair enough to notice our good qualities, as well as our shortcomings, we are humbly grateful.

## FALSE RUMORS REFUTED

Since the severe drouth of August and the resulting deterioration in the corn crop an erroneous report has been started alleging that the Kansas farmer and in fact the whole Southwest, is in a bad condition. It would take, however, but a short examination into actual conditions to show that this report is without foundation. The Kansas farmer probably never looked forward to a more prosperous year for corn than that which confronted him on July 15th, 1909. There was a much larger acreage than usual planted and the copious rains of June and early July brought the corn to a condition which promised at that time, with favorable weather, to yield over 350,000,000 bushels for this state alone. August, however, proved a disastrous month for King Corn, as the entire month was marked by intense heat and very little moisture. This caused a probable loss to the corn crop, from the promise of July 15th, of over \$0,000,000. It is this falling off in the promised yield that has caused the east to believe that the Kansas farmer is going to suffer financially.

The true conditions, however, are quite the reverse as can be shown from the government reports. First, let us consider the wheat crop. In 1908 the final estimate of the Kansas winter wheat crop was 78,182,000 bushels, which had on August 1st a farm value of eighty cents per bushel. In 1909, the Kansas winter wheat crop, as given by the August government report, was 85,478,000, with a quality of one per cent in excess of the 1908 crop, and having a farm value on August 1st of ninety-six cents per bushel, aggregating \$82,058,888, compared with a total of \$62,545,600 for the crop of 1908, an increase of \$19,512,000.

This will be the most valuable yield in dollars and cents which the state has ever raised, though there have been years in which the wheat crop has been larger in the number of bushels. While wheat in the latter part of the 1908 crop year was very much higher than at the present time, it must be taken into consideration that the great bulk of the grain was sold during the early movement, before the advance of late winter and spring had started. This year the crop movement started in at the highest level of prices yet shown, \$1.32.

Never before have the farmers had so little interest to pay, consequently it is a safe assumption that the Kansas banks have on deposit more money from wheat this year than ever before in the history of

the state.

In Oklahoma practically the same conditions exist. While the crop of 1909, as shown by the government report, was only 14,848,000 bushels as compared with the 1908 crop of 15,625,000 bushels, the yield per acre was much larger and the market price, as given by the government report, twenty cents higher. This will give to the state from its wheat crop, over \$2,000,000, more than the crop of last year, which was the most valuable one ever raised by Oklahoma.

The final 1908 Kansas corn production, as given by the government crop report for December, was 156,200,000 bushels, having a farm value of fifty-five cents per bushel, making a total of \$85,910,000, from an acreage of 7,100,000. According to the government report of July 1st, 1909, the Kansas corn acreage was 7,800,000. Taking the condition of corn, as reported by the government on September 1st, Kansas will raise 156,000,000 bushels, almost identically the same as last year, a total that will be exceeded by only four states, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri.

In Oklahoma the corn has undoubtedly suffered more than in Kansas and with the exception of the northern tier of counties, the crop will be considerably less than that of last year, when they raised 122,000,000 bushels.

In addition to wheat and corn, Kansas has raised this year more than an average crop of oats, kaffir corn, broom corn, cane seed, etc., all of which are being marketed at a high level of prices.

The alfalfa acreage has been increasing rapidly each year and this money making crop is swelling the deposits of all Kansas banks. There is probably no section of the country so naturally adapted to the raising of this plant as Kansas and the states surrounding. With the increasing popularity of alfalfa meal as a stock food among the feeders of the country, there has been a steadily increasing demand for alfalfa hay, until today it is worth from \$6.00 to \$8.00 per ton in the stack. Aside from the productions of the soil, the farmer is today realizing from ten to fifteen per cent more for his hogs and cattle and has a steadily increasing and broader market for eggs, poultry and dairy products.

In spite of the false rumors, Kansas still holds her place as the premier agricultural state of the Union. Her farmers are learning the value of intelligent farming, thereby increasing the yield per acre of their land. The arid sections of the state are rapidly being reclaimed by irrigation. When we consider these gratifying conditions, it is difficult to see how any section of the Union can surpass her in agricultural accomplishments. The era of grasshoppers has in truth been succeeded by the era of Golden Dollars.



## OUR NEW DEPARTMENT

With this number the Kansas Magazine opens a Department of Criticism. It is our wish to be not only a literary visitant in Kansas homes, but also a force for developing our native resources. To this end we have secured the services of two able critics to take charge of this department. As a usual thing a literary critic is an individual who is without a reputation himself as a writer. It is not so in the case of those who will be at the head of our new department. One of them has served as expert critic on short stories for a leading periodical

of Chicago, while both are regular contributors to the leading magazines of the United States and England. Their knowledge of the needs and requirements of the greater publications will enable them to render valuable service to the literary aspirants of Kansas.

"Who lacks the art to shape his thought,  
I hold,  
Were little poorer if he lacked the  
thought."

It is with confidence, therefore, that we invite the attention of young writers to our Department of Criticism. Its intention is to help in the art of shaping thought.

## After Thinking it Over

By Henry Quad.

My observation thus far, leads me to conclude that the woodpecker is about the most persistent knocker in existence.

I have thought several times here of late that I would write to some information bureau and inquire what has become of Aggie Myers.

It is perfectly proper for a woman to be ashamed of her husband, but she should not make the fact apparent on all occasions.

It seems to me that the chief objection to Fletcherism is this: At supper time a disciple would still be chewing away at his dinner.

I find that I have a great deal of faith in the mind cure, when I am feeling extra well.

A few days ago, while riding on a train, I came across a woman who used to be a sweetheart of mine. She had grown to the size of a tub in diameter and accompanying her were four small children. I claim now that providence is on my side occasionally.

I always try hard to like everybody with whom I am compelled to associate, but I must confess that I haven't much respect for the horse that tries to bite me when I am passing along the street in a peaceful frame of mind.

## Good-Bye

By Albert Heaton.

Into the voice a sob,  
And a tear in the eye,  
A long hand clasp  
And a soft good-bye.

And the dreary void of the long, long years  
Flows over the drooping heart;  
How long the way we do not know,  
Nor the joy nor pain, but we must go,  
And the soul bows down in grief's mute tears  
For we've been friends and we must part.

Into the voice a sob  
And a pain in the heart,  
A long hand clasp,  
And then we part.  
And only the hand which leads the way  
Can answer the reason why,  
For it is by a will divine  
Our course is marked through a great  
design,  
So we must follow our paths away  
And hearts will heal and tears will dry.







# WHAT OUR FRIENDS ARE SAYING

The magazine grows better with each issue and deserves a place in every home in this great commonwealth.—Sedgwick Pantagraph.

It is brim full of Kansas history, has a good supply of Kansas fiction as well as a sprinkling of Kansas poetry. It has grown in popularity with each issue until no well regulated family can afford to be without it.—Wyandotte Herald.

It is a home product and it is gratifying to see that it is having a liberal patronage. If you want an interesting lot of reading have your name added to the regular list for the Kansas Magazine.—Smith Center Journal.

The Kansas Magazine is filling a place in the literature of the state that is becoming more appreciated with every issue. Its contributors are among the foremost men of the state and the magazine bears the stamp of their best efforts.—Ulysses Republican.

The majority of the state papers have given the Kansas Magazine liberal treatment since it was established. A few have ridiculed and abused it in a senseless way, while others have criticised it justly, calling attention to its faults with a view to their remedy.

The Hutchinson News has mentioned each issue of the magazine in a fair spirit of criticism. It assailed the earlier numbers without gloves, and has noted every subsequent improvement with appreciation, and its estimate of the June number expresses the views of the Gazette so well that it is reproduced herewith:

"It's the best number yet issued." This, we believe, will be the verdict of every critical reader of the June number of the Kansas Magazine, which but lately reached the News editorial desk. Certainly from artistic, typographical and general mechanical appearance, it is the best of the six issues that have now appeared. Perhaps in literary merit it is not superior to some of the earlier numbers, although, take it on the whole, it probably is the best issue even in this respect.

It is apparent that the Kansas Magazine is finding itself, and it is doing so because, consciously or unconsciously, it is following the advice given by this paper after its earlier issues. It has an editor now who knows his business its proofreading ceases to give a constant pain, and its art work is improving. An innovation that should prove valuable is the plan to print reproductions of photographs of Kansas scenery. Here is an opportunity for the professional and ama-

teur photographer to make a few dollars and for the magazine to render a real service to the state. Nothing tells the story of the beauty and progress of the state like photographs, and half-tone reproductions of beautiful views will be far more welcome to the readers of the magazine than some of the alleged art that has adorned earlier issues.

Artist Seward really did a good job with his cover design this month and it is to be hoped that he has more of the same merit in reserve. Every Kansan wants the Kansas Magazine to be a worthy representation of the state and it is hitting a gait now that indicates that it is destined to be what its friends hope it will be.—Emporia Gazette.

Its editors are wide-awake men, of brains and have the ability to use them. The sixth number, which is undoubtedly the best is full of interesting features. Poetry and prose, fiction and sober essay.—Hutchinson Gazette.

It is not simply a "story" magazine, although it always contains several excellent ones from the pens of Kansas writers, but it also deals with the live issues of our state.—Yates Center Advocate.

From its beginning, it has presented a very creditable appearance and its reading matter has been of the best in the magazine field. Its advertising columns bespeak for it that measure of financial success which is an important part of its prospects. While it is peculiarly a Kansas magazine, its original articles and its general appearance are such as to place it among the progressive publications of the country.—Newton Republican.

This is a home magazine, deserving the patronage of Kansas people for this reason, as well as for its high merit.—Paola Republican.

There can be no doubt that the Kansas Magazine has come to stay. It gets better with every issue and is now one of the very creditable institutions of the state. It deserves to and will succeed. It has the right kind of men back of it. They know and speak the Kansas language. Some of the brightest men and women in the state are among the regular contributors.—The Burr Oak Herald.

The magazine will bear close comparison with any of the old long time established magazines of the east and every Kansan is justly proud of our magazine.

While the first number was good, each succeeding number has been better. This applies both to the reading and the illustra-



tions—more especially to the latter. The magazine looks healthy, and there are no signs of financial collapse. The Kansas Magazine is deserving of a large circulation. \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents a copy. Address the Kansas Magazine Co., Wichita, Kan.—Girard Press.

It is full of articles and features of especial interest to Kansans.—Oberlin Times.

Being a Kansas product, loyal Kansans should accord it a cordial support. It is well worth reading and is free from the "trash" that litters many of our moderate priced magazines.—McPherson Democrat.

Whatever happens to the new Kansas Magazine it will not go out of business for failure to "speak the Kansas language."—Topeka Capital.

In science, literature, art, exploration, valor, education, the law, and every other way Kansas has examples in comparatively young men who have distinguished themselves. We are all watching with pride and interest the new successes of the Kansas Magazine.—El Dorado Times.

The Kansas Magazine now easily takes rank with the high class monthly periodicals of the country, and is especially worthy of patronage because it is full of Kansas—and speaks the Kansas language.—La Harpe Journal.

It is another instance that literary talent and products are considerably above par "Out There In Kansas."—Goff Advance.

The reading matter is interesting, too, and the readers of the magazine are beginning to realize that they are really getting their money's worth, as well as helping boost a state enterprise. The Kansas Magazine will compare more than favorably with nine of ten of the magazines on the news stands.—Wellsville Globe.

Get a copy and send "back east." Nothing will more successfully advertise Kansas than scattering broadcast of this, its latest product.—Junction City Republic.

From the title page to the last story it is running over with interesting reading and apt illustrations. Even the advertisements have the Kansas tune and smack of Kansas inspiration. If you are a thorough Kansan you can't get along without the Kansas Magazine.—Medicine Lodge Index.

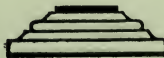
It is a credit to the state and to its publishers, the articles in the last number are exceptionally well written, its appearance is fine typographically.—Argentine Republic.

The Kansas Magazine has made such wonderful improvements in recent numbers, that it is safe to say "it has come to stay." During the past twenty-five years we have noted all the efforts made to establish a Kansas Magazine, we have watched the flicker of the feeble lights and have mourned at the early demise, but the people who started the present venture, have brought the magazine beyond the flickering period until now it is a full-sized flame, with evidence abundant that the light is not going out—it has arrived, it is here, it is going to stay and ought to stay.—Concordia Kansan.

## TO MY VIOLET

*By Lorin Flowers.*

I love but a dainty girl and you  
 Blue violet,  
 I found her just as I found you  
 By chance we met;  
 She in a school room's noisy din,  
 You in wood-land's shady glen.  
 And for you both my love is true  
 I love you yet,  
 My violet.







# ORIENTA PARK **Second Addition**

We are gratified to announce that the Second Addition of Beautiful ORIENTA PARK, adjoining it directly on the West, is now open. Lots have been platted and the streets extended into the new addition. The lay of the land is perfect. It faces Franklin Avenue on the North and Meridian Avenue on the East. The distance from the Orient Shops will be practically the same as the distance from the First Addition.

Although the value of lots in Orienta Park have actually doubled and several buyers have been offered a handsome profit on their investment, we will still continue

## Our Magnificent Offer

18 Months Subscription to the Kansas Magazine  
Hammond's 1909 De Luxe Pictorial Atlas of the  
World - - - - -

A \$75.00 Lot Adjoining Orienta Park, West  
Wichita's New Addition - - -

**All for  
\$18**

Terms—\$3 down  
and \$2 per month  
No Taxes. No  
Interest. : : :

## Work on the Orient Shops will Soon Begin

The value of these lots originally depended largely upon the building of the Orient Car and Repair Shops. There is no longer any doubt as to the completion of these shops. Work on their construction will soon begin.

## THESE LOTS WILL CERTAINLY DOUBLE IN VALUE WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

The best evidence of the value of lots in Orient Park is the fact that the entire 1200 lots of the first plat are all sold—sold largely to people who actually visited the ground and inspected it thoroughly before investing.

**SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS AT ONCE**

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**of The Kansas Magazine.**

BALES & CONKLIN, Mngts., Wichita, Kansas

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Every person suffering from Cancer should read the new illustrated book recently written by a noted authority on this disease. Sent free to anyone interested. Write today. Address Dr. O. A. Johnson, Suite 868, 1233 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

**\$90** A MONTH. \$60 Expense Allowance at start to put out Merchandise & Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk 10 a, Chicago, Ill.

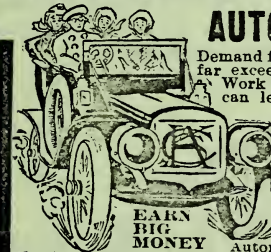
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## Kansas Magazine

Wichita, Kansas

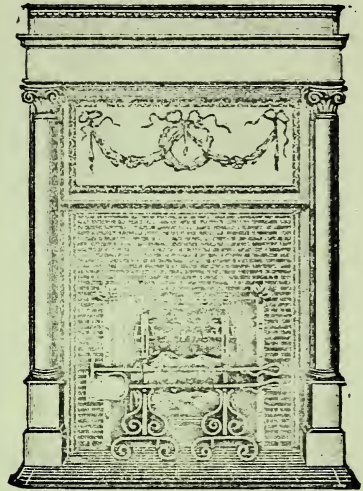
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**The Carlson Tile and Mantle Co.,**  
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Good Money—Good Positions—We Furnish the Positions

Free—Do you want to be Private Secretary, Stenographer, Book-keeper, Banker, Clerk, Penman, Court Reporter, or a College Instructor? You can win money, influence and rapid advancement. Young people come from fifteen states. Many new ones enroll every Monday. We will send full information and one of the best pens made free. We have the largest Business College in Kansas, Hausam's School of Penmanship (one of the finest in the world) and our free employment bureau in connection.


**CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY**

NAME.....  
P. O. ....  
State.....  
Age.....

THE SALT CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE, HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.

GENTLEMEN—Please send me free a pen and full information.

G. L. MOODY, Pres.



**EARN \$80 to \$150 A MONTH**

**WANTED—Young Men for Firemen and Brakemen.**

We prepare you by mail in four to six weeks for either position. We have had more calls for our competent men than could be supplied. Positions are secured. Promotion rapid.

REMEMBER, this association is directed by Railroad Officials of four of the largest roads in the United States. If you want to be a railroad man, cut out coupon and send to us at once for full particulars. Write name and address plainly. Many positions now open. Address

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Name..... P. O. .... State..... Age.....

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The  
Prairie  
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Brand



## Table Condiments

The Prairie King Brand of Table Condiments is the meeting place of quality. It's where a perfectly selected raw material meets with a perfectly equipped factory, and the two meet with perfect workmanship, to produce a perfect line of table condiments—That's The Prairie King Line.

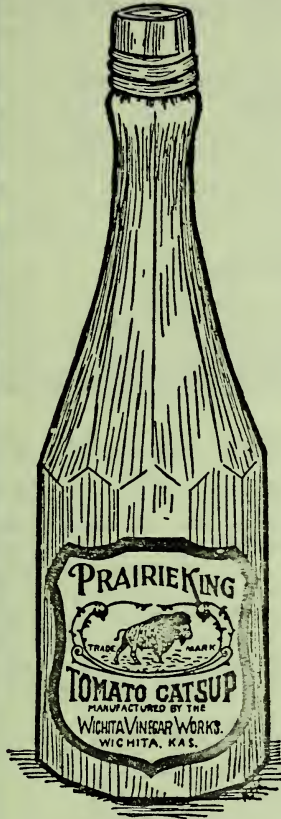
Besides buying the best goods on the market, you are buying Kansas made goods when you buy The Prairie King Brand.

All our products are guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, etc., etc.

## THE WICHITA VINEGAR WORKS CO.

Largest Manufacturers of Table Condiments and Vinegar in the West.

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THE ONLY SKIN FOOD



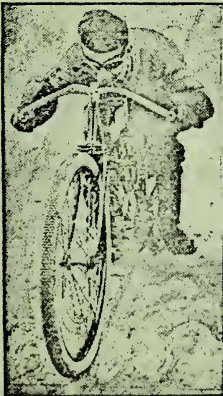
Why? Because it is made of absolutely pure goods, and contains no 'aseline or oils that will cause the hair to grow. Try it and be convinced, 25 and 50 cents a jar.

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Wichita, Kansas

FEEL GOOD ON THE FEET!  
as long as you wear them, and  
you wear them longer than  
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**TOUGH**  
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AS  
**VELVET**



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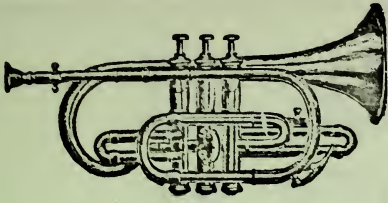


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MONEY

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THE BEST QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES

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Is now platted and offered for sale at the remarkably low price of

**\$75.00 PER LOT**

This new addition is situated directly west of addition Number One. The streets of Orienta Park are extended directly into the new plat without a break. Double driveways and extra parking have been planned for Greenfield Avenue. Donations for church and school have been made and restricted factory site has been set aside. Four houses have already been started in this new addition and a general improving has been begun by our surveyors, graders and builders.

Although lots in the original addition of Orienta Park have doubled in value, lots in this new addition will be offered at the original price of lots in the first addition.

**ALL THE LAND IN THE FIRST  
ADDITION OF 1200 LOTS IS SOLD**

As was originally stated the value of these lots depended largely upon the building of the Orient Car and Repair Shops. The work on these shops will soon begin. There is no longer any question as to their completion.

Write today for particulars and full information upon this remarkable offer.

Address,

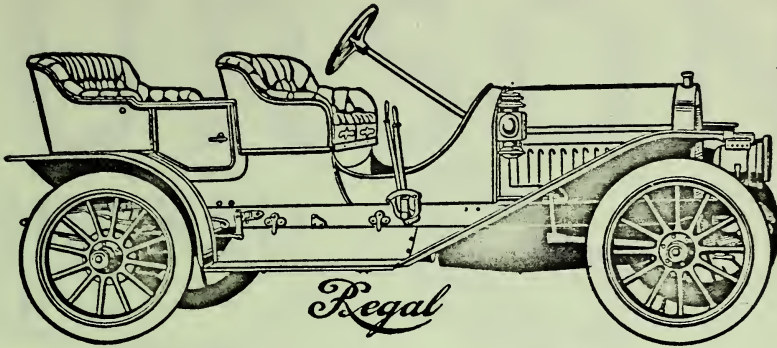
**Kansas Land Improvement  
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**THESE LOTS WILL POSITIVELY DOUBLE  
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**MAGNETO INCLUDED**

**Regal Cars** represent the most advanced type of construction and design manufactured in the moderate price class. They are built for safe, comfortable travel and their efficiency has been amply demonstrated by their victories in the most grueling runs and hill climbs throughout the country.

**Specifications**—Four Cylinder, 30 Horse Power, Four or Five Passenger, Selective Type, Sliding Gear Transmission, Three Speeds and Reverse, Cone Clutch, Weight 1900 lbs., Wheel Base 105 inches, Speed 55 miles per hour. Magneto equipment, 32x3½-inch Tires.

**United Motor Co.**

**114 N. EMPORIA,**

**WICHITA, KANSAS**

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*Agents Wanted for Southern Kansas and Northern Oklahoma*

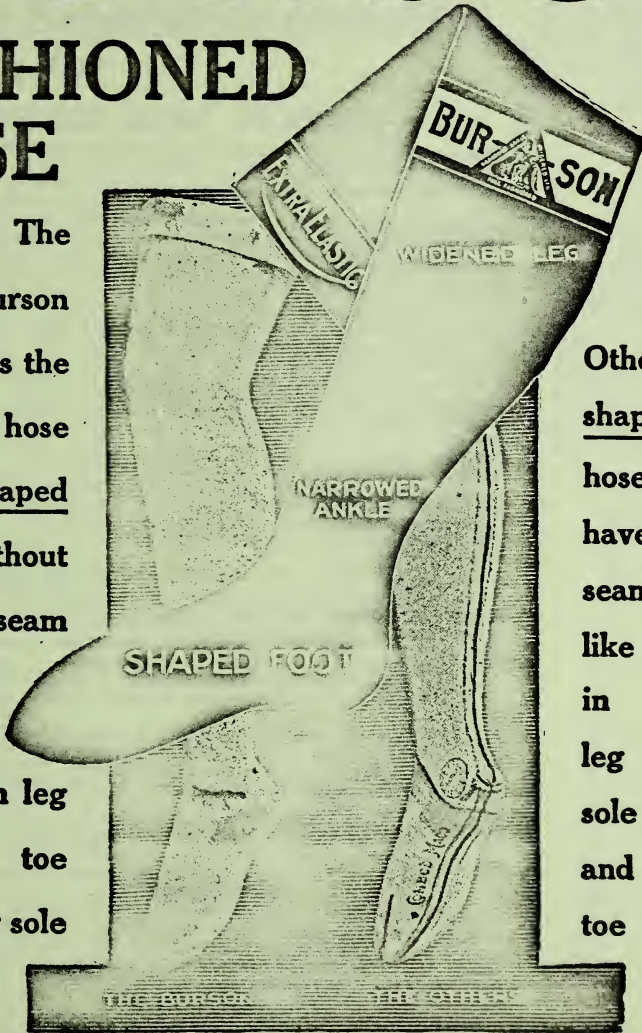




# BURSON

## FASHIONED HOSE

The  
Burson  
is the  
only hose  
shaped  
without  
a seam  
  
in leg  
toe  
or sole



Other  
shaped  
hose  
have  
seams  
like this  
in  
leg  
sole  
and  
toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—  
turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton*, *Lisle* and *Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributors, Wichita, Kans. •



# Suesine Silk 47½¢

## An Exquisitely Beautiful Silk for Dresses and Waists

To show you what Suesine Silk is like and the wonderfully brilliant and delicate colors suitable for negligee, house, street, carriage, calling and evening gowns of every description.

We will send you, absolutely free, thirty-seven samples of Suesine Silk—more than 285 square inches altogether, equal in all to two pages of this magazine.

We ask only, that, when writing for these free samples, you will mention the name of your regular dry goods dealer, and say whether he sells Suesine Silk or not. Please be sure to give this information in writing to us.

Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasize that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, long silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detracting from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear. Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

Once you see Suesine Silk you will not be able to resist its charm—that is why we want you to see it. Send at once for the thirty-seven free samples, showing the cheerful, dainty, brilliant shades, and these new colors so much in demand:—Mulberry Wistaria Taupe Catawaba Sapphire Peacock Lobster Emerald

Suesine Silk is a fabric for dressy uses or for constant wear—for every week in the year, and for every day in the week.

If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and trading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name

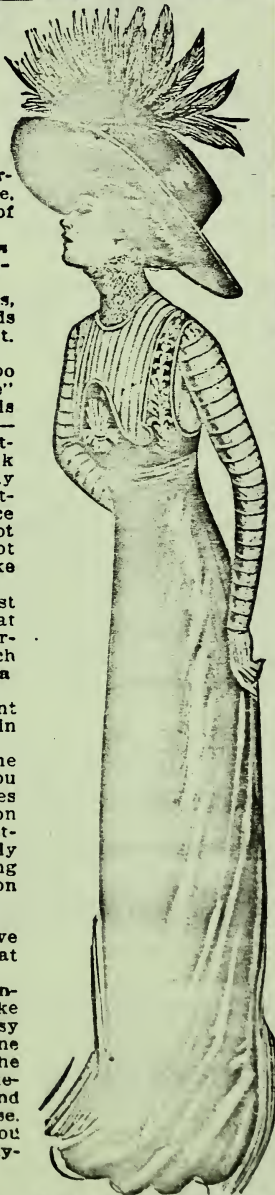
### SUESINE SILK

stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine Silk except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in your city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47½¢ a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today, NOW.

**Bedford Mills** Desk K  
8 to 14 West 3d Street  
New York City

*Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine.*



2713-2926—This costume develops to advantage when made of Suesine Silk. To make it, use for waist 3½ yards Suesine Silk (\$1.75) for size 36. And Butterick Pattern No. 2713. And for skirt, 6½ yards Suesine (\$2.97) for size 24. And Butterick Pattern No. 2708.







## GET A BACK FILE OF THE KANSAS MAGAZINE FREE!

After extensive advertising and special offers for the back numbers of the *KANSAS MAGAZINE* we have at last secured a limited number of each month's issue with the single exception of the First Number, January, '09. Our special offer of 30c per copy for single copies of the January number is bringing in a few of them also.

We are making this special effort to assemble previous issues in response to a continuous demand from both old and new subscribers.

### *WHILE THESE NUMBERS LAST*

We will offer *ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND A COMPLETE BACK FILE*—except the January number—for the price of *ONE YEAR'S* subscription only. Send \$1.50 and we will mail to your address at once a receipt for ONE Year's subscription in advance and a Back FILE of the *KANSAS MAGAZINE* dating from the February issue '09. The issue of January '09 will also be mailed to these new subscribers as fast as such numbers are received by us.

There are many sketches of early Kansas history, adventures of pioneers and thrilling tales of the frontier days recorded in these numbers of the *KANSAS MAGAZINE*. They will be a source of great satisfaction and valuable information in future years. These are "Kansas Facts" that have never been printed elsewhere and as the *KANSAS MAGAZINE* is copyrighted they cannot be published in any other form.

### *TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS VERY VALUABLE OFFER TO-DAY*

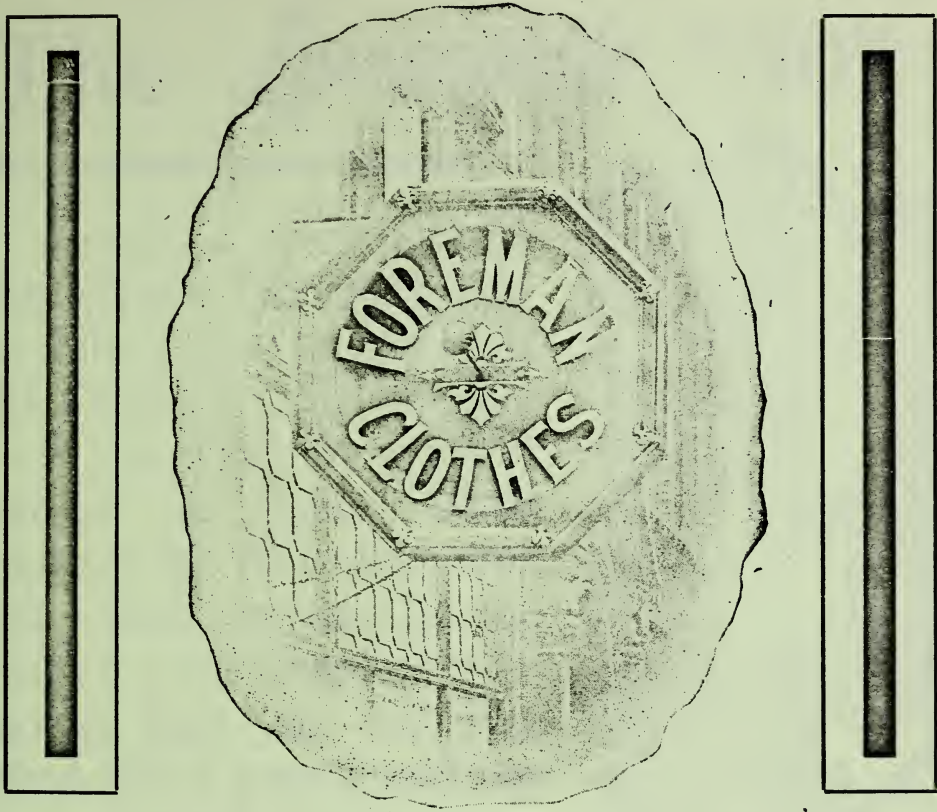
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*The Kansas Magazine Co.*

*Subscription Department*

*Wichita, Kansas*





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You want to increase your business, and no doubt spend hundreds of dollars yearly for general advertising.

The most effective place to advertise is in front of your own store.

A Pyro One Light Electric Sign, costing but one to two cents an hour to illuminate, will draw trade, because it is attractive day and night, and must be read by every one passing within two blocks of your place of business.

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Write today for price and terms.

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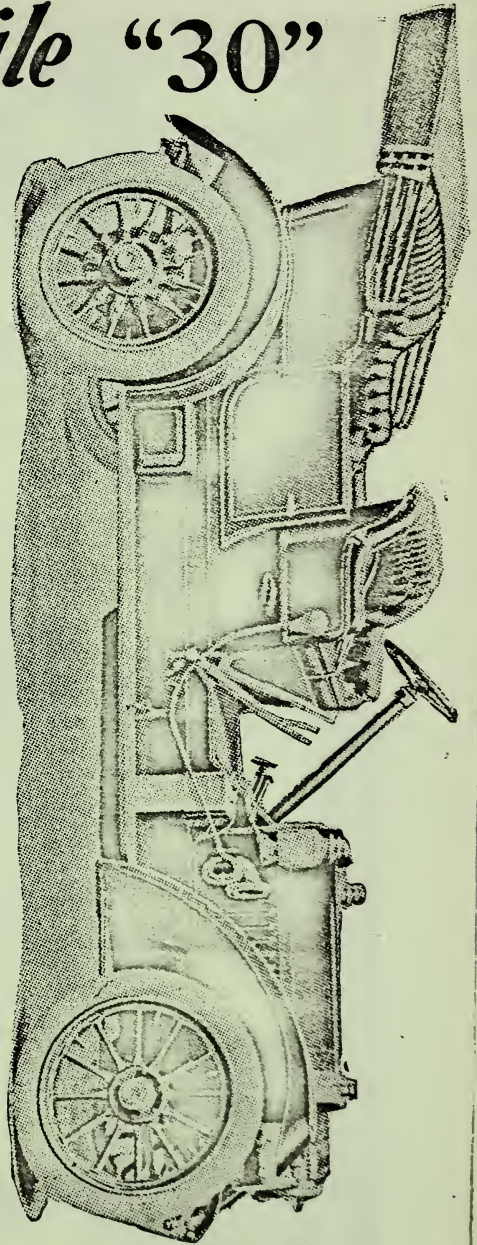
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# The *Locomobile* "30"

America's premier stock racing car—The 1910 Locomobile is now on our floor \$3500.00 F. O. B. Wichita—If you want the greatest motor car made, come and see the '10 Locomobile 30—Shaft driven—All the speed you want—more power than you will ever need and a general makeup to it that will last forever—Ask the owner of a Locomobile—Ride in the new demonstrator and be convinced—Buy the only American car with the greatest and largest endurance record of them all.



MODEL "L"

## SMYTH MOTOR CAR CO.

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WICHITA, : : : : KANSAS





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Satisfaction  
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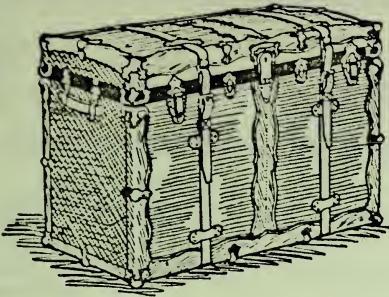
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KANSAS







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You can't ask us for anything in the Trunk or Case Line that we won't either have it, or we'll make it for you. We are also prepared to assert that you cannot obtain any lower prices, quality considered, than we can make you. These are bold statements, but we are prepared to prove every word we say. There is another item to be taken into consideration in dealing with us. It is the question of freights. We not only save you money because we manufacture our goods directly from the raw materials, but we are the closest point for distribution and can save you the difference in freight, which is no small item in goods so bulky as trunks, cases, etc. Ask us to prove these statements.

## THE WICHITA TRUNK FACTORY

WICHITA, KANSAS.

## LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn  
a Salary of  
\$25 to \$100  
a Week

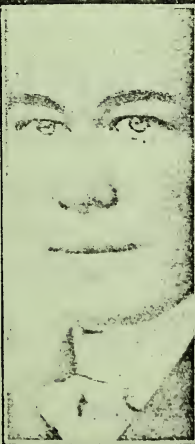
We will guarantee to teach you by mail the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world to-day. Learn the advertising business from the original school—the biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. If you are ambitious and energetic and have a common school education, we can teach you the business by correspondence and increase your income from 20% to 100%.

Send for our beautiful prospectus; it's free.

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COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING CO.

DEPT. 618, Page Building, CHICAGO

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They are so enticing and different, there is hardly a way to describe them.

Two crisp, square wafers with a deliciously flavored confection between.

"Clover Leaves" are baked in the world's finest bakery. They are always fresh, in protection tins, new 10c size—at the best grocers; also in 15c tins.

Sunshine

## CLOVER LEAVES

Try also

"Veronique"—The Wafer  
Sticks, in 25c tins.

"Perfetto"—Sugar Wafers, in 10c and 25c tins.

On receipt of 50c and dealer's name, we will send anywhere a large tin of assorted dainties.

LOOSE-WILES  
Biscuit Co.

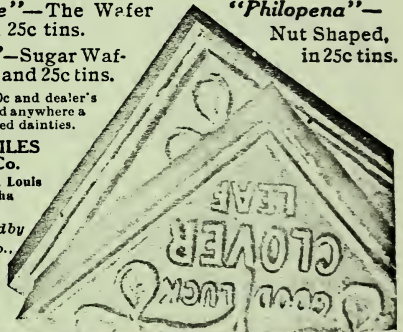
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Chicago Biscuit Co.,  
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(7)

"Philopena"—  
Nut Shaped,  
in 25c tins.



BEST  
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## Peerless Princess FLOUR

Meets Every Requirement for Perfect Baking. Bread, Cake, Biscuits and Pastry from Our Flour Have No Superiors. Try a Sack.



HOWARD  
MILLS  
CO.

Wichita, Kans





# To Kansas Newsdealers

---

**B**eginning with the October number of the Kansas Magazine we will make all sales to newsdealers direct. Being practically a local publication so far as Kansas is concerned, we adopt this plan in order to make deliveries in the quickest possible time. All newsdealers who have been selling The Kansas Magazine will kindly write us *at once* for terms of sale, etc. Our plan is to get on the market before any of the eastern publications, thus insuring larger sales for all who push our publication.

Write us today for our liberal terms to dealers.

## Our Special Offer to Newsdealers

---

**[** To the local newsdealer who sells the largest number of Kansas Magazines, beginning with the October number, 1909, and ending with the January number, 1910, **]**

**WE WILL GIVE \$25 IN GOLD**

---

ADDRESS

**THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY**

Sub. Dept., WICHITA, KANSAS









When bold Columbus landed,  
The shore had not been drear  
Had DYE'S CHILI MIXTURE  
Been sold to give him cheer.

Columbus discovered America, but W. A. Dye discovered DYE'S CHILI MIXTURE

**W. A. DYE**

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## **K. C. S. RAILWAY**

*The Kansas City Southern Railway Co.*

The Popular Route to the South Through Kansas City  
Special Sleepers to Joplin and Fort Smith

**Observation Cars Through the Mountains of Arkansas**

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For Health and recuperation, visit Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. All Year Health Resort.

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**The Kihlberg Hotel and Bath House now open**

Illustrated folders sent free.

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**S. G. WARNER, General Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.**



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## Real Estate

125 N. MARKET ST., WICHITA, KANS

**Cheap Shallow Water  
Alfalfa Lands**

### THE GOLD PRODUCING CROP.

Making fine homes and good investments. Increase 100 per cent in a few months.

Only \$17 to \$50 per acre for land that will produce four crops of alfalfa. We can name a good many men who have made their fortune raising alfalfa hay and seed in the past few years. One Wichita man bought several hundred acres about 14 years ago and today is worth every cent of \$250,000. Another man bought about 1500 acres less than 8 years ago and set out 400 acres at once to this wonderful wealth producing crop and he is today worth many thousands of dollars and is at present seeding down 400 acres more.

We have the lands and are glad to show them, free of cost to investors. Write for full particulars.

# ISRAEL BROS.

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Fine Poster  
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Blank Books  
Nifty Stationery



Special Editions  
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Magazines  
and Books

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If we get your contract for printing, you get the best work and the lowest price.

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WICHITA, U. S. A.

**IF YOU have average  
ability and an inclination to draw  
we can teach you one of the best  
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THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN



**Drawing, Painting  
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Both Day and Evening Classes & Autumn  
Term opens Sept. 28 & Illustrated Catalog  
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E. E. BLECKLEY  
WICHITA, KANSAS



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*Is the best, brightest and breeziest publication in the West, devoted entirely to the interests of club women. Regular price 50c per year.*

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*Replete with Kansas history, Kansas poetry and Kansas fiction, should be in every Kansas Home. Regular price \$1.50 per year.*

**BOTH FOR \$1.50 PER YEAR**

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By this arrangement we are, enabled to buy  
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active members of this concern are all thor-  
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undertake any job in this line.

We only ask you to write for our prices on  
building marble, slate and tile work of every  
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prices as any one, we do not want your work.

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We are Distributers for the World of

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Send for our Free Souvenir and our Little Book About Roofing.

Write for our booklet "The Door Beautiful." Send us name of  
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and receive valuable "pointers" on building.

## THE OKLAHOMA SASH AND DOOR COMPANY

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OKLAHOMA CITY, U. S. A.







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For Sale by Most First Class  
Dealers Everywhere  
and Made by

**The Wm. Kelley Milling Co.**  
HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

***After All!  
Best of All!***

# U. S. Flour!

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**"GOLDEN GATE" FLOUR**

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**"WORLD'S BEST" FLOUR**

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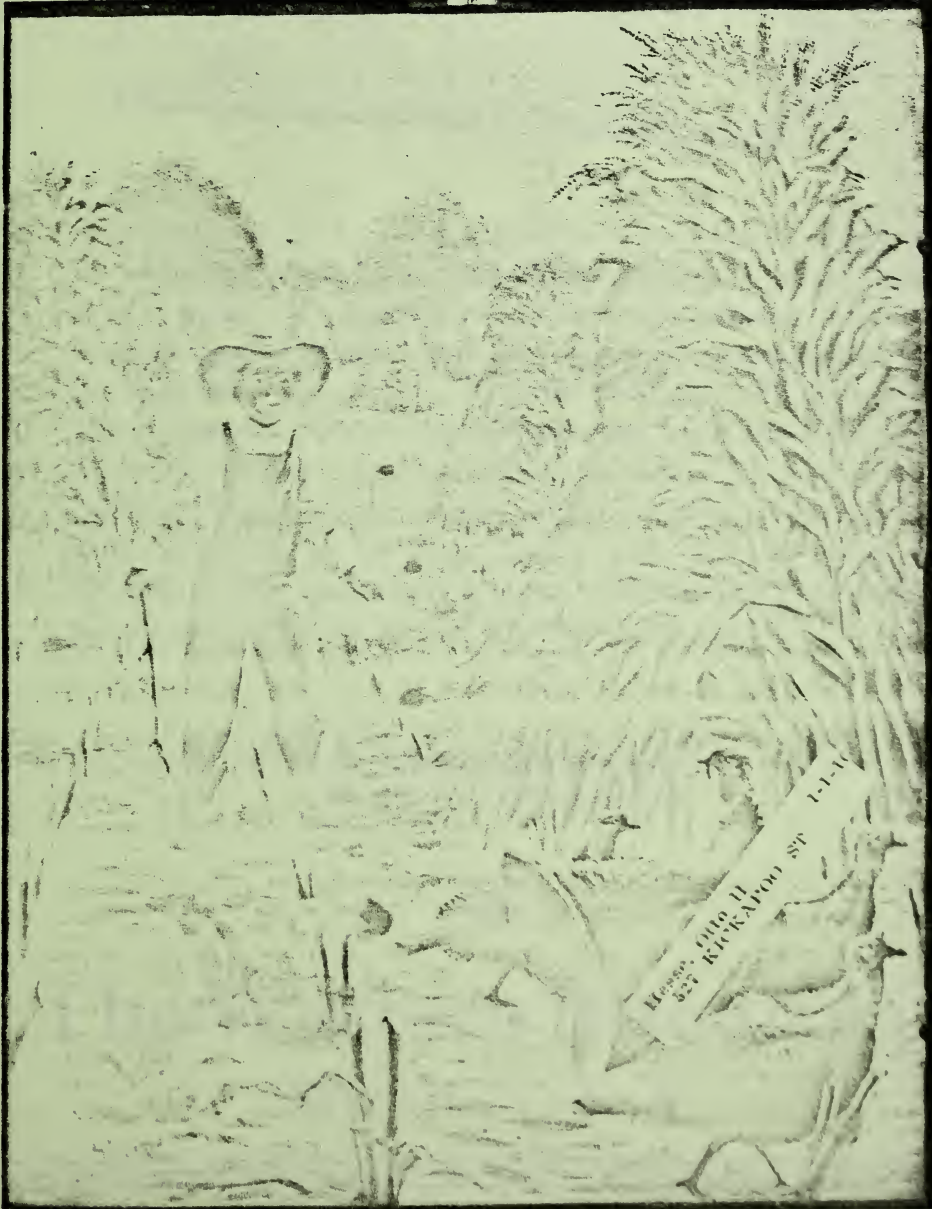
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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS  
.....\$250,000.00.....

Hutchinson, Kansas



# KANSAS MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER 1909

Fifteen Cents





# MAGIC OYSTER CRACKERS

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Make Magic Oyster Soup. The improved taste which is added to the best soups by the use of Magic Oyster Crackers is indeed little short of magic. The reason is self-evident. Magic Oyster Crackers, so named because of their mysterious effect upon all soup delicacies are made of the very best flour materials obtainable. All the ingredients which enter into the composition of The Magic Oyster Cracker are of the very best. The exact proportions into which these ingredients are divided and the superior method of baking are the secrets of the magic taste of The Magic Cracker. The same care which is exercised in their manufacture is shown in their handling and packing, bringing to you the best soup cracker on the market.

“Trysum”



The Western Biscuit Co.

Wichita, U. S. A.



## OUR DEPARTMENT OF CRITICISM

After closely observing for eight months the class and character of manuscripts submitted to the KANSAS MAGAZINE by young literary aspirants, we have decided that it would not only be profitable to these aspirants but also beneficial to the magazine to establish a thorough Department of Criticism. To this end we have secured the able services of Professor and Mrs. LeRoy T. Weeks. We preferred the assistance of these two apt critics because they were formerly of Kansas and both are well known throughout the state. Mrs. Weeks was for twelve years at the head of the Department of English at Baker University. LeRoy T. Weeks came to Kansas from Cornell College, Iowa, and for five years was at the head of the Department of English at Southwestern College, Winfield. At the present time Professor and Mrs. Weeks are doing literary work exclusively for the leading magazines of the land.

Our short experience with manuscripts has taught us that there is much native ability in many of the younger writers of Kansas. A little more technical knowledge coupled with this ability will produce writers who will be recognized in Magazine circles. Our new department proposes to furnish this technical knowledge at the lowest possible price for critical work that is of a high standard. We will help the young author learn the "polishing business" and then help him to a market for his finished product.

### HERE IS OUR PROPOSITION

Send us your manuscripts of prose or poetry, always typewritten if possible, but always, at least, in a very plain hand. We will go over them in a careful, painstaking manner, pointing out errors in composition, errors of spelling, punctuation, grammar, and rhetoric. In case of stories and novels, we will point out faults in name, plot, paragraphing, construction as to proportion, unity, coherence; we will give suggestions as to character handling, diction, style, etc. Finally, we will give the author a list of periodicals that handle the kind of material found in his manuscript, or if found available for publication in the Kansas Magazine we will make a cash offer for the manuscript submitted.

### FEEES

|                                                                |        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Criticism of prose manuscripts of 5,000 words or under.....    | \$5.00 |
| Additional matter, per thousand words or fraction thereof..... | .50    |
| Criticism of poetry, twenty lines, or under.....               | 1.00   |
| For each additional line.....                                  | .05    |

### TYPEWRITING

Typewriting, original and carbon copy; prose, with no dialect,  
per 1,000 words or fraction thereof.....\$ .60

For typewriting dialect the charge will be double.

Poetry, for 25 lines, or under..... .60

Few people realize how much depends on the way a poem looks to the editor as to whether he will use it or not. Our critical editor at the head of this department is an expert in verse forms.

All work will be handled promptly.

NOTE.—Only manuscripts ordered criticised will be handled by our Department of Criticism. Other manuscripts submitted for publication in the KANSAS MAGAZINE will be carefully read and report will be made at once as to their availability.

Address, THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Department of Criticism.  
Wichita, Kansas







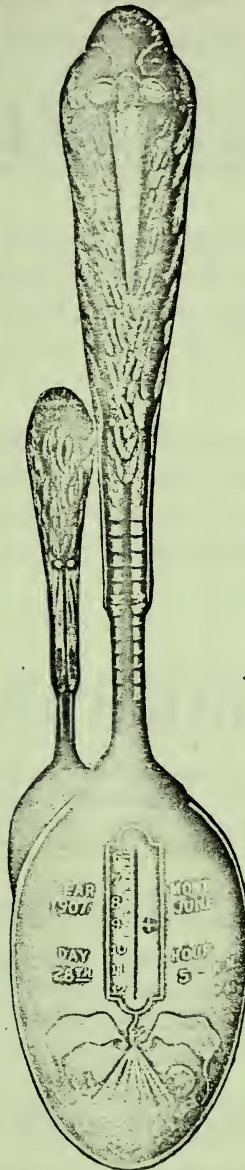
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The Mauser Stork  
Spoon as shown in  
this cut is the ideal  
gift for the baby.  
The spoon is of solid  
sterling silver, full  
tea size. In the bowl  
is engraved the rec-  
ord of the baby's  
birth the baby's  
weight and name.  
Nothing could please  
a mother more than  
one of these spoons.

We sell you this  
solid sterling silver  
spoon for

**ONLY \$2.00.**

and do all of the en-  
graving **FREE**. Posi-  
tively the best gift  
value ever offered in  
Kansas. Send money  
order or draft and  
the spoon will be en-  
graved with the rec-  
ord and sent to you  
promptly.

Reference: — Any  
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Manufacturing  
Jeweler

WINFIELD, KANS.

### Shirts, Pants Overalls



MADE IN WICHITA  
Worn Everywhere

**JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.**

Wichita, Kansas



# MAGAZINE TALK

How do you like this issue of the Kansas Magazine? We regard it as the most valuable and withal the most interesting number we have published. We were very much gratified last month to receive personal letters from such noted men as Eugene F. Ware and Hon. Geo. R. Peck, offering words of commendation and encouragement for the work we are doing for the great Sunflower State.

We do not claim to be a publication of interest to everybody, but we do claim that we have something interesting to say to Kansans and ex-Kansans. If you are a loyal son of the Sunflower State you cannot afford to overlook the literary and historic value of the Kansas Magazine.

---

## *FOR DECEMBER*

William W. Loomis, secretary of the Chicago Press Club, will continue his interesting article on "Kansans in Chicago." You may judge from his work in this issue as to the interest of the entire sketch.

### *The Pioneer Cattleman*

Col. Joseph R. McCoy, the pioneer cattleman of the Great Southwest, will tell of the trials and difficulties encountered in driving thousands of "long-horns" over the old trails in the early days of this great industry. This is a sketch of a real "pioneer value" to every student of Kansas history.

### *The Kansas State Penitentiary*

Thomas W. Houston, chaplain of the Kansas State Penitentiary, will contribute a very comprehensive and readable article on this great institution for our next number. Many interesting illustrations will be used in this article. It will afford a rare opportunity for every citizen to familiarize himself with the important facts about an important institution of our state.

### *Our Department of Criticism*

We call especial attention to our Department of Criticism announced in another column of this issue. Young writers should be attracted to the valuable opportunity held out to them by this department.





## HOW \$100 MADE \$12,000

Magazines reach a basis that enables them to earn immense profits quickly. \$100 invested in Munsey's a few years ago would now be worth about \$12,000 and would be earning the immense dividends of about \$1,200 a year. Those fortunate enough to obtain stock in McClure's made 1,000 per cent. The Ladies Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post return a gross annual income not far from \$6,000,000. Everybody's, the Cosmopolitan, the Outlook, the Red Book and many others are earning annual profits which are enormous.

Magazines as a rule are owned by a few individuals. The public is rarely ever given a chance to share in the profits of this line of business.

## STATE MAGAZINES

There is a general movement toward the establishing of state magazines. This movement is prompted by state pride and state loyalty. During the past two years the following state magazines have been established: The Ohio Magazine, the South Dakota Magazine, the Arizona Magazine, the Vermonter, the Central New Yorker, The Mid-Western of Des Moines, The Great Southwest of Colorado and the Kansas Magazine. These magazines will become an important factor in the state in which they are published. The mission of each one will be to make known the excellence and glory of its own commonwealth. The Kansas Magazine is a pioneer among these publications. It is on the ground floor and it has behind it a spirit of loyalty—the Kansas Spirit—that is not surpassed in fervor by the loyalty of any state in the Union. It has behind it more wealth than many other state publications can ever hope to have. Ex-Kansans are already an important factor in the business and commercial life of the largest cities of the United States. Hundreds of these men are already subscribers to their home magazine. Those "at home" recognize it as their own publication. Indeed the Kansas Magazine is destined to become one of the great publications of the middle west.

## THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, INCORPORATED

When the Kansas Magazine venture was launched, nearly a year ago, the founders of the enterprise promised that eventually it would be incorporated in order that its many enthusiastic supporters might have a working interest and thus share in its success. At the very beginning of this institution the "Kansas Spirit" began to manifest itself and voluntary subscriptions for stock began to come in from individuals in all sections of the state as well as from ex-Kansans in other states. None of these stock subscriptions were accepted, but an accurate file of the applications was kept.



The men who founded the Kansas Magazine were prompted by a long felt need in the state for a publication that would give an accurate and impartial review of the state's activities, and at the same time, gather and preserve its many valuable fragments of pioneer lore. Their intention was to make the publication so attractive that it would serve as a valuable advertisement abroad for the state.

The men who undertook this are business men of state-wide reputation. They are men of integrity and honesty. They realized that their undertaking was in a measure a venture, and in view of this situation they did not feel justified in receiving money on stock until they were absolutely assured of the financial success of the publication. They preferred to finance the undertaking themselves until they had proved by actual experience the possibilities of its success.

## FINANCIAL SUCCESS ASSURED

The point has been reached where there is no longer any doubt as to the financial possibilities of the Kansas Magazine, and in view of this situation the corporation has been formed. As an organization it has reached a basis that enables it to earn a large profit. The men who have in charge the practical end of the publication are men who have already been eminently successful in the publishing business. They are men who would not undertake the responsibility of incorporating the Kansas Magazine unless they were positively assured of its ability to earn dividends.

## PREFERRED STOCK

Over 50 per cent of the stock has already been subscribed for by eminent editors and well known business men of the state. The balance of the stock—which will be preferred and carry a 6 per cent dividend—will be distributed among the friends of the publication who are interested in it becoming a great factor in the affairs of Kansas. It is desired that authors and younger writers of known ability take a small working interest in the Kansas Magazine and thus share the literary success of the publication as well as the financial gain.

## SHARES \$1.00 EACH

The shares of stock will be \$1.00 each, so that every one who desires to do so may take stock. Send your remittance to THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY and a certificate of preferred stock will be mailed to you at once. A safer or more conservative investment cannot be found. Come with us and join The Kansas Magazine Family.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE CO., Wichita, Kan





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AND WICHITA, KANS.





# KANSAS MAGAZINE



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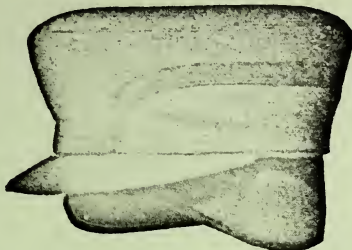
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THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS







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# THANKSGIVING

*By Alan Lamm*



'M *THANKFUL*, God, for poverty—

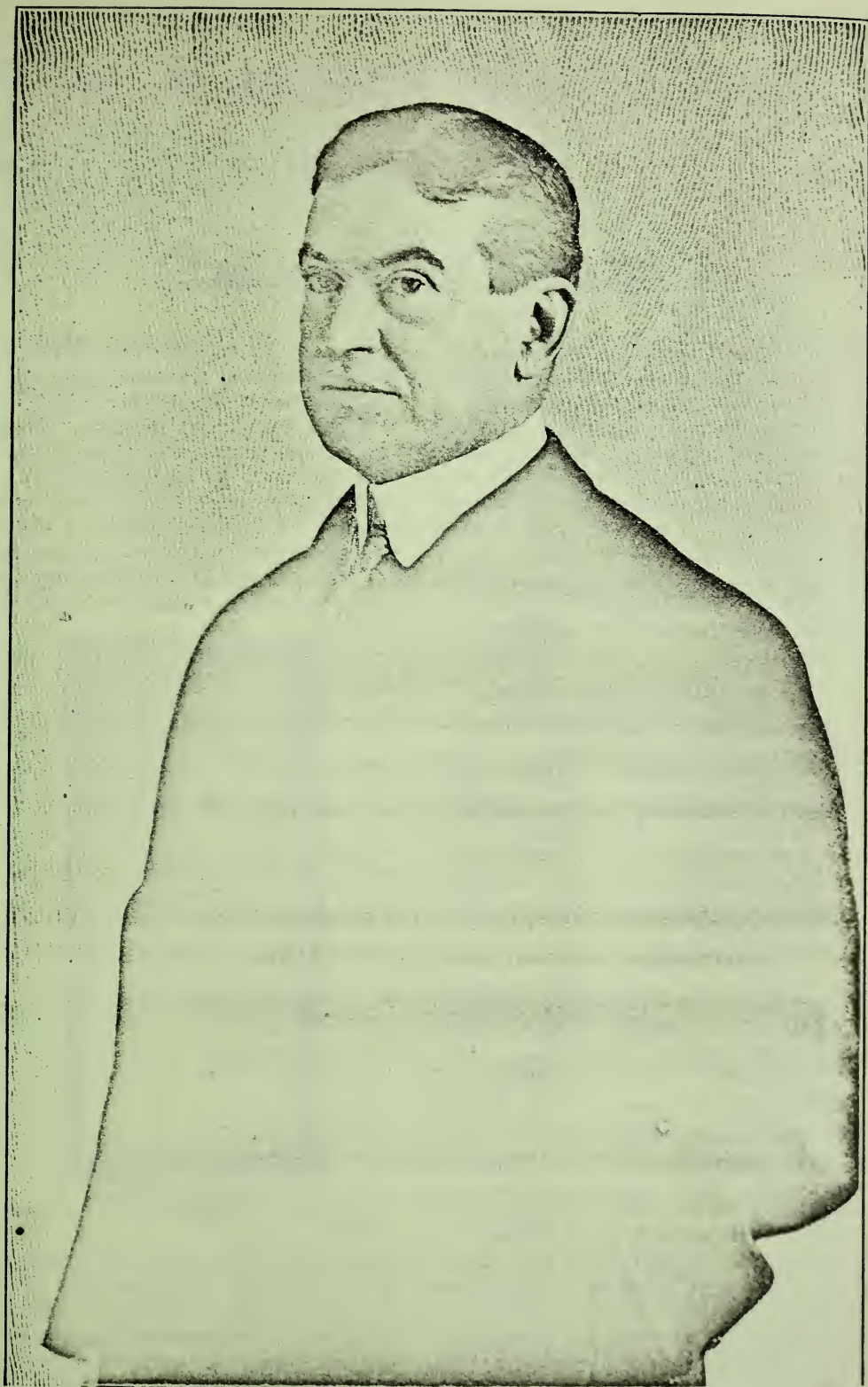
*For every cheerless day;*

*I'm thankful that necessity*

*Has taught me how to pray.*







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BENJAMIN L. F. WINCHELL  
President of the Rock Island Railroad



# THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

NOVEMBER 1909.

NO. 5.

## Kansans In Chicago

BY WILLIAM W. LOOMIS

A CITY that has grown in seventy years from an unpromising village to be an industrial and commercial center of two and a half millions of people—the fifth largest city in the world—must of necessity have drawn its life-blood very largely from outside sources. Kansas, in common with other states, has contributed to the upbuilding of Chicago and many of her sons have become prominent in its

in Kansas or formerly lived in that state, while ten others may lay claim to recognition as sons of the Sunflower State by marriage. The alumni registers of Kansas universities and colleges and the Kansas Society of Chicago, furnish the names of many others who have become leaders in their several fields of activity and the investigator is led on and on by these ramifications until, with note-book filled, he despairs of including all whose work merits recognition.



LOUIS J. FLINT  
Secretary of Kansas Society of Chicago

### WITH THE EDUCATORS

In the educational world, two names reflect special honor on their Kansas Alma Maters, Professor Samuel W. Williston of the University of Chicago and Professor John H. Long of the Northwestern University. Professor Williston was born in Boston but early moved to Kansas and his young idea was first taught how to shoot in the public schools of Manhattan. From there he entered the State Agricultural College, graduating in 1872, later taking a master's degree. After spending several years at Yale, first as a post-graduate student and then as a member of the faculty, he returned to Kansas as professor of geology and anatomy and dean of the medical department of the State University. He remained there for twelve years and served as a member of the State Board of Health and as a member of the Board of Medical Examiners. Since he left Kansas in 1902 he has occupied the chair of paleontology at the University of Chicago. Professor Williston is foreign correspondent of the London Geological Society and the London

business and professional life. The "Book of Chicagoans," giving the life-histories of the "men who control the activities and welfare of Chicago in all important avenues of public, private, business and intellectual endeavor" includes seventy-nine men who were born



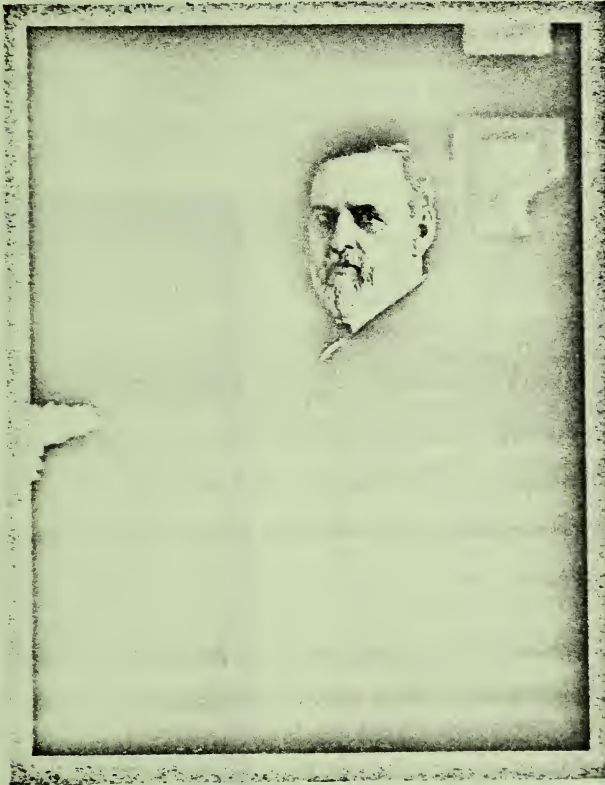


Zoological Society. He is a fellow of the Geological Society of America and was at one time president of the Kansas Academy of Science. Professor Williston is the author of many ponderous tomes and over 200 scientific papers on sanitation, comparative anatomy, entomology, zoology, paleontology and other mystifying ologies.

Professor John Harper Long is a

as the "pure food expert," and he has performed a great service to the public in his aggressive warfare against the packers, canners, grocers and others who overlooked or ignored the provisions of the pure food laws.

Professor William Hill is another distinguished alumnus of the State University. He graduated with the class of 1890, following this with post-grad-



REV. DUNCAN C. MILNER

native of Ohio, but was educated in Kansas, graduating from the State University with the class of '77. He followed this with studies abroad and is now professor of chemistry in the Medical School of Northwestern University. His name is found on the rolls of numerous scientific societies and at one time he was president of the American Chemical Society. Professor Long is the author of a number of works on chemistry, some of his text books having gone through several editions. Professor Long is best known

uate work at Harvard where he took a master's degree. He has been a resident of this city for the past thirteen years and is now associate professor of the Economics of Agriculture, at the University of Chicago.

#### WITH THE CLERGYMEN

One of the grand old men of the Presbyterian church who is able to give a good account of his stewardship is Dr. Duncan Chambers Milner. For many years he was a power in the religious life of Kansas and will be



remembered by hundreds, probably thousands, who knew him during his pastorate in that state. Dr. Milner was born in Ohio in 1841, obtaining his education at the Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa. He responded to his country's call when the war broke out and enlisted with the 98th Ohio, serving as sergeant-major, first lieutenant and adjutant, but after being severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga he was honorably discharged. Regaining his health, he returned to the army as a delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission, helping to care for the wounded



PAUL HULL  
Superintendent of Second Class Mail  
Matter Department, Chicago

in Sheridan's two great battles in the Shenandoah Valley. Dr. Milner entered the ministry in 1868, going to Southwest Missouri as a missionary. For several years he filled the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian Church of Kansas City; then for eight years he was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ottawa, Kansas; for five and a half years he ministered to the Presbyterians at Atchison and another five years were spent at Manhattan. In 1893 Dr. Milner came

to Chicago as pastor of the famous Armour Mission where he remained for five years; then he accepted a call to Joliet, Illinois, returning to Chicago in 1905 to relinquish the cares of a regular pastorate and to enjoy a well earned rest after more than forty years of prolific activities. For seventeen years Dr. Milner was president of the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly; he was president of the Kansas State Temperance Union, editor of the Kansas Presbyterian and a frequent contributor to various papers and magazines.

Last year Chicago lost one of her distinguished citizens when Dr. William A. Quayle was elected to a Bishopric. Bishop Quayle was a typical Kansan, through and through, and his successor as pastor of St. James Methodist Church is another illustrious son of the Sunflower State, Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell. Dr. Mitchell was born in Pittsburgh, but his formative years were spent in Kansas and he rejoices in that fact. He moved to Kansas with his father in 1863, locating at Coffeyville. He received his early education in the public schools and then went east for his theological course, graduating from Allegheny College. His first charge was at Burrton, Kansas, and he remained for several years in that state, finally leaving Leavenworth to go to Plainfield, New Jersey. Since then he has ministered to some of the largest congregations in the country at Kansas City, Minneapolis and Cleveland. The first of last October he came to St. James—the strongest, wealthiest, and in many respects, the most active Methodist church in Chicago. St. James has the unique record of having had two of its three former pastors elected to the Bishopric—Dr. Robert McIntyre and Dr. Wm. A. Quayle. Dr. Mitchell was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London; he is a 33d degree Scottish Rite Mason and, as one of the really great pulpit orators of the day, he is a commanding figure in the Kansas Society of Chicago.

Dr. Edwin Mortimer Randall, who is known both as a minister and as an





educator, was born in the Badger State, but lived for many years 'neath the shade of the Kansas Sunflower. He graduated with the class of '86 from Baker University, subsequently taking the master's and the doctor's degrees. Dr. Randall was ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1888, filling pulpits at Herrington, Osage City, Washington and Leavenworth. In 1896 he was called to Seattle where he remained for seven years and then accepted the presidency of the University of Puget Sound. In 1904 he was elected General Secretary of the Epworth League with headquarters in Chicago and his work was so eminently satisfactory that last fall he was re-elected for another four-year term. The Epworth League is comparatively a new factor in Methodism but so rapidly has it spread that there are now approximately as many chapters as there are preaching charges. The Senior and Junior societies carry on their work in many channels, all their activities being under the general supervision of the general secretary, whose field is not limited to this country, but includes some five hundred foreign chapters that reach to the very outposts of civilization.

Rev. Thomas F. Dornblaser, pastor of Grace English Lutheran church, is another minister who will be remembered by many Kansas friends. Rev. Dornblaser was born in Pennsylvania and served his country in the Civil war, enlisting with Company E, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. His book, "Sabre Strokes" is an interesting volume inspired by his experiences in the army. Rev. Dornblaser was appointed as a member of the commission to locate the Pennsylvania monument at the National Park at Chickamauga. For two years Rev. Dornblaser ministered to the English Lutherans at Ellsworth and for ten years he filled a pulpit at Topeka. He has been a resident of Chicago since 1903 and stands high in ministerial circles.

Father John Francis Neenan is one of the prominent clergymen of the Roman Catholic church. He was born

at Denver, but was a student at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas. He pursued his theological studies at Woodstock College, Maryland, entering the Society of Jesus in 1884 and was ordained to the priesthood in 1898. For some time he was an instructor and vice-president of St. Mary's College, and minister of St. Ignatius College, Chicago. In 1903 he was appointed pastor of the Holy Family church, one of the largest Catholic parishes in the city, situated in the very heart of the West Side tenement house district. Father Neenan is beloved by the hundreds of foreigners who look to the Holy Family church for their spiritual guidance.

### THE NEWSPAPER CONTINGENT.

Rawson Bennett, being a journalist, was naturally born in Indiana, but he attended school in Kansas and lived there long enough to pass as a native Jayhawker. After graduating from the high school at Emporia he studied languages under Dr. Lewis DeLew at Wichita and then spent three years at the State University, 1881-4. Mr. Bennett began his newspaper career on the Chicago Daily News and then, after the manner of his kind, he roamed from place to place, working for various papers in Chicago, Kansas City and Milwaukee. In 1896 he cast anchor in the Chicago Inter Ocean, becoming telegraph copy-reader and foreign news editor. His work was appreciated and he advanced from desk to desk until now, as secretary and a director of the Inter Ocean News Company and editorial writer he is one of the dominant influences in Chicago journalism. The "Ocean" insists that it is the only dyed-in-the-wool Republican paper in Chicago and its so-called expose, from time to time, of the machinations and deep-laid schemes of the "newspaper trust" adds to the gaiety of Chicago's fifty-seven varieties of citizens.

William D. Boyce, publisher of the Saturday Blade, the Chicago Ledger, and other papers of like character, has made a distinct success of this particular class of journalistic mou-



strosity. Boyce was identified with Kansas years ago, when he established a "patent inside" house at Winfield where he published the "ready prints" for many weekly papers in the Southwest. Just now Mr. Boyce is attracting the attention of newspaperdom by his preparations for a "balloonagraph"

of aeroplanes and an airship. According to plans, the party will spend most of their days and all of their nights in the air, where they can take flash light pictures of the African jungles and be safe from ferocious beasts, treacherous natives, tsetse flies, sleeping sickness and other enemies of civilization. The



GEORGE R. PECK  
General Counsel for C. M. & St. P. Ry.

expedition to Africa which, for spectacular features, will eclipse that of the strenuous T. R. The expedition will carry, or, to be more accurate, will be carried in two balloons, a set

plan is novel, to say the least, but depend upon it, when it comes to pictures of thrilling adventures, bewildering scenery and intimate views of the denizens of the forest, Boyce, with his







thirty-three cameras and \$100-a-day photographer, will not be able to keep up with the enterprising film manufacturers right here in Chicago.

Frederick J. V. Skiff is not at present in the newspaper business, but undoubtedly his "nose for news" stands him in good stead as director of the Field Columbia Museum. From 1870 to 1877 he was engaged in newspaper work at Lawrence, Kansas, and is one of the loyal members of the Kansas Society. Upon leaving Lawrence, Mr. Skiff went to Denver, where he continued his journalistic activities and was later elected to the legislature. He came into his own when President Harrison appointed him a member of the World's Columbian Commission. Mr. Skiff made a splendid record as chief of the department of mines and mining and deputy director general for the Columbian Exposition. Since then he has been identified with the Nashville Exposition, the Paris Exposition and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Mr. Skiff is a member of numerous scientific societies and has been honored by medals and decorations from various European powers. What Mr. Skiff does not know about expositions would not be worthy one's time in learning and just now he is making plans for the new Field Museum on the lake front which will be in many respects the finest museum in the world.

Among the younger journalists of Chicago is Dr. Dan Brummitt of the editorial staff of The Epworth Herald. Dr. Brummitt is a native of England, but lived at Topeka for ten years, during what he is pleased to call the "formative period" of his life. He attended Baker University at Baldwin, graduating with the class of '94. For the past eight years he has been a resident of Chicago and his work in connection with the Epworth Herald has made him one of the influential forces in Methodism.

#### ATTORNEYS, NOT A FEW.

Chicago has so many lawyers who formerly lived in Kansas that there is only one conclusion to be drawn—the

people of that state must be so peaceful that the ambitious attorneys are forced to move to communities where the citizens are more turbulent and the prizes for lawbreaking are more tempting.

George Record Peck is one of the names to conjure with in legal circles. He is a native of York state and was admitted to the bar in Wisconsin where he lived for many years. In 1871 he located at Independence, Kansas, practicing there until 1874, when he went to Topeka, where he made his home for about twenty years, becoming one of the most prominent citizens of the state. For five years he was United States attorney for the district of Kansas and from 1881 to 1895 he was solicitor for the Santa Fe. Possibly he foresaw "what was coming" to the United States Senate, at any rate as long ago as 1892 he declined an appointment as senator to fill an unexpired term and the following year he moved to Chicago. He is now general counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and senior member of the firm of Peck, Miller & Starr. Mr. Peck saw active service for four years during the Civil war, enlisting with the First Wisconsin heavy artillery, later re-enlisting with the Thirty-first Wisconsin infantry. Mr. Peck is one of the best known public speakers of Chicago and has delivered orations on many public occasions.

Another prominent corporation attorney, who has devoted his talents to railroad interests is Thomas James Norton, general counsel for the Santa Fe. Mr. Norton is best known in Kansas as a newspaper man. He was connected with a paper at Newton for about fifteen years and then went to Topeka as Kansas representative of the Kansas City Journal. Seeing larger opportunities in the legal profession he attended the State University, graduating from the law department with the class of '94. He came to Chicago the same year and has been identified with the Santa Fe since 1898. In 1900 he went to Los Angeles as an assistant in the company's legal department on the



coast. Two years later he was appointed solicitor for Arizona with headquarters in Prescott and, after a few months was named as solicitor for the coast lines, with headquarters in San Francisco. He remained there until 1907, when he was made general attorney for the entire Santa Fe system, with headquarters in this city.

Robert S. Iles was born in Missouri but upon reaching years of discretion he moved to Kansas. He was superintendent of the schools at Hiawatha from 1875 to 1881, studying law at the same time. After ranching for a year or so in South Dakota he came to Chicago and has since been a prominent member of the Cook county bar. He is a member of the firm of Iles & Martin; from 1894 to 1900 Mr. Iles was county attorney of Cook county and has always been a leader in the Republican party, also finding time to take a very active interest in various fraternal organizations.

Edward T. O'Brien was born in Iowa, but moved to Kansas shortly after receiving his LL. B. He located at Wichita, where he practiced for ten years, coming to Chicago in 1896 as western attorney for the New York Life Insurance Company and has succeeded in steering his company clear of the breakers that have been thrown out by the states in the Middle West.

Another attorney whose specialty is insurance law is Louis A. Stebbins. He is a Pennsylvanian, but resided in Kansas from 1878 to 1904. He attended the State University, graduating from the law department in 1889, and at once began practicing in Topeka. His work attracted attention and in 1904 he was induced to come to Chicago and take charge of the legal affairs of the National Life Insurance Company of the U. S. A.

John H. S. Lee was born at Topeka in 1871. He attended Lake Forest College, Harvard and the Northwestern University Law School, beginning practice in 1898. He made a record in the states attorney's office as assistant to Charles S. Deneen, now governor. Mr.

Lee is identified with the well known firm of Drydenforth, Lee, Critton & Wiles.

Charles M. Haft was born in 1875 at Highland, Kansas. He attended school at Hiawatha and took his professional course at the University of Michigan, coming to Chicago in 1892, where he was at once admitted to the bar. For several years he was a member of the firm of Masterson & Haft, but since 1905 he has been identified with the firm of Hebel & Haft.

Frederick W. Pringle studied in the law school of George W. Peck at Topeka and was admitted to the Kansas bar. He has been a resident of Chicago since 1891, making a specialty of corporation, real estate and municipal law.

Frank Swett was born in Illinois, but is one of the loyal representatives of the Kansas contingent in Chicago. In fact, whenever there is a reunion or a gathering of Kansas people, Swett is sure to be found "among those present." He went to Lawrence when his father was appointed principal of Haskell Institution, the industrial training school for Indian children. Mr. Swett made his home in Kansas for ten years, graduating from "K. U." in 1900, since which time he has been practicing in Chicago.

W. Irving Osborne started out as a lawyer and practiced in Wichita from 1888 to 1893. He came to Chicago in the World's Fair year and continued his legal activities until 1902 when he aided in the organization of the Central Trust Company, becoming its first vice-president. The Central Trust has grown rapidly and is now one of the solid financial institutions of Chicago.

### RAILROAD MEN.

Chicago's importance as a railroad center—the greatest in the world—is quite certain to draw to it, sooner or later, the men of more than ordinary ability and the city is now the home of numberless officials who "got their start" in the Southwest. Among the best known railroad men in the country is Benjamin L. Winchell, president of







the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, a native of Missouri, for many years a resident of Kansas and now a distinguished citizen of Chicago. His railroad career started in the Burlington shops at Hannibal in July, 1874,

of the lines in the Southwest. For many years he made his home in Topeka and he has always had an abiding faith in Kansas, her natural resources, her institutions and her citizens. He holds that the interests of



WM. BAXTER BIDDLE  
Vice President of Rock Island Railroad

and there may be some minor positions which he has not held at one time or another, but if so, they have escaped notice. The mere enumeration of the companies with which he has been connected would read like a directory

the farmers, business men and railroads are inseparable and he overlooks no opportunity for deprecating what he considers the pernicious activities of short-sighted politicians in making capital at the expense of the com-



mercial and industrial interests of the country. Mr. Winchell holds membership in half a dozen of Chicago's most prominent clubs, as well as in clubs in St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver.

Another railroad man who has traveled much the same route is Samuel T. Fulton, assistant to President Winchell. He was born at Topeka in 1866 and began his career when thirteen years old as a messenger boy in the telegraph office of the Kansas Pacific at Topeka. By actual count he has filled sixteen important positions in the railroad service, and the greater part of his life has been spent in his native state. Since April, 1904, he has held the responsible position of assistant to the president of the "Road with a Thousand Eyes."

Over at the Burlington offices is another man who started out as an office boy and has successfully hurdled all of the obstacles leading up to the presidency of a great railroad. George B. Harris was born in Massachusetts in 1848, but at the age of sixteen began working in the office of the Hannibal & St. Joe, at Hannibal. After working up to the position of paymaster, he went with the B. & M., in 1875 as cashier of the land department. Then he quit railroading to accept a position with a land company at Lincoln, but he soon returned to his first love. For several years Mr. Harris divided his time between the B. & M. and the Santa Fe, as first one and then the other made the better bid for his services. Much of his time his headquarters were at Topeka. In 1885 he went with the Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad, advancing rapidly in the service. Eight years ago he was elected president of the C. B. & Q. and as if that were not enough he also holds the position of vice-president for the B. & M., for the Hannibal & St. Joe., for the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs and for the St. Louis, Keokuk & Northwestern.

George T. Nicholson is one of the prominent railroad men who arrived by way of the college. He was born in North Carolina, but lived for many

years in Kansas, graduating from the State University, and there is not a more enthusiastic, loyal Jayhawker in Illinois. Mr. Nicholson entered the service of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in 1882 as a clerk, advancing through the positions of rate clerk, chief rate clerk, chief clerk, assistant general passenger and ticket agent and passenger traffic manager. Since 1905 he has been third vice-president of the Santa Fe system and of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway. Mr. Nicholson is president of the Kansas Society of Chicago. Mrs. Nicholson is a loyal daughter of the Sunflower State and has become one of the prominent workers in the Chicago Woman's Club.

Eben E. MacLeod is another well known official who prefaced his railroad work by a college course, graduating from the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada. His first railroad experience was in the east and he became identified with Kansas when he went to Topeka as assistant general passenger agent of the Rock Island. Since 1899 he has been chairman of the Western Passenger Association and, according to one of his associates, knows more about passenger traffic and transportation problems than six railroad commissioners and fifteen legislatures combined.

Some statistician has gathered figures on the number of prominent railroad men who have come up from the ranks and the results give the lie to the ne'er-do-wells who complain that the poor boy has no chance. Among the many conspicuous examples of self-made success is that of William Baxter Biddle, third vice-president of the Rock Island. Mr. Biddle was born in Beloit and attended the public schools, then took Horace Greeley's advice and went West starting out as a brakeman down in New Mexico with the Santa Fe. For seventeen years he was "part and parcel" of the life of the Southwest, living at Albuquerque, Emporia and Topeka. He was station agent for the Atlantic & Pacific, chief clerk in the





general freight office, assistant freight agent and division freight and passenger agent for the same road. In 1888 he went with the Santa Fe at Topeka as assistant general freight agent and in 1890 came to Chicago as assistant freight traffic manager and then freight traffic manager. In March, 1905, he was elected third vice-president of the Rock Island and of the St. Louis and San Francisco and of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, having general charge of the freight and passenger departments.

At the Rock Island offices you will also find John Sebastian—every one knows Sebastian,—the man to whom you apply for further information. The story of his upward climb is not unlike that of others; nothing spectacular or meteoric, but steady advancement, round by round. He started out with the Santa Fe in 1869 and remained with it until 1880, since which time he has been with the Rock Island, his present position being passenger traffic manager. Mr. Sebastian's mission for years

was to make life a burden for the scalping fraternity and he reduced to a science the manufacture of tickets that defied alterations. John Sepastian will be remembered, in a way, as one of the pioneers in Kansas, for he was the first man to present a full dress suit to the wondering gaze of the natives—an experience which he would like to forget, but for which he is ever being reminded by his host of "loving friends."

Over at the Railway Exchange building there is another prominent Kansan, William J. Black, that is the way it is spelled, but it is pronounced "Jerry Black." His name could be substituted for almost any one of the foregoing sketches and the statements would not be essentially wrong. He began life at St. Louis and started his railroad career as an office boy for the Vandalia in 1884. He traveled the same old work-route, most of the time with the Santa Fe, and since 1905 he has been passenger traffic manager for that system, with headquarters in Chicago.

Editor's Note: The Kansas Magazine is pleased to announce a series of articles on "Kansans in Chicago," by a distinguished member of the Chicago Press club, Mr. William W. Loomis. Ex-Kansans are an important factor in the social and commercial life of the big White City and a consideration of their respective places of trust will doubtless be of interest to us at home.

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## The Army of the Corn

No bugle but the calling of the wind at  
break of day,

No ramparts but the hedges that stretch far,  
far away.

No armor but the trembling blades jewel-  
crusted with the dew,

No fortress but the low browed hill that  
shuts the world from view.

No sentry but the circling of the melancholy  
crow,

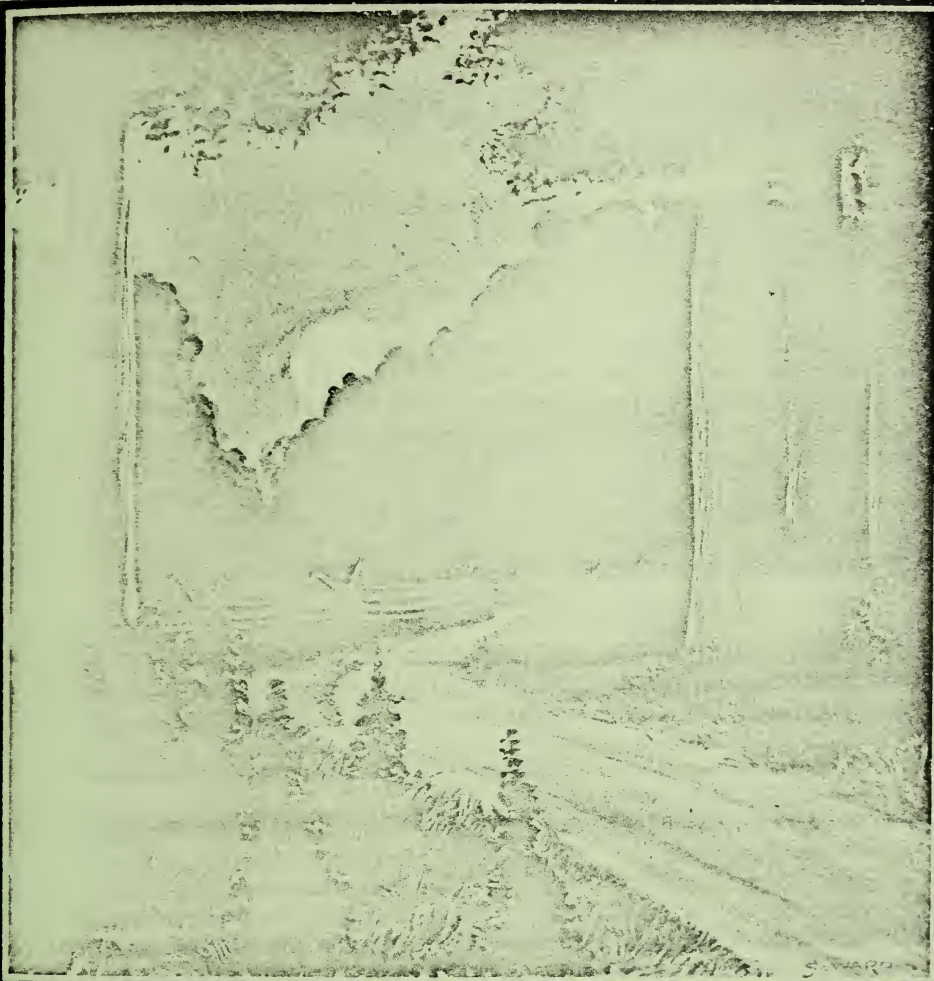
No sound across the great camp ground, no  
soldiers come and go.

No chaplain but the harvest moon that  
shrives the stubble plain,  
No dirges but the sobbing of the dismal  
autumn rain.

Yet on the burr pricked stubble in the early  
flush of morn,  
In rustling tents of khaki sleeps the army  
of the corn.

—Gwendola Inch





## AUTUMNAL DARK *By Clarence J. Martin*



*The dust that choked the throat  
Of the hollyhock at noon  
Lay dew-wet by the road  
In the floodlight of the moon.*



*The powder-bodied moth  
Cruised the marigolds among.  
Throwing perfume from his wings  
Where the velvet spider swung*

*The petal of the rose  
Shook with delicate delight  
As it caught the idle tear  
From the drowsy eye of night*





# Cannon and Cannonism

By VICTOR MURDOCK

GR<sup>EAT</sup> as the difficulties of any discussion of parliamentary law are to anyone who has never had occasion to use rules of procedure for an assembly of men with business to transact, it is even more confusing to a member of the House of Representatives to try to master the machinery by which the present speaker, Joseph G. Cannon, has concentrated in himself the complete control of that body. Actual experience alone stamps indelibly upon the mind those methods used to defeat popular will and to enable a designing minority to manipulate a majority.

Not very long ago a man wrote to me and in his letter this appeared: "I know how difficult it is to get recognition in the House, but it occurs to me that sometimes they do let members make speeches. Why doesn't some member start in to make a speech and at some stage of it stop short and move to change the rules along the line the rules insurgents desire? That would seem to get around the difficulty of recognition."

I suppose that that simple plan has occurred to a great many people. They have heard that the Speaker's control is lodged partly in his power of recognition and at the same time have noticed that congressmen did not have great difficulty in making speeches. Why didn't a congressman stop talking and make a motion?

It may seem incredible to many when they read that very few congressmen make speeches in the House. Congressmen make their speeches in the Committee of the Whole and that is quite another thing and if I can describe clearly the difference between the two, the answer to the perfectly natural question in the letter will be plain. The speech which was to be halted could

not be made in the House because recognition would not be given to the man who desired to deliver it. And the motion not be in order in the Committee of the Whole and would be immediately ruled out of order. It will be well to follow this distinction out in detail, avoiding technicalities.

During my first day in Congress I turned to an old member who was high in the councils of the House machine and asked: "Is there any benefit to a new member if he learns the rules?" he answered: "Surely. The rules are the weapons with which he fights."

I accepted this declaration as the literal truth. Later I was to find that the rules, as interpreted, were weapons indeed, not in the hands of the member upon the floor, but in the hands of the Speaker and his organization and, as wielded by them, weapons to defeat popular representation.

Almost every one has a rudimentary idea of parliamentary law. There are some rules of conduct for a congregation of men that are self-evident. For instance, a motion to adjourn is always in order, for any assembly should have as a natural right the privilege of stopping at pleasure. In the same way a call for the previous question is not debatable, for such a call proposes the closing of debate and if it were debatable, the call would not close discussion, but would prolong it. There are such rules in the House of Representatives, rules that are as old as assemblies and no congregation of men could proceed in the transaction of business without them.

If a body of men come together, the election of a chairman is the first thing in order. He is duly nominated and elected. The moment he takes his seat he assumes a responsibility which he



did not have a minute before. He is now responsible for the order of the meeting. And he has lost, at the same time, a privilege—that of making a motion. That privilege remains with those who do not occupy the chair. If the meeting is a perfectly open one, the chairman recognizes the first man to arise to his feet and to address the chair. The man has the right to make a motion. If two men rise simultaneously, the chairman must name the man who shall speak first, clearly an unavoidable arbitrary selection. But in nearly all meetings the second man who was not selected, takes his seat with the assurance that he will be recognized later. The man who has been recognized makes a motion. The assembly has complete control of its action. It may decide to debate the motion without limit or it may fix a time when a vote shall be taken on the motion. Now if the motion should be voted down, another motion is in order. This may continue indefinitely. The power of initiative in a member of any assembly of men is the privilege of making a motion. If he is deprived of that power there is left to him the simple privilege of either voting up or voting down what other men propose.

Now, the right of vital motion, common in the ordinary assembly, is dissipated under the procedure of the House of Representatives. There are scores of congressmen who never make a motion in the House of Representatives, not because they are delinquent in their duties, but because they are not allowed to make a motion in the House. And there are hundreds who have never made a speech in the House because speeches are made ordinarily in the Committee of the Whole.

The House proper is in session only a very few minutes in the day, five or six minutes immediately following twelve o'clock, noon, and five or six minutes preceding five o'clock, post meridian. The most complete control of these brief intervals of time is kept by the Speaker. He knows, usually, every man who is to arise to make a

motion and what the subject matter of the motion is. Ordinarily but one man arises and he makes a privileged motion. Almost invariably the motion is that the House go into Committee of the Whole for a specific purpose, to take up an appropriation bill. In less than fifteen minutes after that motion has been made, the "House" is no longer in session and the Committee of the Whole is.

Few of the many thousands of visitors to the galleries know the difference. The members who sat in the House a moment before now sit in the same seats in the Committee of the Whole. In fact, there have been but two visible changes; the silver, eagle-mounted mace, which stands on a marble column has been taken down and the Speaker leaves his chair and calls some one of his lieutenants to occupy it.

Theoretically, every member of Congress has had, during the brief moment of time the "House" was in session, the right to make a motion, which we have seen is possessed as a natural right in the ordinary assembly. And, although that right in the House is only theoretical, there is always evident and determined purpose in the present Speaker to get out of the House and into the Committee of the Whole as quickly as possible.

For, and here is the point, the members vote to go into the Committee of the Whole for a specific purpose and they cannot go outside that purpose while in the Committee of the Whole. A motion at the end of a speech to change the rules would be clearly out of order in the Committee of the Whole, because the committee was not empowered to take up the matter of the rules.

The volumes upon volumes of speeches made by congressmen are made, not in the House, but in the Committee of the Whole. Sometimes they deal with the bill which the committee is supposed to be considering and sometimes they do not. Now the Speaker, through his lieutenants, the





chairmen of committees, can make the time for general debate flexible. He can stretch it out or shorten it. If it serves his purpose to have long debate, to keep the House so jammed up with business that it cannot become insistent that certain legislation be brought up which he does not want considered, there is plenty of time for speeches and lamentably there are always those who want time to make speeches. If the Speaker wants to shorten debate, he can do so through the control of his lieutenants. For the machine never surrenders control of time, even in the Committee of the Whole. The Speaker leaves the chair, one of his lieutenants takes his place, and that chairman recognizes, not any member who arises, but the committee chairman on the floor. And the committee chairman, in possession of all the time, yields it out piecemeal to those members who have asked him for fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes, as the case may be.

There is one important exception to be noted. It is the brightest parliamentary spot in the House of Representatives, even though it is occasionally set aside by a special rule. It is the "five minute" rule. When the bill in the Committee of the Whole is read by paragraphs, amendments are in order and any member who has an amendment in order, on the paragraph of the bill only, must be recognized to offer it and to speak upon it if he desires, for five minutes. Here the real business of the popular branch of Congress is transacted: here there is freedom. It does not embarrass business. It expedites and illuminates. And it stands as a complete answer to the adherents of Cannon and Cannonism, who claim that the House is not capable of governing itself.

Now the control of the time of the "House" and that of the Committee of the Whole would be almost sufficient to give Speaker Cannon and his machine complete power over one branch of Congress, through the mere force of manipulation.

But the control over time and busi-

ness is not the power Speaker Cannon prizes most. The power of recognition and the power to appoint committees, standing and select, are those dear to his heart.

Long ago the rule of recognition read:

"When any member desires to speak or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise and respectfully address himself to 'Mr. Speaker' and may address the House from any place on the floor or from the Clerk's desk and shall confine himself to the question under debate, avoiding personality."

Now the rule reads:

"When any member desires to speak or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise and respectfully address himself to 'Mr. Speaker,' and, ON BEING RECOGNIZED, may address the House from any place on the floor or from the Clerk's desk and shall confine himself to the question under debate, avoiding personality."

The addition of these three words, "on being recognized," as interpreted by Speaker Cannon, shifts a great prerogative from the member on the floor to the Speaker in the chair. Suppose now that Congress has opened for the day. One member arises. The other three hundred and ninety members keep their seats. The one member, with a motion which is obnoxious to the Speaker, cries, "Mr. Speaker." The Speaker, under the old rule, would have to recognize him. But, under the new rule, under its technical interpretation, the member can proceed only "on being recognized." No such thing is likely to happen, for the lieutenants of the Speaker are always ready to contest recognition, but if it should occur, the Speaker, without recognizing the member in the technical meaning of the rule, would ask, as he has asked, "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" That is not recognition. The member would then declare his purpose and the Speaker would say, as he has said, "The gentleman is not recognized for that purpose."

I have had many ask me: "Why not appeal from the chair?" The answer is simple. There is no appeal from recognition.

As dear to the Speaker as this inquisitorial power of recognition is the power of appointment of committees,



including the Committee on Rules. Everything in Congress is considered first in standing committees. The chairman of a committee is a small potentate. The new man is told that if he sticks to the chairman of his committee, he will advance, possibly some day to a chairmanship. The belligerent member who crosses his chairman is reported to the Speaker. If he is on a good committee, he is demoted in the list or shifted to one of the poor committees and they are numerous. Under this system the price of a chairmanship is loyalty to the chairman. Time and again throughout every session of Congress the word goes through the House, "Vote with the committee." That means to vote with the chairman of that committee and to vote with the Speaker. The same power which is seen here in its affirmative side is equally serviceable of course in pigeon-holing legislation of which the Speaker disapproves.

And this is not the greatest power of the Speaker. He is a member of the Committee on Rules and he dominates it. Nearly all the more important legislation passes under a special rule. That is, the regular rules are all swept aside, including the five minute rule, and the House votes to put a great measure through quickly, without amendment. The Committee on Rules reports the special rule. Congress can vote it down of course. But Congress does not. All the power of the Speaker, through control of business, through committee appointment favors, through the lure of future recognition, through the thought, which is moving with all men, that it is better to take something than to go without anything at all, persuades Congress to vote away its primal right of amendment; and adopt the special rule which also adopts the measure proposed, not a measure framed

by Congress, but a measure framed by the Speaker and his satraps.

There is a determined effort upon the part of Speaker Cannon and his forces to make the public believe that the contest in regard to him and the rules as at present interpreted, is a repetition of the contest which was waged during the Speakership of Thomas B. Reed. This contest and that are not the same. That was a partisan struggle. This is not. That was an effort on the part of the majority to break down a filibuster and to expedite business in spite of the minority. This is an effort to prevent the Speaker from dictating and delaying business. The Reed contest touched no points now in controversy. The principal change at Reed's suggestion was to give the Speaker the right to count a quorum of those present which no one desires or proposes to change.

The dearest creation of the American people was the House of Representatives. The term was made short and the number of people to be represented in each district small, in order that the House might be made truly representative, quickly responsive to popular will.

Cannon and Cannonism have perverted the design by twisting and distorting its usages. The genius of self-government and the spirit of the constitutional grant have been violated.

It is not enough to aim merely at the elimination of Speaker Cannon. The system must be changed, as well.

Is it too much to ask:

First, that the power of inquisitorial recognition be taken away from the Speaker?

Second, that the House appoint its own committees?

Third, that the Speaker be made ineligible to a place on the Committee on Rules?







# The Baile at Don Mariano's

By GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

**I**N THE first place Lieutenant Higley Hutcheson and Vernon Y. Trotter had no business to do it. They knew it, and in all probability that was the precise reason they did it.

"Get busy, Trot," said Hutch, (he never used more than the first half of my race track appellation, while I retalliated with "Hutch"); "Get busy," said Hutch, "the President is going to give a baile in token of his esteem for the principales of Villa Real, and, of course, that means us."

I demurred, visions of sleek female coiffures, redolent with the odor of stale cocoanut oil, making me wary.

"Suppose——" I began,

"Suppose nothing," chopped in Hutch, "we've been sentenced by the War Chief to two years of banishment on this forgotten island, and the only mitigating phase of the sentence lies in the fact that we are not forbidden the privilege of moving in the elite of Samar society."

"But, Hutch, you're an officer of the Army. Imagine what the Old Man would think if he should chance this way and behold Higley Hutcheson, his pride, with one of these dwarfish hussies crushed against his bosom in a sensuous dance. I tell you it would compromise us; it's folly."

"I agree with you unreservedly on the first count. We are, as you say, officers of the army, and for this reason our common mission here among this benighted race is to promote friendly relations between the gu—— between the Filipino and the American people, and to attain this end it is necessary that the officers themselves lead in social functions, thereby making the means by which an amicable footing may be maintained between the two peoples." Vernon, "the rascal went on, "a great country has appointed you its

honored representative, eighty million people have placed implicit trust in your fidelity; you are a power for the increase or the destruction of our national prestige. Will you do your duty or will you be guilty of treason and——"

But Hutch was importuning the bamboo walls, for I had escaped to the open air.

Entreaties and threats alike availed me nothing with Higley Hutcheson. Came a day when many banners, American and Filipino, streamed together above the pueblo, and the strange faces of natives whom the Presidente introduced as "personages from the province," appeared in the gaily bedecked streets. This was the day of the much-heralded fiesta, the baile at Don Mariano's. The host stood in the doorway of his rather pretentious nipa home, his full, round face beaming an unctuous welcome upon each arrival. His voice was soft, his speech voluble and his manner profoundly courteous and polite, while from his slit-like dark eyes he seemed actually to radiate the hospitality which every guest was assured and reassured, awaited his on the inside. Always Don Mariano addressed the arriving guests in subdued, confidential tones, as though desirous of gladdening each successive comer with something which might be construed by the hearer as an act of special attention on the part of the host.

When Hutch and I had grown weary of watching the punctilious monotonies of the reception from a distant vantage-point in the enlisted men's cook-shack, we repaired to quarters to dress for the occasion. Our white linen suits were the recent and glorious handiwork of a native tailor of Tacloban, whose evident

\*Baile. Spanish for ball.



object in the making had been to guard against any departure from the prevailing Filipino custom. As a consequence there wasn't a pocket big enough to get two fingers into, much less a revolver, which is one Article of War, at least, that Hutch and I have learned to abide by (close by) and carry on our persons for ready reference. We haggled over the question for a space, but ultimately had the temerity to attend the function unarmed. I observed, though, upon glancing out through a wall-vent, that Hutch had gotten word to the guard, for an unusual number of men were being toled off secretly by the sergeant of the guard in the patio. The performance was progressing with such enforced quiet and the hour was so unusual that I instantly guessed the nature of the movement afoot; and then and there I paid Hutch a mental compilment on his foresight. But when again I looked out upon the bizarre little streets, choked with the host of innocent looking provincials and resplendent with gay coloring, I could not but think of Hutch's precaution as being unnecessary and one that we might expect to be resented, once the amiable Don ever heard of it.

By six o'clock the baile at Don Mariano's was in full flower. Out upon the furnace-hot air, which still radiated over the village and threatened to stifle it, floated strains of music, with an occasional discord, from a ten-piece native orchestra which occupied an elevation at one end of the only room in the pueblo that could boast of a real board floor. In the room some six or eight couples, extravagantly attired, glided airily to the precarious rhythm of "Sobre las Olas" or "After the Ball." The stuffy air reeked with sundry odors, which, when agitated and commingled by the whirling dancers, took on a character as of tangible elements in a contest to determine which should prevail. There were present on an original pattern of sideboard, vino and tuba of various colors and kinds, together with innumerable steaming examples of culinary possibility; but

the inevitable and odoriferous cocoanut-oil, now reenforced by its association with much perspiration, gained a complete victory as to odor ere long. It shone on the coiffures of the senioritas like mantillas of spurious gems, but its lustre was as nothing compared to its smell.

After I had made my debut I was introduced with ponderous ceremony to a favorite hermana of the Presidente's. She was not a unattractive mestiza, who possessed all the beaming amiability of her over-fed brother. She wore the conventional zapatos, and as we went away in a dizzy waltz I was conscious of a nervous dread lest she waltz out of them, so to speak, to my great mortification. I only felt secure when the maestro de musica held up his baton as a signal for the sweaty musicos to pause and inflate themselves for

El Senor Highley Hutcheson went the next number.

swinging into the next dance with all the audacious certitude of one who treads familiar ground. As he floated past me with a much-powdered damsel on his arm, my intent ear apprised me that he was engaged in another of his desperate assaults on the elusive Spanish language. Small wonder, I thought, that his partner was in smiles. But the dauntless Americano himself was never more at ease nor more profoundly polite, and his courtly Castilian manners fitted him better, by far, than did the tailored suit from Tacloban. What with its ludicrous cut and its owner's to-the-manner-born acceptance of things, I was seized by a quality of merriment wholly uncontrollable, and which threatened me with ostracism from correct society in Samar. My heathenish guffaws of laughter elicited wondering stares from everybody, including Hutch, in whose quizzical look I read speculation as to whether I had suddenly fallen a victim to the so-called "philippinitis," or some equally alarming form of tropical aberration. The situation, for me, was already strained, but the climax was reached in the next instant when Hutch's mestiza





partner came under the hypnotic spell of my exploding laughter and, simultaneously encountering an inauspicious plank in the floor, actually did lose one of her slippers. Hutch, however, was equal, if not superior, to the event. He fetched the intractable zapato to its mistress with the faithfulness of a retriever and the gallantry of a cavalier; and then, ere the prodigious humor of the thing should fairly overcome me, I slowly gave ground toward the door. Once there I turned and fled full tilt into the night—and all of a sudden into the affectionate embrace of two spectre-like figures, which had mysteriously taken form in the darkness and barred my way. About my waist I felt the grip of arms worthy of Hercules. I writhed and strained until the blood sang in my head and my eyes threatened to bulge bloody from their aching sockets. Then, suddenly I be-thought me of the guard—where in H—I could they be! I attempted to cry out, but a faint, weird and unearthly sound, half squeal, half wheeze, was all that issued from my cramped lungs ere something descended cruelly upon my head, bringing with it a great flash of fire, which quickly resolved into myraid points of light. These remained for a little space, blinking at me queerly; then, floating singly or in straggling groups, they passed out of my perspective, and simultaneously I came to know that my face was wet with a warm, adhesive fluid, some of which, I realized, in consequence of my relaxed jaw, was dripping revoltingly into my mouth. Like the worsted pugilist, who returns to consciousness with a calculative wariness, I came to myself, and still betraying no sign of life, mentally laid hold of my surroundings. Beneath me I felt the rhythmical swing and jolt of a litter, on which two men were bearing me along at a helter-skelter pace. In ten seconds I must have turned over in my mind a like number of schemes to thwart my captors, but the one which I determined to put into execution was suddenly to spring clear of the litter and conceal

myself in the darkness. Summoning all the strength that remained to me, I leaped like a shot from the swaying litter, alighting by chance on my feet, and made off at a pace which put to shame the suggestive name of my forbears. Black as Erebus had grown the night, and obstructions one after another tripped or threw me headlong, but I knew that Death, with ears that marked my every footfall, raced behind me; and oh, how desperately man will struggle for love of the throbbing life that is in him! To attempt to hide myself would be folly, so close was the pursuit, so I tore aimlessly on through the night—and quite abruptly there broke upon my ear a sputtering volley of sharp, spiteful barks, as of savage dogs come close upon their prey. And now, all in a twinkling, the ground met my fleeing feet smooth and hard as a race-track. All at once an object darker than the surrounding night, loomed in front of me and something sped past my head with a curious menacing whir-r-r. I struck out with desperate force and experienced in one fleeting instant the mad joy of feeling an opponent crumbling up under the weight of my blow. Behind me I heard the vanquished splash heavily into the water and so I guessed that I was fleeing along the margin of the channel. Raising my eyes I saw lights ahead, and a moment later the sound of a great commotion came to me, and the spiteful barking of the dogs dinned in my ears afresh. I was back in the village, where it seemed that Hell had indeed broken loose. Don Mariano had tricked us. Balingiga had recurred. A great passion broke upon me, and without realizing my danger I burst pell-mell, with naught save my bare hands, among the surging, shrieking multitude of the enemy.

Over behind the stone barricade of the cook-shack half-a-dozen rifles were spitting flame in a way that tempted me to cheer the men behind them; while beyond, in the open, what seemed to me a mere handful of men, led by a figure all in white, were firing rapidly,



cutting, slashing. The white-clad figure fascinated me strangely. The costume was unmistakably that of a native, but the voice—I heard it now raised high in command—and the lithe, strong body belonged to none other than the late advocate of social fusion in Samar, Higley Hutcheson. It was obvious that Hutch had undergone a revulsion of sentiment.

You can never quite follow incidents, somehow, at a time when things move with a rush and many lives hang in the balance. One achievement, however, which I culled from the melee and jotted down on the credit side of my dairy, remains with me still quite clearly. One of the treacherous imps—a massive fellow carrying a rifle—came panting alongside of me in the fighting, where, unwitting of my proximity, he dropped intently upon one knee and leveled his weapon carefully at the battling figure of Hutch. I should never have believed that such quickness was possible of me. I wrenched at the weapon at the precise instant that it was discharged, and in the same moment its bulky owner threw himself upon me with tigerish ferocity. To and fro we struggled in dogged silence, the rifle held fast in the crush of our bodies, our hot breath fanning each other's faces. Until he brought down a great malediction upon me I had not suspected my opponent's identity. My late host, Don Mariano, was showing me a hitherto unsuspected side of his hospitality. How my fingers ever won to that pampered, fat throat I don't know, but I do know that once there they clutched and penetrated the flesh like the talons of some mighty bird of prey. Oh, it was exquisitely gratifying to feel his hold or me relax, to know that the rifle had slid to the ground, and to feel his huge body sway weakly and gradually succumb! But when I myself sank down, quite unaccountably beside the insensible belligerent and consciousness all but fluttered away, it came to my waning senses how close-won had been the victory. And in this sub-conscious condition I

came to feel that some outlandish silhouette of a thing was blotting out the vista of my sight. Something deliciously cool and refreshing poured over my face and head and at once the silhouette resolved itself into—Hutch—my own old pro-Filipino Hutch!—and he smiling the guiltiest kind of a smile, too.

"Is the baile over?" I asked, maybe a bit wheezy of voice.

"The music has stopped, anyway," restricted Hutch.

And then he must have caught sight of the little scratch that lay along the top of my scalp, for he took my hand and pressed it in a way that was meant to give me heart, the while indicating some blazing shacks, among which I could make out the casa of Don Mariano reducing rapidly under high-leaping flames.

I sat upright, oppressed by a queer drowsiness. Scattered everywhere, and often in grim huddles, I beheld the fallen enemy. The bodies for the most part, lay in strange, awkward positions. They might have been so many poseurs in contortion.

"Only five men wounded," comforted Hutch—"but," he added with an almost pleased emphasis, "enough traitors muerto to dam the channel."

My fat prisoner, I noted, had disappeared; but very soon again I caught a glimpse of him staggering away to prison under guard.

Hutch, following my gaze and noting the rifle that lay beside me, remarked that, "He might have hurt someone with that gun," and I said, "Yes!"

In quarters Hutch and I relegated our white suits to the lizard-inhabited, bamboo wall, soundly reviling the wee pockets and the sastre who had fashioned them; and later, following the time-honored custom of locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen, Higley called upon our trusted muchacho to produce our swords and revolvers and trim them for emergency. Could you believe it?—there wasn't the ghost of a muchacho, or revolvers,—or anything else to speak of, anywhere







in our humble shack, or in all that village of diabolical thieves and insurrectos!

Thus ended the baile at Don

Mariano's, and thus ended all efforts toward colonial propitiation on the part of Lieutenants Higley Hutcheson and Vernon Y. Trotter.

## The Cheyenne Raid of '78

By DR. WILL B. MEAD

THE HISTORY of Kansas has been partially written. Her early struggles between Free State and Proslavery men, was a world-wide theme, that gave her the name, "Bleeding Kansas."

The constant conflict of the early settlers of our country, beginning with the New England settlements, with savage tribes of Indians; the bloody massacres of the whites in the early settlement of northern Illinois; the wars with the Indians of Kentucky, which gave to that state the name, "Dark and Bloody Ground," are recorded in our country's history. But the Cheyenne Indian raid of September 30th, 1878, when many settlers of the vicinity of Oberlin, Decatur county, Kansas, were surprised and massacred without warning, has never been fully told.

In the spring of 1878, John Rodahaver, anxious for the conquest of new regions, came West and settled at Oberlin, the present county seat of Decatur County, Kansas. When he arrived on what is now the Oberlin townsite, he found a post office established which was called Sappa. Being an Ohio man, he had the name changed to Oberlin, after Oberlin, Ohio, and started to build a town. Settlers soon learned of this new and promising community, where land could be had for the filing and settling, and began to pour in. The pioneer went to work, turning the virgin soil and at eventide rested at peace with his family.

But a change soon came over the spell of his dreams. One day as he cast his eye to the southwest he saw the steady approach of a band of

Cheyenne Indians. There were about three hundred in the band, including the squaws. They must have had four hundred ponies, as they stole all the ponies along their line of march. "Dull Knife," the chief, was in command. These Indians had been stationed at the Cheyenne Agency, in Arizona, where they became insubordinate, broke away and started out on a raid of pillage and destruction.

The first news of their appearance in Decatur county spread like wildfire and on the morning of that fatal day, the quiet little village of Oberlin had summoned the people to arms and presented a wild and animated scene that none of her old settlers will ever forget. The villagers hastily mobilized a raw army for the field. Every old settler able to bear arms made ready to repel the invasion.

Before entering into a detailed account of the tragic scenes that are to follow, I want to give a description and review of the men who were chosen as leaders of the different detachments of this motley force.

At a meeting, called on the morning of September 30th, 1878, at the southeast corner of Penn avenue and Hall street, in the village of Oberlin, Kansas, these captains were named.

The first one chosen was William Dempster Street, a former government scout and cowboy, who had spent his early life on the plains. From boyhood he had been accustomed to hard knocks and rough usage; fate with him had so decreed and he murmured not at the obstacles that beset his pathway. Many a night he had slept alone on the open plains of western Kansas.



with no bed but a blanket and no covering but the canopy of Heaven. Prowling bands of Indians infested the region and the howls of the coyote made the nights hideous, but he slept,—tired nature could do nothing else, and at the coming of the dawn, after a hasty and scanty repast, he would mount his pony and start out again to reconnoiter. Mr. Street was a man of quiet, but firm, demeanor. The many bloody and dangerous scenes through which he passed would make interesting reading today, though years have elapsed since he was the actor in that wild arena of the frontier. He was made of the mettle that is required to build up a new country, was imbued with a singleness of purpose and a resolute character. After his scouting days were over, Mr. Street settled down on a farm adjoining Oberlin, reared a promising family, and has been honored by being once elected Speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives.

Sol. Rees, another captain chosen, was a cattleman and trapper who spent many years on the frontier in New Mexico. He was always cool, courageous and daring. The thrilling episodes that he related, embellished with well-worded phrases, discount the usual blood and thunder fiction of today, congeal the blood in strong men's veins, and call forth admiration for the hero. Perilous ways were to his liking, he started out in life fully equipped. No man was quicker and more alert in the saddle. He lived in a region infested by robbers as well as Indians and the slightest noise or the rustle of a leaf was enough to awaken and summon him to arms. He weakened at no task, cowered at no enemy, and believed the white man sovereign of the domain he surveyed. Age has written time-gullies in his features, the elasticity of youth has disappeared, but in speaking of the strenuous times that are past, he seems to live them over again.

Captain Justin W. Allen, another one of the captains of the Indian raid had never fought an Indian in his life. He was a man of courage and valor who

enlisted early in the conflict of the Civil war from the state of Wisconsin. Captain Allen had been used to the command, "Forward, March," and a fight in the open, rather than the hot and sudden volley from the hidden ambush of a lurking enemy. The privations, hardships and exposure, incident to internecine warfare had prepared and made him ready to meet any foe. He had fought for the preservation of the Union, and was imbued with the love of country and that lofty patriotism which caused men to leave their homes and firesides in the dark hours of 1861. Such a man was Captain Allen, one of the chosen leaders of a tragic episode in the early history of Western Kansas.

On the morning of September 30th, this new army, divided into its three divisions, one going northwest, one west, and one up the Sappa river southwest. Couriers were dispatched back to the village every few hours to keep the people in touch with the movements of the Indians. As the army passed along the South Sappa the waters looked dead and listless; the sear and yellow leaf had begun to fall, the grasshoppers lament of the end of summer was heard in the land; the earth was tinted with the gold of autumn, and all nature proclaimed the aspect of death. Such was the somber picture that greeted the new recruit on every hand.

The first parties to encounter the Indians were Mr. Lang and his son, who were riding upon a load of hay and were crossing a ford of the Sappa about four miles southwest of Oberlin. Suddenly the horrid warhoop burst on their ears, mingled with the sharp report of rifles as a hundred savages sprang from their concealment, yelling at the top of their voices. Mr. Lang and his son were unarmed and were at the mercy of the enemy. The younger Lang received a shot that caused his instant death while still on the wagon. The father succeeded in dismounting, but was shot while attempting to get away. He survived his wounds a few







days,—long enough to recite the harrowing narrative of the bloody tragedy.

A Mr. Smith, whose first name I do not recall, was barricaded in his house on the banks of the Sappa, five miles southwest of Oberlin. His house included only one large room. He saw the Indians crossing the Sappa in front of his house, which was his first intimation that they were in revolt. Escape he thought impossible. He decided that he would defend his home to the end. His family was away, which fortunate circumstance no doubt saved their lives. Armed and barricaded he awaited in breathless silence for the onslaught of the enemy. He did not have to wait long until three or four Indians, cautiously approached the house. He knew that surrender meant death. He dreaded to open battle for the odds were against him. But as the Indians kept advancing he opened fire. The fire staggered the savages and seemed to repulse them. Smith kept up a constant fire which caused the Indians to retreat and move on north, but not until he had been fatally wounded. He lived for two weeks after he was shot, but finally succumbed to his wound.

Jake Kiefer resided on the banks of the South Sappa, eight miles southwest of Oberlin. There is a good deal of timber on the creek at this point. He and a comrade were attacked by a band of Indians in this wooded thicket, where they could not size up the strength or number of the enemy. Never before in his life had Kiefer been so suddenly surprised or had he fought so desperately a fight. He and his comrade were well armed and they poured an incessant volley of shot into the Indians. Bullets whistled about their heads; the twigs cut by the red men's bullets fell about them. They were so excited that a slight flesh wound would not have attracted their notice. Finally the Indians' fire subsided and they withdrew. They could not tell how many of the attacking band they had killed and wounded, though they were certain that many of

the shots were effective. Their escape was miraculous. While they had an exceeding curiosity to know how many redskins they had sent to the happy hunting ground, they were thankful to find themselves unhurt after so desperate a battle.

Sol. Rees, with his squad, had not proceeded for northwest on the high, smooth divide until he sighted a band of Indians moving northward. He put the spurs to his steed and dashed across the prairie. It was a game chance, for the Indians were well armed and had swift ponies. Rees kept up a running fire. The Indians returned the fire. Just as the Indian band were about to enter a canyon that led to Beaver creek, a bullet from Sol's rifle brought a buck to the earth. The Indians were too busy in their flight to pick their comrad up and carry him away. Sol, with his men, plunged into the canyon in break-neck pursuit, firing at the fleeting Indians, but the way was very rough and difficult to follow and the Indians soon out-distanced their pursuers and were lost to view in the winding gorge.

Mr. Rees has a large collection of Indian relics: tomahawks, arrows and other crude instruments of Indian warfare of the primitive days, which he delights to exhibit. The one trophy of victory, however, that re-kindles the fire of youth in his eye, is the Indian scalp found in this collection.

The Indians, in their raid through Decatur county, divided into squads for the evident purpose of securing more plunder and spreading destruction. Women were outraged, men murdered and horses stolen. Their nearest approach to Oberlin was about four miles southwest of town.

H. D. Colvin and a friend were discovered seven miles southwest of town just as they entered a sod-house for shelter. The chief sent a squad to surround them. These two men were well armed and they watched the invading foe, who feared to make an open onslaught, but approached by stealthy parallels. At last two bucks ventured close to the window on the west side.



H. D. Colvin fired through the window pane and the venturesome Indian doubled-up and fell. At the same instant, Colvin's comrade poured a steady volley into the redskins. The Indians, however, succeeded in removing their wounded and slowly retreated. Colvin and his friend withdrew from their hiding place and hastened to Oberlin.

One of the most miraculous escapes that occurred during this trying time was that of Pat Rathbun, during a fight with a part of this band of Indians, about twenty miles northwest of Oberlin on Beaver creek. This story is best told in Mr. Rathbun's own words.

"On the thirtieth day of September, 1878, in company with Fred Hemper, I left Hemper's place on Beaver creek about two miles west of Cedar Bluff to look for a team of mules that had strayed away. We were on horseback and had started from home at a very early hour and rode up Beaver creek until we reached a point about half way between Herndon and Ludell. As we were riding leisurely along this beautiful valley on the south side of the creek, suddenly a band of about twenty-five Indians rode up out of a little canyon, directly in front of us, not more than a hundred yards distant. They seemed to rise up almost as if by magic out of the prairie. We were not aware of the presence of any Indians in this locality. We had received no warning of the uprising and were not expecting trouble. Although the redskins sat stolidly on their ponies and made no show of hostility, we knew full well that their presence boded no good and that a fight to the death must certainly follow. We were too near to seek safety in flight, and anyway, had ridden our ponies for several hours, and had covered a distance of fifteen or twenty miles and knew that we would not be able to run away. While we were then so near, the Indians could shoot us if they were so inclined, and, after a moment's hesitation, we decided to go boldly forward and treat the

Indians as friends until compelled to fight."

"Hemper was a man about thirty-five years of age, while I was twenty-one. We were both good shots and used to the dangers of frontier life, and were well acquainted with the treacherous character of the Indians. Our arms consisted of 45 calibre Colt revolvers. Riding up to the band of Indians we gave them the usual salutation of "How-how" and attempted to pass on. The Indians then wanted "toback." We gave them all we had and turned to go. They had in the meantime, sat stolidly on their ponies and made no show of hostility, but just as we turned to go, I heard the click of their gunlocks and instantly dropped over on my horse's neck,—and then came a volley.

Hemper probably did not hear the warning for he remained sitting upright on his horse and was instantly killed. Some fifteen or twenty shots were fired by the Indians, killing my pony, ripping my coat open on the back and cutting my clothes in a number of places but not injuring me.

"Hemper dropped from his horse and his pony ran away. I quickly drew my revolver and while lying behind my dead pony, begun firing at the Indians, hitting several of them and killing a pony or two; when the cowardly red skins found they had a live man to deal with they turned and fled like scared wolves. My dead comrade was lying within arm's length, and, knowing that he was beyond all hope of assistance, I reached over and secured his gun and belt of cartridges, at the same time giving the Indians a shot whenever there was any chance.

"All of this had happened within a space of a few minutes and I found myself alone on the prairie by the side of a dead comrade and with a dead horse as my only protection from the rifles of the Indians. I knew that this condition of affairs would not last and that it was only a question of a few minutes until I would be killed, if I remained there. What could be done?







The Indians were shooting all around me and I knew to stay there meant certain death. Suddenly I sprang up from the shelter of my dead pony and made a run for the little ravine from whence the Indians had come when we first saw them. I had this distance to run amid a shower of shots from the rifles of the Indians and as I jumped over the bank into the little ravine, I found a dozen or more Indians hiding away in the ravine. I fired a shot or two up and down the ravine when the redskins scattered and ran like scared sheep. They were on foot and fairly tumbled over each other in their efforts to get away. I saw that it would not do to stay here, so I jumped out of the ravine and ran across the level prairie to the south, and on the opposite side from where the battle begun. The Indians in the ravine joined in the shooting and the grass all around me seemed alive with bullets, my clothes were cut and riddled, but not a shot had drawn a drop of blood; I ran for a hundred yards or more through this rain of bullets feeling that I certainly would be killed. Just at this instant I came upon a buffalo wallow not more than ten feet across and about a foot deep, and dropped down into the hole in the prairie and felt for the first time, since the battle begun that a protection from the fire of the Indians had been found and a possible chance of escape. I lay here in the little hole in the ground while the Indians' bullets were cutting the turf all around with the shots flying over my back so thick that I hardly dared to venture to peep out, but occasionally I would take a shot at the nearest Indian. After a

few of them had been killed they kept farther away. It was about noon when our fight began and I lay as close to the ground as possible after reaching this protecting buffalo wallow, until night. Then the Indians ceased firing and everything was quiet. As soon as it was quite dark, I raised up and looked around and then crawled cautiously for some distance, made my escape and returned to Hemper's home where I related to the bereaved family the circumstances of his tragic death."

Captains Allen and Street though not permitted to engage the Indians in an organized battle, gave assurance to the settlers of their presence and protection and drove the Indians out of Decatur county. The Indians killed a good many of their victims in the field. In all seventeen were killed. After passing through Decatur county, they continued their march and depredations through western Nebraska until they arrived at South Dakota, where they were captured and Dull Knife, the chief was executed as atonement for his cowardly crimes of rapine and murder.

In the fall of 1881 it was rumored about that a band of blood-thirsty Indians were approaching Oberlin and vicinity and the people from the country flocked to Oberlin by the hundreds for protection. They came with tents and provisions, leading their cows behind and went into camp, prepared for an attack. But the report proved to be groundless and the people, with a sigh of relief, turned their faces homeward again to follow, unmolested, the quiet pursuits of rural life.

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## Edible Poetry

Red gold gilds all the mountain heights, "Dame Nature" made the pumpkin. I

Keen frosts give men good appetites— Will turn that pumpkin into pie.

The pie's a poem—Well I know

For my "Good man" just told me so.

—Florence Ferguson Branch.



# A True Sketch

By M. C.

“WALL, yes, we tramped them old hills over pretty thoroughly, me an’ him. Jolliest chum I ever had, an’ that’s sayin’ a good deal, for these miners that I’ve bunked with off and on, for nigh forty year. They air, take ’em all in all, pretty lively chaps.”

The youngsters, lounging around the camp fire, unconsciously drew nearer and waited expectantly for the old man’s reminiscent mood to bring forth tale or anecdote.

“We wuz called wild, me an’ him, though it wuz ’lowed that I wouldn’t o’ been so bad but for him to set me on. But I dun’no, I kalkilate thet I wuz smart enough to get into a few decent scrapes, now an’ then, without anybody’s help. The boys called us Brother Jim an’ Brother Hiner, just to remind em’ they said, that a church really did exist in a country where two such scapegraces went unhung. Pore Hiner, he wuz a promisin boy to have turned out so bad! I reckoleck one time when a party of us, who had got tired of the shaller diggin’s we were finding down at the old camp, decided to prospect a little on our own hook. One night we wuz set upon by the cowardly Indians, who ’lowed they could take us asleep. But we, being used to them visits, wuz on our guard, and succeeded in capturin’ two of ’em, an’ the rest left. Then me an’ Hiner were detailed to guard the prisoners, while the rest of the camp went back to their blankets, an’ wuz soon a-piecin’ out the dreams that had been interrupted.

“’Twasn’t so very long before we heard somebody comin’, stealthy like, through the leaves, an’ we wuz ready for them.

“’Wake moniack Poo! (Don’t shoot), said a plaintive, soft voice, that some-

how made a fellow think of his home an’ his sister an’ his sister’s chum; adding in Chinook:

“‘I’ve just come to say good-bye.’

“An’ she did it, an’ all the time something seemed pullin’ our heart-strings tighter an’ tighter, until they were ready to snap. An’ I reckon something did snap—our wits, like enough, considerin’ the fool trick we did. You see, the girl wuz the sister of one of those scoundrels an’ the wife of the other one, an’ she took on terrible. After while she began a-beggin’ an’ a-pleadin’ of us to spare ’em, an’ that wail,

“‘Wake momack memiluce,  
Claska comway nika mitlite,’

was more than we could stand. You see, she was jest a woman after all an’ couldn’t no ways live without somebody to love; an’ she’s got so used to these ’uns that she couldn’t hardly change. We always had contended, me an’ him both, that the Indians wuz made up of love an’ hate, gratitood an’ revenge, like other folks, but the camp never would believe it. All they could see in ’um wuz hate an’ revenge, an’ I guess it’s about all they ever got. Well ’twasn’t so very long after that when Hiner turned to me an’ sez he:

“‘Jim, we’ve got to let the redskins go.’

“‘We don’t dare,’ sez I. ‘If the camp officers didn’t shoot us before sun up, the reds would.’

“‘Dare,’ sez he. ‘Did you ever see the thing I didn’t dare? Them two reds is worth more than this whole camp, if you count worth by the tears that would be shed for ’em; an’ I reckon there’s worse ways of countin’ than that. I wonder how much difference it would make to anybody if one of us passed in his checks tonight. Anyway, I’m not goin’ to break that





little girl's heart, if she is nothin' but a Siwash.'

"So Pard made 'em all promise that they wouldn't harm the other boys. Queer how he could always tell whether a man meant what he said jest by lookin, in his eye. Leastwise, he know'd them promises wasn't lies.

"When the sun come up next mornin' it found us two considerable further up the mountain side than it had left us the night before. We'd decided 'twas healthier up ther, an' so didn't wait for the campe to wake up."

"And wasn't there a bit of fighting, Uncle Jimmy?" inquired a rather disappointed voice. "No one hurt at all?"

"No, sonny, not a hair of us, reds or whites."

"But, you said your pard turned out

bad. Did he run off to the Indians or turn pirate, or what?"

"None of 'em, sonny; nothin' like that. You see, for all he was sech a your college chaps. Something bad in way with him that wuz a little like your college chaps. Something bad in his blood, I reckon, made him do it, but before long he took to writin' poetry. He jest took Indians an' mountains, an' skies, an' rivers, an' killin' scrapes—all the things he'd been among—an' plumped 'em down into verse. Not bad poetry, it isn't, either, as poetry goes, but 'twas a sad failure for so promisin' a chap.

"What's that? Oh, yes, I reckon you've heard of him times enough. Your library is sure to have some of his books. His writin' name is Joaquin Miller."

## The Call of a Spirit

By GEORGE A. NICHOLSON

**I** NASMUCH as countless newspaper and magazine articles testify to a widespread interest in psychic phenomena, which our neighbors, educated and uneducated, pious and otherwise, confirm by a conversation that never wearies of hypnotism, telepathy, ghosts, spirit manifestations, and what not, I have thought that a terrible experience of my own, which befell me some ten years ago among the Ozark mountains of south central Missouri, should be told for the information of the ever-widening circle of men who give attention to the more occult manifestations of the mind.

We were tenting, Lamar Burton and I, beside a clear, circular lake. Behind us, stretched the lake, hemmed in on its other three sides by sheer bluffs. A cave in the west bluff offered shelter to a panther, if we were to believe the story of the kindly, joke-loving natives, which we did not. We were the advance guard of a crowd of fraternity

fellows who purposed camping together for two weeks before submitting to the decree of separation which college commencement had just announced. The others were expected about noon on the morrow.

This night we sat outside our tent, half-tired, half-dreaming. The moon was full, and a mere whisper of a breeze caressed the foliage above us and rippled the water at our feet. Somber shadows lay heavily on the high bluffs; shadows typical, I mused, of our approaching separation, perchance of the vicissitudes of our future.

Suddenly, Lamar startled me by a question which reversed our previous attitude toward one another. "I suppose you have wondered," said he, and there was iron in his voice, "just what lay back of Amy Radcliffe's awful tragedy?"

It was the first time he had offered to acquaint me with an intimate experience of his life. We had been very good friends in a way, but a



strange, illogical reticence had drawn a veil before the inner life of the heart. I had liked him the better for it. He was by temperament such a moody, restless fellow, often inconsiderate, foolish, even violent in his actions that I welcomed this impenetrable reserve as one of his few visible remarks of a firm character.

"Yes, I have wondered," I admitted in reply, "as who would not?"

"You are almost the only one of my supposed friends who has not shown that he blames me for it," he continued bitterly. "I shall reward your fidelity."

Though I resented his ungracious attitude, I made no rejoinder. I knew what sort of a spirit would have been roused in me by the ostracism he had suffered as a result of Amy's death. Only his closer friends in the fraternity had stood by him.

"If ever a man loved a woman," he began, his voice heavy with emotion, "I loved Amy Radcliffe. I love her now. Wherever her pure soul wanders tonight it carries the full devotion of my heart!"

He paused, halted by a stifled sob.

"She was a wonderful girl!" he continued, when he had regained his self-control. "Many a time my admiration has fluttered in pleased bewilderment as to whether to settle on her brilliant intellect, with its penetration, its subtlety its power; or on her heart, so human and warm; or on her soul, pure as an angel's. Only once in generations a woman of her type blesses this world!"

He lapsed into a long silence, broken at last by the passionate exclamation:

"God never had two children who loved each other more! Our lives had been pledged, and we were joyously planning for our future, when suddenly an awful shadow fell athwart our sky of promise, and a voice of thunder commanded us to part. It was terrible—terrible!"

He buried his face in his hands, and groaned as if the agony were yet fresh in his heart.

"Perhaps you do not understand," he resumed, when he had grown calmer. "The explanation can be made prosaic enough. Insanity—that terrible word tells the whole story. The curse rested on her family and mine. Her grandmother and her mother had died in a private sanitarium; my grandfather had lost his reason while in the prime of his powers, trying a noted case in open court, and my father, in a fit of homicidal rage, had killed my infant brother and himself. She told me of the curse in her family when I asked for her hand, but I was less honest. I knew that should she learn my awful secret, her exalted conception of duty would keep us forever apart.

"I have been told that at times my eyes glisten with unnatural light; that a certain wildness in their expression tells all too convincingly of my inheritance from my poor father. In one of these moments, Amy threw one quick, frightened glance at them, and recoiled in horror.

"Your eyes—how they gleam! The curse—the curse is in your blood! Oh, Lamar, would God I had died before I learned it!"

"She fell in my arms and sobbed convulsively. Unnoticed, one of the dormitory girls came in, paused, and passed upstairs to begin building the gossip that has since fallen on me with such crushing weight.

"Amy at last grew calm; too calm for one under such a strain. 'Is it true?' she asked in a tone of low sadness, her sweet voice softly rhythmic.

"It is true," I answered, though the words choked me.

"Then we can never marry!" she said with infinite sadness. "I will be frank with you. I have dreamed that we should have a real home together; a home rich with our love, and sweet with the laughter of children. I have always loved children. To have them has been the great hope of my life. But for us they are impossible. The curse in our blood would blight their innocent minds."





"Her calmness deserted her. Sobbing, she fell on her knees before me. 'I love you, Lamar,' she cried; 'more than God knows, I love you!'"

"You know the rest of the awful story. With a wild shriek, she fell in a faint. The dormitory girls poured down from upstairs and bore her up to her chamber, while I stood helpless; stupefied with grief. A few moments later, she revived and fought them, and with a heart-rending cry plunged through the window to the pavement below.

"I dreamed of her last night," he continued, in tones so subdued I could scarcely hear him, "dreamed that she was alive, and that we were married. Two bright children played about us, while we stood proudly watching them. Suddenly an unreasoning fear smote my heart—the fear that my ancestral weakness would assert itself. For a moment I fought against the wild impulse that seized me; then took the younger child by the ankle, swung it aloft, and dashed its head on a stone!"

At this instant, from high up the cliff where the panther made her den, came ringing the cry of the beast, long-drawn and quivering with pathos like the cry of a heart-broken child.

"My God!" cried Lamar, springing up and clapping his hands over his ears to shut out the echoes of the scream. "It's Amy's voice as I heard it when she plunged from the window! Don't you hear in it the cry of children waiting for their lost hope of birth?"

"It's only the panther the natives told us about this mornnig," I replied. "You're unstrung, Lamar. You have been under a great strain, and have almost reached the breaking point. I should not have permitted you to tell me the story. Come, let's strip for a plunge in the lake. The shock of cold water will help turn the currents of your thoughts."

Fearing the effect of another cry from the panther, I sent several revolver bullets whistling up toward the den. "Don't frighten the beast away," said Lamar in gentle remonstrance.

"Its cry is terrible, but it fascinates me. The echoes still ring in my ears, and as they grow fainter they seem to tell, not of horror, but of love and yearning. Perhaps the spirit of Amy is calling me."

After our plunge and rub-down, we prepared for bed, but Lamar refused to retire immediately. "Its so beautiful out here in the moonlight," he said by way of excuse. "Everything is so strange and unreal."

My judgment told me to sit with him and endeavor to keep him from morbid thoughts, but I found myself helpless. My well-meant questions were unnoticed; my efforts to talk cheerfully received not the slightest attention. Finally, he turned to me with a quiet smile.

"Do you know, Jack, I believe that if ever I do lose my mind it will be on a night like this. Everything seems so unreal, so different in the moonlight. The cliffs yonder, and the lake, and even these rocks and trees ought not to be called by the same names tonight as we used for them a few hours ago at noon. The very air is different. It is one great, shimmering expanse of wavelets and ripples, as though it were not air, but sea, and spirits seem gliding hither and yon in their slender, graceful barks. Always on moonlight nights I live in such a different realm from our daylight world that I find it hard to return. Some day I may find it impossible."

"Come out of it!" I cried vigorously, for I feared the result of this sort of fancy. "You're half-crazed already. You've got to leave this dangerous moonlight, and come to bed!"

"Poor poet," he murmured, "always misunderstood!" but he offered no further objections to retiring.

His sleep has troubled. Mine came not at all. Thrice as I was beginning to doze, he startled me with hysteric imitations of the panther's scream. At my frightened enquiry he muttered incoherently, as one talking in his sleep.

At half past three, he sprang abruptly from his couch. "Come!" he cried,



sharply, fastening his powerful grip on my wrist. "The water is cool and invites us." Stooping, he picked up a large hunting knife, which had served various humble purposes about the camp.

Resistance was not to be considered. Even without the weapon, he was more than my master in physical encounter. I could only trust that his aberration, if aberration it were, would be temporary; or that, by seeming to submit to his will, I could bend him to mine.

White-clad, we leaped from the tent, and ran along the shore to the old flat-bottomed boat. Half throwing me into this, he pushed off sharply, and plying the oars with swift, vigorous strokes, shot the clumsy vessel through the water as though it were a light canoe. When we reached the center of the lake, full two hundreds yards from shore, he ceased rowing, and fixed his gleaming eyes on me.

"Jack," said he, with suppressed excitement, "I'm going to fly off to Amy's world! Thrice tonight while I lay trying to sleep she called me!"

"Take care, Lamar," I answered warningly. "The Bible—Amy's Bible forbids such a deed. If you die by your own hand, God may keep you from her forever."

"She made my peace with Him," he answered, with baffling faith. "Otherwise, she would not have called me."

"Be reasonable, Lamar!" I cried desperately, as he began feeling the edge of the knife. "Consider me, if you won't regard yourself. We two are here alone. If you take your life, I will be held for murder. No jury on earth would believe my story of your suicide. I will be sent to prison—or to the gal-lows."

He was thoughtful for a moment, but just as I was flattering myself that I had saved him, he cried: "You must go with me! I go to seek Amy through an unknown world. I shall need your presence, your help. And for your reward, you shall live at our home in Paradise!"

Though frightened, I maintained my

self control. "I am not prepared to go," I said as deliberately as I could force the words to obey me. "I have not been a religious man. Besides I lack the physical courage. I shudder at the thought of cold steel in my heart."

"You will suffer no pain," he assured me, with a benignant smile. "I will wait until you fall asleep, and then with one blow set the world behind you. You need not fear for your virtues. They will carry you safely to the land of promise."

I lost my fear at his words. If he would abide by his agreement to postpone his departure—and mine—until I should fall asleep, I felt certain that daylight would intervene and recall him to his senses. I settled comfortably in my seat to await the dawn.

After some minutes of silence, I felt a drowsiness stealing over me, but attributed it, naturally enough, to the reaction from the nervous strain I had undergone. I did not for an instant doubt my ability to sit through the small remainder of the night. But as time wore on, the sensation of drowsiness increased. I sought to shake it off by talking with Lamar, but he smiled and held up a warning finger.

Half an hour or more passed, and I caught myself nodding. Alarmed, I dipped my hands in the cold water, and bathed my brow. Lamar, still smiling shook his head, and raised the knife in a sort of mild menace.

To humor him was my only chance for holding him to his agreement, so I desisted from visible expedients for keeping myself awake. Instead, I fought against the subtle power of the sensation by picturing to myself the upraised knife, poised for a flight to my heart. But to my dismay, I found that the very monotony of the picture contributed to the weakness it was designed to overcome. Never before had sleep called me with such quiet, masterful insistence. I dimly realized that the moment was near when my last hope for safety would be to tip over the boat and strike out for shore.





Suddenly, I know not how or why, I lost all interest in the struggle. I fell to looking off dreamily through the moonlight, and saw, as had Lamar earlier in the evening, shining spirits feathering their slender barks through the ocean of the air. So charmed was I with the vision that I longed earnestly for death. I too would glide over the shimmering deep.

Faintly, as from out the far distance, and softly sweet, as the voice of a spirit, I heard Lamar saying: "Lie calm, my friend; sleep well. We will wake in the Resurrection," I have a confused remembrance of a knifeblade's flash; then all was peace.

Sometime afterward, I became dimly conscious. "What 's wrong?" I asked in feeble bewilderment.

There was no reply.

"Why didn't you kill me?" I murmured, still lost in perplexity.

Again there was no response. I lay quietly for a few moments while I struggled back to consciousness; then crawled to the door of the tent. Outside, on a rock, sat Lamar; his tall figure bent forward, his face buried in his hands. "In the name of God," I

cried, thoroughly roused at last, "what was wrong with you just now? You forced me to go out on the lake, and then you raised the knife....."

"Amy's voice rang sharp, commanding me to spare you," he interrupted, sadly. "I could not stop the blow, but I swerved it. I brought you ashore as she bade me, and now I wait for a further message from her. She will call me!" he cried exultantly. "Our hearts cannot remain sundered longer. God has wedded our souls; He will not keep us apart."

Again from the cliff rang the long, quavering cry of the panther. Lamar sprang to his feet; his face transfigured with light. "She calls me!" he cried, ecstatically. "Her faithful heart craves mine! Amy, my Life, I come!"

Slowly he raised the knife, held it poised for one joyous moment, then swept it swiftly, relentlessly to its rest.

In that sublimely terrible instant, the panther's cry rang again from the cliff. It was unlike any cry man ever heard from beast. It was long-drawn and quavering as before, but its timbre was not pathos, but joy. Its echoes trembled into nothingness far off in the clear shining heavens.

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## Eponine

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*A bleeding hand,*

*A broken heart,*

*A wasted form,*

*A life all pain;*

*A being crushed,*

*A wounded soul,*

*A helpless child;*

*Yet brave enough*

*To live,*

*To die:*

*Ah, braver still—*

*To love!*

—George Wallis



# The Path

By FLORA DUNCAN

You know the spring anemone that blows  
Brave in the rough wind,  
Or in the noon heat lifts its face bright-  
smiling—

A pure star upon the plain;  
The gold heart, petals with a dainty tint  
beneath,

Enclose at night in pure, calm, dewy sleep:  
Content her place to fill, she feareth naught.  
Yet step you from the dreaming flower  
apace,

And, face to face  
With the star-bright heaven, say you, if  
you can,  
The flower could not be fairer.

You know, too, I can guess, a gentle woman  
Brave in the rough wind, star-faced, smiling,  
Pure, calm, beautiful. Perchance there be  
In your own heart a spring anemone  
To have delight in. If your heart know  
The meaning of these words, believe it, then,  
You are the gentle woman  
Brave in the rough wind, pure, beautiful,  
calm,

Smiling in eternal sun. But do not fail  
To step aside, and, face to face,  
See your own image with the Perfect One.  
Nor hide the imperfections in yourself.  
Say only, the vision shall not be lost again,  
And it will come to live within your heart.

There is a tree that lends its sea-green  
boughs  
Alike to breeze and storm—  
Nor fears. Sweet is the solace of its mighty  
shade,

Gladdening the summer revel of its leaves  
In summer sun. And in the twilight time  
There comes a song of peace in a soft voice  
That teaches heart things, and that comforts.  
Yet step you from the twilight tree a pace,  
And, face to face  
With the star-bright heaven, say you, if you  
can,  
The tree could not be fairer.

There are men in earth's meadows wide,  
Staunch-branched, sea-strong  
Teaching heart things and glad in summer  
sun  
Comforting, living twilight calm.  
You know a man? If then thy soul  
Vibrate responsive to the sea-green tree  
That fears not and is glad, read in that joy  
The proof that you are he. But do not fail  
To step aside, and, face to face,  
See your own image with the Perfect One.  
Nor hide the imperfections in yourself.  
Say only, the vision shall not be lost again,  
And it will come to live within your heart.

Anemone under star-skies dreaming,  
Green-leave'd oak in twilight singing.  
In the face of heaven can fairer be.  
If your worth unto these be incomplete  
Learn of them, and the vision keep.  
Sleeping and waking then your heart shall  
thrive  
And ever in the circle-widening skies,  
In sorrow mist or joy light, beyond the last  
sweet star,  
Another shall you see alight afar.





# Social Whirl on the South African Frontier

By FRANK L. SNOW

SOME years ago, when the Boer War was brewing, the writer left the comforts of Kansas for what he considered would be the hardships of the South African frontier. The average American at that time entertained an erroneous idea of conditions in "darkest" Africa, having gained an

docked at the enterprising port of Cape Town, I naturally was not a little surprised to hear the clang of electric cars, and to view with admiration the splendid buildings of a modern type of which this city of 60,000 population is justly proud.

Before I could get away from the



The Representative of the British Government, Col. Chester Master and Mrs. Chester Master Starting on a Hunting Expedition.

impression especially from the comic magazines that the vast unexplored territory was made up of desert lands with an occasional oasis where sportive monkeys would take delight in hurling cocoanuts at the weary traveler, and dense jungles where the aborigines lived in trees as a means of protection against wild beasts.

When the good ship, Garth Castle

custom house I found that instead of reaching a realm where formality was a lacking quantity, I had arrived at a place where one has more red tape to contend with in the space of an hour that he would have to deal with in Kansas in a week. There were petty officials to confront who were so imbued with a sense of importance that they would forget to be civil. However,



during a visit of two weeks in this southern port, I learned that a really "Big" man among the Colonial English is known by his extreme courtesy, and that it is only the "would be great" fellows who feel their position to such a marked degree.

Re-embarking at Cape Town we steamed along the east coast to Beira, a small town in Portuguese territory, where, instead of using side walks as a means of getting about, the people are pushed in small cars from place to place by natives, over a net work of narrow tracks.

The journey inland from Beira to Umtali, near the eastern boundary of Rhodesia, was made over a two and a half foot track, the almost toy-like train creeping over its sinuous course at the rate of ten miles an hour with an occasional stop for water, or to permit the "engine driver" to take a shot at some beast of the forest that chanced to be wandering along the tracks. A large hyena succumbed in this way to the marksmanship of the man at the throttle.

From Umtali, a pretty little town snugly nestled under the protection of a chain of mist-enveloped mountains, the journey was continued over the standard three and a half foot gauge of South Africa as far as Salisbury, our final destination.

Salisbury is the capital town of Southern Rhodesia with a population of 2,000 whites, chiefly English and Scotch. The picture which I had formed of this frontier town was completely shattered, for a while, in some respects I found the life of the people to be a free and easy one, still, they bow down before brass buttons and officialdom in general, although there is a certain permeating sense of charm about this land—where, it has been conjectured the Queen of Sheba once resided and held the reins of power. The common saying is that when once the fascination of a sojourn in Rhodesia has been tasted, it is impossible to resist the peculiar influence that draws one back a second time. In my own case the truth of the

saying seemed to be verified for I returned after an absence of two years to this realm which some enthusiasts go so far as to believe was the site of the Garden of Eden.

One might ask, in what does this charm consist, for the luxury and pomp that English custom and etiquette would demand, is often missing. The hostess who would always speak of England as "God's country" and might have boasted of her dinner parties as being "both entertainment and ceremony," would not be overly surprised to find that her thick skulled boy cook of dusky persuasion was serving in the form of soup, the jelly which she personally had prepared, or that he had mistaken the salad dressing for gravy and had poured it over the meat! Conventionality would not be a minus quantity, however, for the guests would be attired in full dress. The steaming venison would disappear as a result of the ravenous appetites which velvet life produces. Toasts would be tendered and healths drunk.

A bal poudre, or some other form of dance given under the auspices of His Honor, the Administrator, Sir William Milton and Lady Milton and other notables, is something to be looked forward to as the greatest society event of the season. The brilliancy of the scene in the drill hall of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers on such an occasion would dazzle the eye of the casual observer who would expect to see the coarse elements which often make up the life of a frontier colony.

The display of gowns gives to the ladies present a topic of conversation for many days to come, and the masculine representation secures items of gossip for future dissemination, for contrary to the reputation that femininity has established, the men are the recognized source of information on all such matters. It might be mentioned that it is a breach of frontier etiquette for a lady to appear in a gown a second time.

An elaborate supper is served during an intermission, which includes on the





menu substantial dishes, such as meat pies, and a varied assortment of fancy desserts. Wines and stronger beverages flow freely, and not infrequently a number of those who have not engaged in dancing, became hilariously inclined before the merry-makers finally disperse. The kaleidoscopic effect produced by the dancing of the lancers, furnishes interesting diversion for those

gating at the sales by auction of household furniture. Here is bought everything under the sun that one would have no use for, because the price seems low. These useless effects are usually stored away until the next trip "home" is undertaken, when they are re-sold at auction.

Among the 12,000 whites who people Rhodesia, several hundred Boers



The Conjectured Home of the Queen of Theba.

in the gallery who are not participating in the gaiety of the evening.

The dances and "at homes" at Government House, are among the important events of the social life. Then there are the sports—horse racing, cricket, polo, football, hockey, military tournaments, and tennis and golf-croquet series in which the ladies also take part. The teas and receptions which are often given are of rather a stiff nature. To a great extent the men do their entertaining at the hotel bar. Home theatricals and concerts help to relieve the monotony of affairs.

Especially the feminine portion of the population takes delight in congre-

are represented. Their simple hospitality and lack of formality is in contrast to the phase of provincial society just depicted. For the most part these hardy people; superstitious, and shrewd in the sense that they have to be watched when it comes to a business transaction, are either tillers of the soil or engaged with their spans of donkeys or oxen in "transport riding."

On one occasion as a representative of the Rhodesia Herald, I found myself at dusk on the threshold of a Boer farm house, roughly constructed from logs, plastered over with mud. "You are welcome," were the hearty words that greeted my ears as the door was opened





and a well-proportioned man with a reddish beard stood before me. As I was drenched to the skin, I was glad to accept a change of clothing.

I soon appeared at supper attired in a buttonless coat, evidently intended for a portly gentleman, a pair of trousers of duck material, which clung to me with the tenacity of a thoroughbred bull dog, and a brilliant red hand-

coals, and the result was delicious.

Strong coffee and bread, baked in a Dutch oven completed the bill of fare. Without ceremony we pitched in and did justice to our sharpened appetites. The conversation was full of life, but not in the least intellectual. "All sorts of things and weather" were discussed.

At the conclusion of the repast, commencing with our host, a single bowl



A Group of Typical Natives.

kerchief, in lieu of a collar. In spite of the grotesque appearance which I must have presented, owing to the simplicity of the surroundings and the general air of hospitality which prevailed, I at once felt perfectly at ease.

The rough board table was spread with a cloth of dingy aspect and in its center steamed a savory wart hog which had been roasted in the usual fashion of the country. A fire had been built, and when a good bed of coals had been formed they were raked to one side, and a hole dug into which the pig was slipped. A layer of earth was then applied and over it was raked the

of water and towel were passed down the line.

The producing of a concertina had the effect of causing a general stampede for the open air. A circular space was quickly cleared in front of the house and the young people indulged in a somewhat strenuous form of waltzing.

By ten o'clock the visitors were "trekking" home by moonlight, the younger generation being lulled to sleep by the occasional yelping of a jackal, the hooting of owls, the various other nocturnal sounds peculiar to the Rhodesian veldt, and the weird shrieking of the Hottentot driver who was cracking





his long whip and giving commands to the sixteen oxen, in the Dutch language.

Returning to the house, those who remained chatted for a few minutes, but yawning got to the contagious stage and preparations were made for retiring. As the house boasted of but one bed room it became necessary to utilize the dining room. A box in one corner served as a cradle for a slumbering infant. On the floor nine of us lay, packed in sardine-like. Having listened for an apparently endless time to the guttural notes of a bass-voiced bull frog I became desperate for an opportunity to change my position without disturbing anyone who might have dropped off into unconscious bliss. Relief came from an unexpected source, for upon a signal from our host, the whole line flopped over.

Among the aborigines who lived in villages composed of from twenty-five to one or two hundred roughly built huts, which, on account of their conical shaped thatched roofs, remind one of huge toad stools, the social instinct is evinced in a crude and primitive fashion. In fact, so low is the scale of enlightenment that among, especially, the Mashona tribe, which occupies the central portion of Southern Rhodesia, almost animal characteristics prevail. Occurances which are extremely popular in the kraal-villages are monthly "dead relative" all-night dances. If a deceased relative has not been treated properly while on earth, then it becomes necessary on the part of the offender, according to native superstition, to hold a dance in honor of said departed relative. Unless this is done the spirit of the latter is supposed to make existence miserable for the unfortunate transgressor of aboriginal etiquette. The dances begin early in the evening and the revelers continue their activities throughout the night. To the monotonous thump of a tom-tom they go through imaginary fights with wild animals and conflicts with enemies, from time to time sinking in heaps on the ground from sheer exhaustion, and rolling their eyes until

nothing is seen of them but the whites. The excitement often waxes intense, the on-lookers adding the full volume of their voices to the tinkle of miniature pianos of native design. A certain individual, on one of these occasions, became so far carried away upon the wings of ecstasy that he began to trip the light fantastic upon the faggots radiating from a merrily burning fire in the center of the hut. The false roll of a stick planted this victim of barbaric entrancement squarely in the midst of the flames, and the benign expression on his countenance made a lasting impression upon the mind of the on-looker, who rushed to the rescue.

It was during a harvest celebration that the inhabitants of an entire village became so intoxicated that they did not notice the passing of a month. A new moon was full under way before they came to their proper senses, and for weeks they sat day and night debating the very weighty question as to "whether it is the month that is or the month that isn't!"

Returning to the first phase of Rhodesian life depicted, it might be of interest to note that among those who have succumbed to the charm of the surroundings and are a factor in the development of the country, Kansas has a small representation.

William Harvey Brown, ranchman, mine owner, politician and author of "On the South African Frontier" (Scribner's), was one of the pioneers to help place the British flag in Great Britain's frontier colony. He is a graduate of the State University at Lawrence.

The law making body of the country is composed of the local officers of the British South African Co., together with six delegates of the people, among whom is Mr. "Curio" Brown. He will probably always be known by that appellation, due to the fact that during the first few years of settlement he represented the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., and the British Museum, as hunter of big game and collector of anthropological specimens.



# The Voice of Fate

BY JOSEPH N. HEYLMUN

FOR TWO long, agonizing days I had denied my thirst; and for the very good reason that I had neither more wine nor the means of procuring any. Now, at ten o'clock the night of the second day, I had all but reached the limit of my endurance. My whole being had become consumed with the single idea of appeasing that terrible thirst. I cared not that I was hopelessly in debt for that room which was to me a home and studio in one, that my best paintings lay moulding in the corner, that my clothing hung in rags, nor that my next meal seemed a problem insoluble. I only prayed for wine, wine, more wine. As time passed I grew desperate. Feverishly I paced the floor—paced and turned, turned and paced, until the very madness of desperation drove me forth into the night.

I know not what course I took, nor how long I wandered. I only know that, stumbling after some indefinite time down a certain dark and unknown avenue, I was startled by a bright light flashing across my eyes. Looking up, I beheld before me a stately mansion wrapped in a silent and funereal gloom, save for one thin blade of light that struggled forth from the side of a blind. This light fell directly on me, and as I instinctively turned I caught a glimpse of a scene within that caused me to start forward and glue my eyes to the pane.

In the room before me an old man was on his knees working with the lock of a steel safe. He was evidently trying to open the door; but, being unsuccessful, he rose in a moment and drew forth a book from the drawer of a near by secretary. Searching in this, he knelt again before the safe.

Ah, with what desperation I pressed

my eye to the window! I guessed that the book held the combination, and even at that impossible distance I strove to read the figures. It is needless to say what nefarious scheme had entered my brain.

The old man, having been at length successful in opening the safe, deposited within it a large roll of bills and relocked the door. Then marking the page with a card, he replaced the book in the drawer. And the drawer, I marked with fiendish triumph, he failed to lock!

I tarried no longer. Returning at once to my studio, I removed one of the legs of my table, and by means of a chisel and heated iron bored into the top of it a neat and deep cavity.

Then I sat down to wait.

When at length the small and silent hours of the morning had come, I took my chisel and repaired to the house. All was silent as the grave. Stealing to a back window of the room in which was the safe, I inserted the chisel and pried gently. The window raised readily. I had no trouble in gaining the room. All seemed well; the lights were low, and all doors shut. Still I was very, very careful. I made not the slightest sound as I opened the secretary drawer and drew forth the book. As I did so I read on the cover, "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe;" and somehow that gloom inspiring name struck my superstitious fancy with a vague presentment. And I actually shuddered when, turning the pages, I found the card at the title page of that tale of horror, "The Black Cat." But upon that page also was written the combination; in the mad prosecution of my purpose all else was forgotten, and in hardly more time than it takes to





tell it I was kneeling before the open safe filling my pockets with money.

Having closed and locked the door, I was just upon the point of rising when I was startled by a sound. Turning sharply, I beheld the old man standing in the doorway. There was no time to escape, for the next instant, with a cry of rage, he rushed furiously upon me. My liberty and honor were at stake. With desperate coolness I stepped quickly aside, and catching up a chair, brought it down with terrific force upon his head. He dropped without a sound, and a pool of blood widened upon the floor.

For some time I stood dazed at the enormity of my act; but at length the prime instinct of self preservation forced upon me a desperate composure. After carefully replacing the book in the secretary, and looking sharply about me to see that all was well, I dropped out upon the trackless turf and closed the window. A few moments more and I was in my studio.

Ah, how many have seen the time when they would have given their very lives to recall a fateful moment! Such futile longing is the keenest edge of keen remorse. I sank into a chair, and hiding my face in my hands, bitterly cursed my folly. I had dreaded to be a thief, and now—I was a murderer!

Yet the very gravity of my position sharpened the instinct of self preservation. I roused myself, and packing the bills tightly into the table leg, replaced it so tightly that the table seemed perfect as ever. I looked about me searchingly. I reviewed my crime in every detail. And I realized that nowhere had I left the remotest clew. Even with the stain of murder upon my soul I could hardly restrain a smile of triumph. For once, I convinced myself, sagacity should rob justice of her prey!

Alas! I have since learned the danger of over confidence.

I sat until the darkness faded, helpless against the hot edge of remorse that burned into my very soul. My crime, in all its sickening details,

recalled the book—its author, the dark and gloomy genius, Poe—the gruesome, horrible tale of the Black Cat. God! how terribly prophetic! I saw my victim, white and cold and stiff in death—I saw that crimson pool of blood that widened on the floor—I saw—my God! again and again I saw it all, and it seemed the burning agony would drive me mad!

When at length the day had broken I borrowed my landlord's paper, finding in it a full and sensational account of my crime. And with great gratification I learned that, although the safe suggested the motive of robbery, yet the identity of the criminal seemed shrouded in a mystery impenetrable. There seemed no doubt of my security.

And thus it was that, my thirst burning at the hope of satiety with a fierceness that was wholly intolerable, I spurned any unseen dangers, and taking some bills from the table leg, set out forthwith to procure some wine.

As I was hurrying through the business section, gazing abstractedly into the shop window, my eye was suddenly arrested by the sight of a large phonograph. Now, unsociable and friendless though I was, my soul had always yearned for the healthful diversions of music, laughter, and conversation. And yet, although I had long since heard of that wonderful invention, the phonograph, it had never before occurred to me that in its peculiar properties lay the very gratification of my soul's desire. With a phonograph indeed, and with a phonograph only, could I obtain, in my present situation, a taste of the pleasures of human companionship. I think at that instant, in spite of my tortured soul, I was happy.

And thus it occurred that upon my return I was laden not only with a plentiful supply of wine, but also with a phonograph and many records. A considerable portion of the latter were blank, as I was clever at whistling and wished to record my ability.

In fact, my ardent desire in the latter regard was among the principal



influences in effecting the purchase. And although I reached home nearly exhausted from the long walk and loss of sleep, yet my eagerness was such that I was loath to delay. Thus I adjusted the machine forthwith and seated myself before the horn. But I now found myself at loss for a melody. The better to reflect, I leaned back in my rocker and placed my feet upon the table in close proximity to the phonograph.

Being superstitious, I have always believed in fate; and since the direful events of that day my belief has approached conviction. For although it is true that I was well nigh exhausted, yet how else could I, in such a state of mental disquietude, have fallen asleep? Yet it is true, nevertheless, that I fell asleep I did. And if while awake I had suffered the pangs of remorse, I now suffered the veriest agony. For I dreamed of my crime in its most hideous aspects; of being arrested; of making a full and detailed confession; of being brought into the court room; of seeing among the crowd my victim, stark and cold in death, his face besmirched with gore and his glassy eyes fixed upon me with an awful stare of sorrowful reproach. I screamed aloud in horror. I turned to the judge and pleaded with him, entreated him, adjured him in the name of the Almighty God! I knelt, I bowed, I groveled—in tears of fear and shame I cried for mercy. And I awoke with the words still on my lips and a cold sweat on my brow.

A dream so exceedingly terrible was not, of course, disposed to leave me in a comfortable state of mind; and so it was with feverish haste that I turned to my interrupted diversion. But to my surprise I found that during my nap the phonograph had run down; evidently my foot had touched the releasing lever. I cursed myself for ruining a record, and straightway played the first air that came to hand.

That night, while seeking in the potencies of wine and music a refuge from my troubles, I was startled by a

knock upon the door. With an effort I composed myself, and stepping forward drew it open. Two policemen entered. For an instant I was staggered; but by a desperate exertion of the will I quickly calmed myself and proceeded to act the part of the outraged gentleman.

I learned from their explanation that the robbery had at length been discovered; and that, through a knowledge of my purchases and also of my destitute condition, suspicion had been aroused. I surmised, what I afterward found to be true, that my landlord had a hand in it. His suspicions had probably been given color by my evident eagerness in borrowing his paper.

The policemen showed me a search warrant, advising me to comply peaceably. At this my manner changed. My indignation vanished. I became not only peaceable, but courteous and obliging. I even insisted upon helping them in the search.

Anywhere and everywhere they hunted—high and low, to the right and to the left, under the carpet, in every drawer, through my coat, among my paintings—in fine, they searched most closely in every nook and corner. Of a truth, they even went so far as to carry their quest among my records, taking them collectively from their respective envelopes, and being none too careful in replacing them.

But, diligent as were their efforts, I felt confident they could have but one end; and when it came my exultation was such that I became quite sympathetic and friendly.

Indeed, so buoyed with triumph was I that my cordiality quite overstepped the bounds of wisdom. For, when they were about to leave, I grew so audacious as to invite them to stay a while and have some wine and music.

They hesitated, while I urged eloquently; and at length, after holding a whispered consultation, they so far unbent their official dignity as to return and seat themselves at my table. And I laughed in my sleeve as I observed







one unconsciously place his foot against the very leg in which were the bills.

Having poured the wine, I placed my catalogue on the table before them that they might select a melody. After a moment's perusal one of them, doubtless by pure chance, suggested Verdi's "Miserere."

I have said that I am superstitious; and if I started at the selection, I shuddered when I found it numbered in the catalogue thirteen. I fancied I discerned the hand of fate hounding me relentlessly—Poe, "The Black Cat," the "Miserere," and now that cursed number! My heart was struck with a mysterious dread. For a moment I hesitated. Yet I feared to act the least suspicious. And besides, I reasoned, what conceivable harm could come of a simple melody? The very thought seemed absurd.

Yet, as I turned to search among that chaotic mass of records, I felt myself surrendering, despite all reason, to a strange and inexplicable agitation. And so fierce was my inward struggle to fight it off, so desperate my endeavors to conceal it, that even now, after this short time, I have only a vague remembrance of my outward actions—of adjusting the record, starting the machine, and seating myself at the table with my guests.

I have spoken of my earnest belief in fate, a belief strengthened by tracing

her mighty hand and feeling its dire, relentless power. That night I learned of her bitter irony, of her hopeless inscrutability, of her bent to turn most trivial things to fit her deep designs.

For, seated at that table with my incongruous guests—where I knew that by no means I should be—imagine, if you can, the overwhelming flood of fear, of most supreme and utter horror that engulfed my soul when I heard issuing from the horn of that damnable machine, instead of a delicious melody, a voice—the voice of a man! Imagine the awful wonder, the exquisite superstitious terror that froze me where I sat when I recognized the voice as my own! As one hypnotized I listened, listened as each damning word struck and burned and sank within my soul, listened as my own voice, without my will to stay it, made a full and detailed confession of my crime!

When silence reigned again my head dropped helplessly, hopelessly into my hands, and dry sobs racked my throat. Dimly I heard them take the leg from the table and cry out in triumph at their find.

Then one stepped forward and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"But how—?" he began, bewildered.

With sudden fierce defiance I raised my eyes to his. "Sir," I cried, with terrible earnestness, "it is the hand of God!"

## The Necessity of Music

By G. G. CLARK

I DO NOT believe that there is anything I might say, on this occasion, that would be of more importance than that which would, in some way, emphasize the rightful place of music in our lives.

The general lack of correct comprehension of the necessity and value of music, in our every day lives, has denied it the place it ought to be given. Music is studied by many, and is gaining

ground in the place it occupies in our educational system, but it is not accorded a place of equal importance with the other branches of learning. Music may not be, in some ways, as necessary as some of the other branches to our existence, but of all of the branches of learning there is none more capable of broadening, elevating and sweetening life than music. There is a chord in every human breast that will



vibrate when touched by music, and a well rounded education is not complete until that chord has been aroused and wrought upon.

The beneficent influence of music can be seen in every sphere of life, and the better knowledge of it there is the more it is appreciated. Music is usually regarded as an unnecessary accomplishment or luxury, that is, something not absolutely necessary, but very desirable to have. It is a great accomplishment—there are few greater. As a luxury it is certainly one of the most enjoyable, and it is because this is not more fully recognized that the part which music plays is often left undone and life is without its greatest charm.

Our accomplishments are only beneficial to us as we become active in the use of them. Music is a splendid preparation for most of the duties of life, and it quickens us to their performance. Music is the language of the emotions, and the elements of every part of music are found in our being. A musical education is the development of these elements.

The adaptability of music is such that it can be suited to every condition of society and life. It is, therefore, not all of the same grade or character. The character of music used under different circumstances is determined by the purpose to be accomplished. One of the essentials of a good musical education is the ability to do this. As the physician diagnoses the case of his patient, and is thus able to give the proper medicine, so the musician should be able to determine the character and grade of music most suitable for different circumstances, that the best results may be gained. By way of illustration, suppose that a mother wants to put her baby to sleep, she would neither sing nor play a quickstep, but would sing or hum in low, sweet tones a cradle song: if a regiment of soldiers were marching upon the enemy, the band would not play a funeral dirge, or hymn of devotion, but some stirring, patriotic air. When a congregation assembles for divine worship, the music

should be in accord with the purpose they have in mind. "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," "Come Thou Almighty King," "Jesus Lover of My Soul" and "Nearer My God to Thee," could not give place to "Yankee-doodle," "The Irish Washer Woman," "The Devil's Dream," "Dixie," or even some of the classical productions of the great masters.

A young woman who had finished her musical education, at the end of her school life, went home to visit her parents. Much time and money had been spent on her education, and the expectations of her parents were very great; they were anxious to hear her play on the piano. This she did for them with a wonderful display of intellectual art and skill, in the rendition of one of the great masterpieces. She was an artist and it was well done, but they were disappointed. The music was beyond their grasp and they did not appreciate it. One of the old, standard melodies, with which they were familiar rendered with the skill she had acquired would have satisfied them and a noble purpose would have been accomplished.

The use of music, like medicine, is to be determined by the needs of the case. There is the music of childhood, the music of youth, the music of maturer years, the music of old age, the music of earth and the music of heaven, each in its peculiar time and place has its purpose.

The musician, sometimes, becomes a physician of great skill and worth, ministering to both the soul and body of man. Music has been, and is now frequently used, with marked results, as a sedative, a tonic and a stimulant, for the physical system as well as the soul. Saul, David, Solomon and many others of their time and since, had their harpers and singers, who ministered unto both their bodies and their souls. The salutary effect of music on the nervous system is very great, and it has always been used with great effect and benefit. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is an old saying that embodies a volume of truth.





Within the last century musical sanitariums have been established for the purpose of treating patients, effected with insomnia and other nervous ailments, with very satisfactory results. This is not to be wondered at when we remember the nature of music and its effect upon us. The London Lancet gives an account of Dr. Beschinsky curing a little girl who was subject to nightmare and sleeplessness, upon whom many recognized remedies had been tried in vain, by having her mother play Chopin's slow waltz in A minor. Other cases of similar treatment are also on record, where good results have been obtained. Miss Christine Brown, of Boston, who has founded a new health cult in that city, says that, "Healing by music will ultimately be accepted as the panacea for hundreds of cases of disease which now baffle physicians. The secret of cure lies entirely in sweet, melodious and seductive strains of music. Musical harmony is a fundamental law in the inner self. To be well our bodies must not only be in tune with the self within, but in accord with the external conditions. I believe that music, scientifically employed in prisons and asylums for the demented, will eventually become the means of reforming criminals, and will result in a steady decrease in the thousands who now crowd the insane asylums. It is not necessary that a person should possess an artistic sense or that a sufferer should even have a musical ear to obtain the beneficent effects of harmony." We can more fully understand the value of music, in this respect, when we recall the tunes of childhood our mothers used to sing to us.

Music and medicine were once combined by the ancients. And music, medicine and law were, at one time, very closely associated together, one being regarded just as necessary to a well rounded education as the other.

The ancient philosophers and poets held music as one of the necessary arts, as is shown by the many references they made to it in their poetry and

philosophy. Apollo was regarded as a divine musician and healer; Orpheus is said to have had power to tame wild beasts with his sweet music. Homer speaks of the skill of Achilles and Paris as musicians, and also tells, in graphic terms, how the plague was staid at the siege of Troy by the strains of music. Every lover of music is familiar with the story of Ulysses and the sirens, which illustrates the ancient idea of the power of music.

Plato declares that music led to the love of the beautiful, and said that musical education should be made compulsory. Plutarch said that music was a divine art calculated to form and compose the minds of the young to what was decent and sober. Among the Hebrews music was very popular. When Elisha was in trouble he sent for a minstrel to tranquilize his mind, and while he listened the spirit of the Lord came upon him. When Saul was in deep distress he found relief for his agonizing soul in the sweet strains of music which fell from David's lips and harp. Luther commended music a specially powerful means of warfare against the devil, and his host and wrote a number of hymns for that purpose, chief among which is his great battle hymn of the Reformation, entitled "Ein Feste Burg est Unser Gott." He also regarded music as one of the greatest gifts of the Creator, and assigns it the next place to divinity. He said, "It sets the soul at rest and places it in a most happy mood."

The recognition of music as a universal language, with an ennobling force, is necessary before it can be justly appreciated and properly used.

Music should be regarded as more than a means of money-getting or idle amusement, because it is a source of character building and soul development. "Its power and scope are inexhaustible, neither head nor heart has fathomed its depths or soared to its utmost heights." It is a universal language which transcends speech. In the production of music there is the combination of mind and muscle. When



the musician plays upon an instrument the soul pours itself out through the muscles of the fingers, and when he sings it finds an avenue of expression through the vocal chords. All persons are not alike capable of making music, but all are susceptible, in some degree, to its beneficent influence.

The people of ancient India were right when they understood that Mother Nature implanted in the soul a supreme sense of music. Music and the capacity for music are among our most valuable possessions; they are the precious gifts of God that shall endure through all time and eternity.

"Music was the first sound heard in the creation; when the morning stars sang together and all the Sons of God shouted for joy! It was the first sound heard at the birth of Christ,

when the angels sang together above the plains of Bethlehem. It is a universal language which appeals to the universal heart of mankind, and there must come a time when it will be the only suggestion left of our human nature and the creation, since it alone, of all things on earth, is known in heaven. The human soul and music, alone, are eternal."

Give yourselves right loyally to the study and practice of this divine art. Open your lives to the heaven-born strains that come floating down through all the ages and let them fill your souls. Go forth on your mission in life, harps of a thousand strings vibrating in the breath of heaven, pouring into the lives and souls of men the ennobling, refining and elevating influence of good music.

## An Incident of the Cherokee Strip Opening

By MARY HOY

**Q**UITE unconscious of who are near her, Maud Custer stands in line with ten thousand other eager homeseekers, anxiously listening for the cannon shot that at high noon is to announce the opening for settlement of the Cherokee Strip, and the beginning of the greatest race in the history of our country. Her sleek thoroughbred of slender build looks all too light for a long race with the more muscular mustangs fast crowding into line on either side. Yet far greater the contrast between the riders. A slight, slender, brown-haired girl, of perfect form and grace; a coarse crowd of swarthy cowboys, in buckskin, armed to the teeth.

The hot, stifling air so recently alive with the tumultuous jeers, cries, curses, is suddenly hushed into expectant silence. On a low mound, just ahead of the long lines, some soldiers have wheeled into view, the great gun already loaded and primed for the signal shot. So intent is she on watching their movements that she has not noticed with what difficulty the guards keep back

the ever-increasing jam, all along the lines.

But suddenly she seems to realize her imminent peril and the great danger that must attend the mad rush in starting such a race; but it is now too late to withdraw; she must gain a lead by an instant start and ride as for her life. And now comes the awful moment of intense suspense. She sees the squad parting for the gun's recoil and sets her nerves for instant action. She sees then, waved in air, five hundred blood-red flags, and hears the mighty shout of "Texans, stand together," which ends with the cannon's deafening roar—the mad stampede is on. Then, like the roll of distant thunder, comes the noise of countless feet; the very earth trembles as if from an earthquake. To pause means death. Fleet as a startled doe she takes the lead of all ere she is aware of the awful speed at which she is riding. One backward glance gives her assurance that her first great danger is past. She slackens her speed and settles down to a long, hard race





of many miles, for her goal is the Walnut valley, within whose gentle slopes she hopes to win a timber claim.

She soon reaches the divide and sees, five miles beyond, the strip of heavy timber that marks the course of the stream and the choicest claims to be staked. She directs her horse toward the nearest heavy timber, and, determined to win, bears down upon it. But now comes her real "Tug of War." Not a furlong behind her rides a score of that dreadful band who seem resolved upon the same prize. They are all prepared for the strong wire fences of the Rock Island railroad, which all are approaching at break-neck speed. She has no wire clipper, but she has an inspiration. Her quick eye marks the fence braces, and veering directly toward them, she clears them in safety, and forges ahead to the dismay of her competitors, who stop to clip the wires. She makes for a bald, square corner-stone on the black level of burned prairie and plants her starry flag on the best of the four quarters surrounding it..

The cowboy horde, diminished now to six or eight, sweep toward her as if she is their goal. Will they order her

to move on? They look fierce enough for anything. Two, and then a third swing to the ground, stake a claim, and then turn toward Maud, who stands examining her numbers on the large corner stone. She ventures to look into those hard faces to read, perchance, some assurance that her rights will not be ignored. If only her brother and sole protector had not so condemned her rash venture, even to ride near her, how invaluable now might be his presence! But, to her surprise, she hears: "I say, a gal that ken ride like that, Miss, orto have the best claim 'round this here corner, and I guess you've got 'er. You've landed among rough neighbors, but you may count on us fellers a-seein' you through ag'n all comers." Without question, she trusted the maker of this blunt, but gallant speech.

Soon another delightful surprise came by way of an anxious brother in search of a slender girl on a bay race-horse, for whose welfare he had risked the care of his claim to his partner, while he followed over the divide in the direction in which she rode leading that desperate band.

## Fred Clarke--Ball Player, Ranchman--Kansan

By CLARENCE W. MILLER

**T**HERE never was a more mistaken notion than the one that Kansas is naturally a producer of freaks. True, she does produce an abnormal entity occasionally, but she does this merely for variety's sake. She delivers the genuine, honest, unadulterated goods ten times to where she puts out one nature fake. She has produced some of the ablest barristers of the nation, her orators have always been in demand on occasions of national importance; her men of letters are known throughout the entire world; she has one explorer who was fortunate enough to not nail the North Pole; and last, but by no means least, she has produced the greatest baseball captain-manager-

player every known to the game,—Fred Carke.

Captain Clarke of the great Pittsburg Pirate ball team, and owner of the Little Pirate Ranch, of Cowley county, Kansas, was born near Des Moines, Iowa, October 3, 1872. When he was two years of age the family moved to Cowley county, Kansas, and settled on a farm four miles north of Winfield in the beautiful valley of the Walnut river. Here young Clarke received his first schooling at a country district school. In 1880, the family moved back to Iowa, and soon afterward the future Pirate captain was sent to college.

He proved himself an apt student, but at the same time, he seemed to



have an inherent love for the "diamond" that lured him away from the more arduous tasks of preparing recitations in Latin and algebra. Regardless of the protests of his parents, he

one position, and he also believes that he can play left fielder's position. How well he has succeeded is attested by his remarkable success. In the spring of 1893 he began the season with the St.



CAPTAIN FRED CLARKE.  
Ball Player, Ranchman—Kansan.

left college, and in 1892 joined the Hastings, Nebraska ball team. This was Clarke's first experience as a regular player. His initial position in the game was left field, and this position he has held ever since, never attempting any other. He believes, that with rare exceptions, a player can play only

Joseph team and ended the same season with the Montgomery, Alabama aggregation. In 1894 he joined the Savannah, Georgia team of the Southern League, from which he was purchased by the Louisville National League club on June 26, 1894. With the latter team he played until 1899. His ability becom-





ing marked as a professional and natural leader, he was given the management of the club in the fall of 1897. In 1900 the Louisville Association was consolidated with the Pittsburg, Pennsylvania National baseball club and Clarke was selected as the captain-manager. In this position he has remained,

were a great factor in making Pittsburg the winning team, are Honus Wagner, Sam Leever, Tommy Leach and Deacon Phillipe. These are his veterans—the captain's "Old Guard."

Clarke's natural ability as a ball player is indeed remarkable, and is neither equalled nor excelled by any of



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clarke and Children, Muriel and Helen, Ready for a Jaunt Over The Big Ranch.

steadily increasing, until his wonderful career is rounded out by his present remarkable achievement as captain-manager of the Pittsburg Pirates, National League pennant winners, and victors of the World's Championship series.

Here it might be stated that the members of Clarke's team at the time of the transfer of the Louisville club to Pittsburg, who have remained with him until the present time, and who

the National or American League players, save the inimitable Wagner, who is without a peer, and in a class by himself. From the beginning of his career, Fred Clarke was a phenomenal player and was considered the best left fielder that ever pulled down a "liner." His ability to judge a ball and his keen precision in the science of ball playing is extraordinary. His average in fielding is the wonder of the National League, being the highest of the entire



galaxy of stars in that aggregation of baseball giants. It is also a recognized fact that Clarke is one of the most successful, if not the only successful captain-manager in the major league. His demeanor and bearing to his men, and his courtesy to them at all times, even in severest defeat, although firm and unflinching as iron, has endeared him to his men; and it is certain that no captain commands and enjoys the res-

ability, Josh Clarke, who is playing good ball with the Columbus, Ohio, team of the American Association, in left field. None other of the family are inclined toward that profession.

Notwithstanding the fact that Clarke was always busy with the strenuous duties, required by his position, he found time to woo and win pretty Miss Annette B. Gray of Chicago, to whom he was married July 5, 1898. Their



The "Big Barn" on The Little Pirate Ranch

pect and is held in higher esteem by his players than Captain Clarke. His yearly batting average from the time he took up baseball as a profession has been more than .300 with the single exception of one year, 1908.

Although Clarke's parents were not friendly to his ambition, to become a player, still, they have been gratified to see his steady rise in his chosen profession, through his own pluck and talent, to the top-most round. His father died two years ago at a ripe old age. His mother is still living with her children in Kansas, hale and hearty, at the age of seventy-four. Captain Clarke has one brother who is a baseball player of some prominence and

oldest child, Helen, age ten, is a bright, winsome lass who delights to ride over her father's great ranch on her favorite pony. Their second child, Muriel, six years of age, is the idol of her father and many are the hours that the great ball player spends with her upon the beautiful green lawn or en auto across the fine country roads adjoining the Little Pirate Ranch. Mrs. Clarke usually accompanies her husband on his summer tours, and is an ardent baseball fan. During the baseball season the Clarkes occupy a fine summer home at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

When Fred Clarke began playing ball he was comparatively without means, now he is the possessor of a snug for-





tune, all of which he has made in his chosen profession. He owns eight hundred and eighty acres of fine land, twelve miles north of Winfield, Kansas. This land, or Little Pirate Ranch, as the captain has chosen to call it, comprises rich bottom land, and is all under careful cultivation, except one hundred and twenty-five acres, which are reserved for pasture. Of this large estate, there was planted this year: two hundred and seventy acres to corn,

fection and standard. This large ranch requires the services of twenty men constantly, and in the busy season of the year, many more hands are employed to attend to the work.

The farm implements used on the Little Pirate Ranch, are the most modern to be had. All of the plowing is done by means of steam plows. A thirty horse-power Rumley engine is used to furnish the power for this work and pulls a ponderous twenty-four-row disc



Looking Toward the South From Fred Clarke's Residence on The Little Pirate Ranch

one hundred and forty-five acres to alfalfa, forty acres to oats, one hundred acres to English blue grass and two hundred acres to wheat. There is also a large acreage of timber, comprising walnut, oak, elm, pecan, etc., etc. It is the intention to seed one hundred and sixty more to blue grass and sixty acres more to alfalfa this fall. While the Little Pirate Ranch is one of the best in the country for general agricultural purposes, Captain Clarke proposes to make a specialty of raising mules, alfalfa and hogs. Buyers are always on the lookout for good mules. Clarke's breed of hogs and mules is recognized as producing models of per-

fecture. A six horse-power gasoline engine is used for shelling and grinding feed, and for cutting wood. Captain Clarke's big barn is modern in every detail and is constructed of the best materials. It is large enough to shelter forty head of horses, a large number of cattle and has sufficient mow room to hold two hundred tons of hay and has ample granary room to store the great crops that are harvested annually. The captain is also an auto enthusiast and has his own private garage and repair shop, which is entirely modern.

There is little wonder that as the years pass, Captain Clarke is gradually losing his keen interest and love for the



National game. This is not to insinuate, however, that he is not thoroughly enthused with the sport, for while on the diamond he is always alert and striving to bring his men to the utmost tension of perfection and make his the winning team; but he prefers home life and as soon as the season is over, he proceeds immediately to his farm home where he dons the garb of the ranch-

city, and learned to love the broad prairies of the Sunflower state, and each successive year he finds it a harder task to tear himself from his Western home and hie to the east,—there to take up the stupendous task of rehabilitating his recruits and organizing his team for the season's work.

Clarke's new home on his Little Pirate Ranch,—began in the winter of



The Tenant's Home on The Little Pirate Ranch.

man, and takes life in a strenuous farmer-like way.

Clarke is devoted to his home, and loves to spend his hours amid the prosperous scenes of his Kansas land surrounded by his wife and their two dutiful children. His generosity and genial ways are a bye word with his neighbors, who are proud to claim kinship to him as a fellow tiller of the soil.

So keen is his love of home and so strong his desire to till his broad Kansas acres, that it is quite uncertain as to just how much longer the baseball world will succeed in keeping him from the one desire of his life,—farming in the best state in the Union! Early in his life he evinced a distaste for the

1907-08 and finished the following spring, is one of the finest country residences in the entire state. Everything is thoroughly modern. The foundation of this costly structure is solid concrete. It has cement floors and is two and a half stories high. The main porch is eighty feet by ten feet; the rear porch is twelve feet by twenty-four feet. The bath fixtures and lavatories are of the latest patterns and models. A number of the finest quality porcelain wash-tubs and stands are arranged with a view to neatness and convenience. A specially prepared gas engine generates gas for the needs of the household, both for lighting and cooking, while a large hot-air furnace supplies heat to with-







stand the coldest winters of this locality. A two hundred and fifty barrel tank, built in the cellar apartments of this elegant home and connected to a large Woodmaney wind mill, with an air-pump attachment, equips the Clarke home with an efficient fire protection. So perfect is this appliance that a large stream of water can be thrown entirely

and instructions for the improvement of his land and its yield.

The captain is much given to sports and on his Little Pirate Ranch are to be found complete hunting and fishing outfits, together with some of the finest bred dogs that can be had. The place is widely known by the sportsmen of the neighboring cities and towns as one



Fred Clarke's First Home on His Little Pirate Ranch

over the large two and a half-story house with ease.

Tenant quarters are provided for the large force of men necessary to take care of the Little Pirate Ranch. Mr. John Heffner is manager of the place and to him falls the duty of directing and overseeing the ranch, as well as the care and conduct of the employes, and the general output of the crops. Mr. Heffner is directly responsible to Captain Clarke for the successful issue of the latter's farm, and it is quite needless to add that even during the most trying hours of the big league battles, that Clarke is almost in daily touch with his ranch interests and always ready to offer suggestions

of the best resorts for game and fish in the state, and the captain's delight is never more apparent than when he is showing a bunch of his friends over his land, or with them, is enjoying a good well-earned hunt. His enthusiasm for farm life and his fervor and zeal for out door sports is almost a passion and has gradually become the crowning ambition of his most remarkable and eventful career.

Captain Clarke's regard for his team and the methods he pursues in showing his appreciation of them is best exemplified by the occasion of his bringing his entire team west to visit his ranch in the spring of 1908, where they enjoyed a two-days outing which



was ended by a lavish spread. The elaborate feast on this occasion was laid in the large barn loft on a specially constructed table forty feet long and the feast was one of the best that cuisine art and money could produce.

As soon as it was known that the far-famed Pirates were to visit their captain-manager "at home," every inducement and plan was offered to have

of the thousands that were fortunate enough to witness this game and make an acquaintance with the individual players.

At the Winfield exhibition game, "Honus the Great" made his first appearance on the diamond since the close of the previous season, playing his first game with his comrades without a day's practice. This appearance of the



Fred Clarke's Beautiful Residence on The Little Pirate Ranch

them play an exhibition game at Winfield, the Captain's home town. This effort was entirely unnecessary, for Clarke had already proposed to Harry Plagmann, one of his warm, personal friends, that should the people of Winfield desire, he would bring his Pirates to their city and play for them, as he was anxious to show his Kansas friends his aggregation of baseball players. In the game that was played, the "Regulars" and "Yannigans" put up a skillful exhibition and gave to the Winfielders a taste of the real article, and despite the fact that the ground was slow on account of continuous rains. The conduct of the Pirates while in Winfield endeared them to the hearts

world's renowned short-stop, was the signal of great rejoicing with Clarke's team and the Captain, as well, for it had been repeatedly rumored that he had played his last game.

Immediately following the remarkable victory of the Pittsburg Pirates in the World's Championship series with the Detroit Tigers, Captain Clarke returned to Pittsburg, where he was literally overwhelmed with congratulations and valuable gifts from admiring friends of the big, smoky city. He then came directly to his Little Pirate Ranch, where he may be found today, following the peaceful, yet lucrative pursuits of a Kansas farmer.

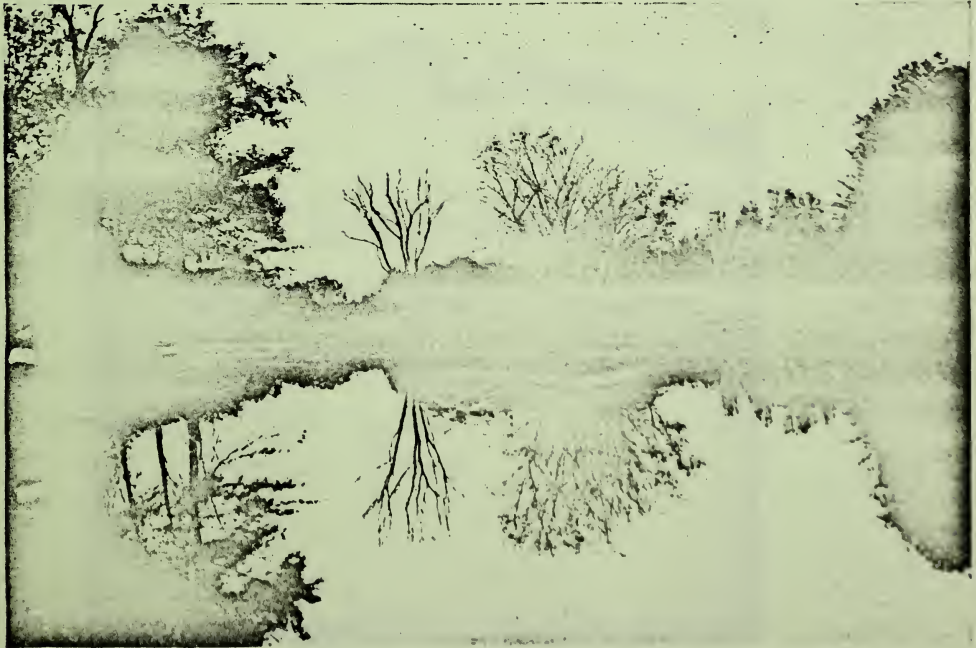




# Our Prize Scenery Contest



The "Old River Road"—A Cottonwood River Scene at Strong City, Kansas.  
Winner First Prize. Photo by L. M. Vance



Beautiful Scene on Bennett's Lake Near Independence, Kansas. Winner Second Prize.  
Photo by C. C. Jones





In Neosho Park, Ten Miles East of Parsons, Kansas. Winner of Third Prize  
Photo by Frank B. Churchill



On The Cottonwood River at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. Winner Fourth Prize.  
Photo by Rose Daugherty





# Poetry

By LeROY T. WEEKS

Editor's Note: The following article is the first of a series of papers that will be contributed to the Kansas Magazine by Professor LeRoy T. Weeks, the head of our new Department of Criticism. Those interested in literary work will find them both interesting and instructive.

“GOOD poetry is the most pervading stimulus that literature can apply to the mind and the character of the young; to carry it in memory is a perennial joy, to love it is to have received the best gift that education can bestow.”

JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

British Ambassador at Washington.

Man is ever in search of delight. That is as it should be; the source of his delight must be wholesome, that's all. The Bible says of Jesus Christ that he endured the cross, despising the shame for the joy that was set before him. The motive with which heaven ever impels Man is, “I shall be satisfied.” It is a worthy desire—the desire to be delighted. The chief end of poetry is to delight. We all ought, then, to learn to love poetry. In order to love it, we must learn to understand it, must work our way into its many sided beauty, its labyrinthine realms of delight.

We are not aware of the charge of the gun until it is fired, not aware of electricity until we see the flash of the electric spark, or until it becomes kinetic over some sort of conductor. So with the delights of the emotions, of the intellect, of the spirit; we sense them when we give them off through the agency of some conductor. Poetry is a good conductor.

The emotional domain of poetry reaches both lower and higher than that of prose. It begins with “By, baby bunting,” “This little pig went to market,” and all the many lullabies, and mounts higher into the regions of life—of love, and joy, and sorrow,—higher into the dizzy empyrean of fancy than prose may go.

Though a critic in a current magazine says that poetry defies definition, I will still give here one picked from among twenty-two attempts at defining poetry: “Poetry is pure music set to rhythmic measure of perfect words.” This definition we shall find to be handy, if we go still further and define the definition.

The constructive ear-marks that distinguish poetry from prose are—rhythm and meter. There is also an appreciable zone of demarcation between prose and poetry in the matter of melody and harmony, and poetic diction. This definition embraces all these points. “Pure music” covers the whole of melody and harmony; but we are immediately confronted with the question: What is pure music? We would find the doctors of music disagreeing,—some as to whether pure music were vocal or instrumental; if instrumental, as to whether it were of the violin, the guitar, the piano, or the orchestra; if vocal, whether it were to be found in the solo, the duet, the trio, or the quartet, or the chorus. We would also be in trouble over the personal equation. What is pure music to me is not to you, or to someone else. We need not pierce far into the backwoods ere we find one who prefers “Old Zip Coon” or “Rosin the Bow,” to Thomas’s orchestra. “Les Huguenots,” “Tannhauser,” or “The Messiah.” Furthermore, what is pure music to us in one mood, becomes discordant in another. We may say that pure music depends primarily on harmony and melody, but also on culture, mood, and the personal equation.

Again we should be called on to show what is a “perfect word.” The street



gamin slaps his comrade on the back and says,

"I'll stick to you through thick and thin,  
Like a linn tick to a nigger's shin."

He uses the word that will appeal to his companion. Hamlet takes Horatio by the hand, after Horatio has proved himself a steadfast friend in the hottest fires, and says,

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath sealed thee for herself; . . . . .

. . . . . Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee."

Put Hamlet's speech into the mouth of the ragamuffin, and vice versa, and "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" they both become. The little lover in the district school writes to his sweetheart,

"The rose is red, the violet's blue;  
Candy's sweet, and so are you."

Again, it is night in the garden of some fair Juliet. She is looking from the casement, while love is showering down on her as Jupiter came to the panting Danae in a shower of gold. Below, in the garden, her lover, pierced by ten thousand sweet pangs of love, touches his guitar and sings,

"The night hath a thousand eyes,  
The day but one;  
Yet, the light of the bright world dies,  
When dies the sun.

"The mind hath a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one;  
Yet, the light of a whole life dies,  
When love is done."

Each of these songs finds its beauty in its proper setting.

The Bible says, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." This explains wherein a word finds its perfection. The little wooer in pants and roundabout can make no use of those marvelous lines of Bourdillon. "Perfect words" are those that fill the requirements of time, place, culture, and emotional setting. Now the definition becomes usable: "Poetry is pure music set to rhythmic measure of perfect words."

As these papers on poetry are to be educational, rhythm and meter must be defined. By rhythm is meant the regular recurrence of stressed and unstressed syllables. It is well nigh a universal requirement that poetry shall have this regular return of stressed and unstressed syllables, though the primitive rhapsody, a chanted outburst of exuberant feeling, that almost every child produces at times, pays no heed to this, as Walt Whitman does not. By meter is meant the grouping of these stressed and unstressed syllables into what are called poetic feet, or measures.

The word rhythm, used in its constructive sense, differs from rhythm used in its musical sense.

The next paper will be on Melody and Harmony in Poetry.







# Our Point of View

## PARTY IRREGULARITY.

The attitude of the individual members of the last congress toward tariff regulation furnishes abundant evidence of the fact that "party regularity" is no longer a factor, all important in national legislation. It is a great mistake of course to ignore the value of party organization. The political party is an absolute necessity to a republican form of government. It is just as great a mistake, however, to presuppose that each and every member of any political party is owned soul and body by his party and that he is unfaithful and disloyal because he does not meekly follow the example set by the so-called leaders of his party. This particular "day and age" demands independent voters in the House and Senate of the United States as well as at the polls, and the actions of certain obstreperous democrats as well as certain dissenting republicans of the last congress indicate clearly that we are coming unto our own. All of this loud clamour that proclaims a representative or a senator "disloyal" because he votes according to his own individual belief is foolish talk. Such idle claims will have but little weight with the man behind the ballot, and after all, the man who casts the vote upon election day is the man who ultimately determines the class of legislation that this country shall have.

## GHOSTS DO WALK.

The Scientific World—whatever that is—has at last discovered in Eusapia Palladino, a spiritualistic medium who can actually make ghosts walk. Her ability to perform this supernatural feat has been repeatedly put to test by the greatest scientists of England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and the United States. Hereward Carrington, distinguished member of the Council of the American Society for Scientific Research, declares that Eusapia's demonstrations "indicate the existence of a force or forces unrecognized by physical science as it exists to-day." Henry James, probably our most conservative scientist, partially corroborates the testimony of his learned contemporary by saying that "the balance of testimony seems slowly to be inclining towards admitting the supernaturalist view."

The effect that these remarkable conclusions will have upon many established orthodox beliefs and scientific opinions will be observed with great interest.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE HOBO.

Recently during a studious session of a men's bible class at a church in the city of

Wichita, Kansas, a discussion arose relative to the attitude that society should take toward the modern house-to-house hobo. After a lengthy discussion of the merits, demerits, ethical status, etc. of this undesirable class of individual the specific question finally settled upon was, whether or not it is meet and proper to give unto the common tramp a customary handout which he requests from door to door. A spirited argument ensued. Some of the brethren maintained that the up-to-date tramp belongs to a class that is criminal; that he boasts of this fact to his fellows around their evening "fire-side," and that to feed and foster him is to feed and protect crime. Another brother held that the ancient command of Jehovah, "thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow," is still in force and that in the face of this decree the individual under discussion should not only be barred from eating bread but also be refused the pleasurable privilege of consuming cake and pie.

The good Samaritans of the class then took their turn. A half dozen Bienvenus came rushing at once to the defense of Jean Val Jean. "Better allow ninety and nine imposters to gormandize at your expense than deny a square meal to one really in need," was their ultimate conclusion.

Finally, in order to arrive at some definite conclusion a straw vote was taken, and out of thirty-two men—mostly men of families—twenty-one went on record as being heartily in favor of continuing the timeworn custom of feeding every fellow who calls at the back door with the stereotyped request: "Please mum, may I have somethin' to eat? I haven't had a bite for twenty-four hours," etc., etc.

With cold weather coming on and the price of pancakes steadily on the rise, this official action of these brethren will doubtless be received with great rejoicing by the ever increasing army of worthless idlers who tramp continuously over the land in search of the living that they believe the country owes them.

## IT'S IN THE SOIL.

It might be supposed by some people that Kansas should be satisfied in producing the most popular authors, leading statesmen and ablest jurists of the nation, but nay, nay. Her 'pointing with pride' doesn't cease merely when she has pointed out these gentlemen of high moral, ethical and economical attainments. She produces them as a sort of side line merely to prove her ability to put out all grades of heroes. Just to show the world what she can do when it comes to introducing the real article she bestir-



red herself this "season" and now she proceeds to point with pride to the greatest baseball player-captain-manager known to the world of sports, viz: Fred Clarke—Kansan.

Clarke's profession may not be to the liking of some, but who is here so base as to ignore his ability to become a "top-notch?" In this attainment he has only displayed that element inherited from his native commonwealth. Success is in her soil; her sons, as a matter of course, succeed.

#### LEGISLATIVE APPROPRIATIONS.

There has been so much discussion recently throughout Kansas relative to the appropriations for the different departments of state government made by the legislatures of 1907 and 1909 that we believe a comparative statement would be interesting to our readers. A comparative statement of the appropriations follows:

|                                      | 1907.       | 1909.       |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Academy of Science.....              | \$ 2,600.00 | \$ 2,600.00 |
| Adjutant general.....                | 119,366.70  | 122,200.00  |
| Agricultural college.....            | 46,000.00   | 706,300.00  |
| Agricultural college, Ft. Hays ..... | 68,500.00   | 36,000.00   |
| Attorney general .....               | 35,500.00   | 40,550.00   |
| Auditor of state.....                | 25,800.00   | 26,000.00   |
| Bank commissioner .....              | 44,065.00   | 98,375.00   |
| Board of agriculture.....            | 24,040.00   | 26,345.56   |
| Board of control.....                | 35,906.40   | 218,000.00  |
| Board of education.....              | 1,300.00    | 1,200.00    |
| Board of health.....                 | 46,691.04   | 90,222.75   |
| Board of medicine.....               | 4,600.00    | 4,600.00    |
| R. R. commissioners .....            | 66,450.00   | 58,400.00   |
| Veterinary examiners.....            | (Fees)      | 1,000.00    |
| Bureau of Labor.....                 | 22,800.00   | 27,600.00   |
| Wyandotte court.....                 |             | 387.19      |
| Conveying prisoners.....             | 13,000.00   | 10,000.00   |
| Wyandotte court.....                 | 9,895.89    | 7,000.00    |
| Directors penitentiary .....         | 5,400.00    | 5,400.00    |
| District judges.....                 | 199,855.04  | 205,283.03  |
| Entomological .....                  | 1,000.00    | 9,000.00    |
| Executive council.....               | 106,574.75  | 91,260.00   |
| Free employment .....                | 3,400.00    | 3,500.00    |
| G. A. R.....                         | 2,000.00    | 1,500.00    |
| Governor .....                       | 43,830.28   | 57,400.00   |
| Grain inspection.....                | 97,200.00   | 97,800.00   |
| Historical society.....              | 18,900.00   | 21,250.00   |
| Horticultural society.....           | 6,610.00    | 6,940.00    |
| Hospitals .....                      | 31,200.00   | 36,200.00   |
| H. B. 877, Sessions 1907.....        | 233.00      |             |
| H. B. 1002, Session '09.....         |             | 22,828.99   |
| H. B. 678, Session 1909.....         |             | 1,500.00    |
| H. B. 688, Session 1909.....         |             | 850.00      |
| Topeka Institute.....                | 27,700.00   | 35,400.00   |

|                             |                |                |
|-----------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Industrial School.....      | 147,862.40     | 124,700.00     |
| Beloit School.....          | 100,866.32     | 93,400.00      |
| Reformatory .....           | 242,820.00     | 237,820.00     |
| Int. state bonds.....       | 50,560.00      | 43,300.00      |
| Legislative expenses .....  | 77,000.00      | 70,000.00      |
| Legislative library.....    |                | 4,200.00       |
| Live stock San. Com.....    | 23,195.00      | 32,900.00      |
| Maintenance insane.....     | 128.23         | 3,110.26       |
| Industrial reform.....      | 6,000.00       | 6,000.00       |
| Soldiers' Home.....         | 5,400.00       | 5,400.00       |
| Memorial Hall.....          |                | 200,000.00     |
| Mining industries.....      | 20,651.00      | 20,340.00      |
| Bickerdyke Home .....       | 34,560.00      | 39,960.00      |
| Normal School.....          | 263,500.00     | 328,000.00     |
| Normal, Fort Hays.....      | 81,785.00      | 98,000.00      |
| State Printer .....         | 10,200.00      | 10,865.01      |
| Oil inspector.....          | 19,200.00      | 8,000.00       |
| Osawatomie hospital.....    | 420,745.96     | 417,800.00     |
| Pawnee Rock .....           |                | 500.00         |
| Penitentiary .....          | 466,480.00     | 415,500.00     |
| Pensions .....              |                | 1,800.00       |
| Pittsburg Manual.....       | 200,000.00     | 121,000.00     |
| Presidential electors.....  |                | 540.30         |
| Regents, Agricultural ..... | 3,500.00       | 3,500.00       |
| Regents, Normal.....        | 6,500.00       | 6,000.00       |
| Regents University .....    | 2,800.00       | 2,000.00       |
| Relief McGuire.....         | 500.00         | 480.00         |
| School for Blind.....       | 59,610.00      | 53,900.00      |
| School for Deaf.....        | 116,294.30     | 113,700.00     |
| S. B. 75, Lansing.....      | 2,000.00       | 2,000.00       |
| Textbook com.....           | 2,500.00       | 1,500.00       |
| Secretary of state.....     | 27,400.00      | 29,900.00      |
| S. B. 667, session '09..... |                | 38,647.73      |
| S. B. 650, session '09..... |                | 8,333.50       |
| State accountant.....       | 16,550.00      | 15,560.00      |
| State architect.....        | 9,000.00       | 11,000.00      |
| Home for Feeble.....        | 240,660.18     | 185,650.00     |
| Hospital Epileptics.....    | 253,000.00     | 208,200.00     |
| State library.....          | 16,450.00      | 16,200.00      |
| State Orphans' home.....    | 108,300.00     | 88,800.00      |
| State printing.....         | 174,416.48     | 137,986.00     |
| State Soldiers' home.....   | 216,540.00     | 210,800.00     |
| State superintendent.....   | 32,400.00      | 132,775.00     |
| State treasurer.....        | 27,200.00      | 31,167.72      |
| Stenographers .....         | 82,371.91      | 81,600.00      |
| Supt. of insurance.....     | 18,400.00      | 21,030.00      |
| Supreme court.....          | 100,120.04     | 101,161.00     |
| Tax commission.....         | 30,000.00      | 35,200.00      |
| Topeka hospital .....       | 524,162.62     | 439,100.00     |
| Traveling libraries.....    | 12,000.00      | 10,000.00      |
| University .....            | 780,834.00     | 983,259.00     |
| Quindaro university .....   | 55,850.00      | 66,400.00      |
| Forestry, Dodge City.....   | 5,933.33       | *              |
| Forestry, Ogallah.....      | 5,933.23       | *              |
| Dairy commissioner.....     | 8,000.00       | *              |
| Kansas vs. Colo.....        | 9,000.00       |                |
| Poultry Association.....    | 2,000.00       |                |
| John Barton .....           | 350.00         |                |
| Car Taylor.....             | 1,216.25       |                |
| Lafayette Theye.....        | 250.00         |                |
| S. B. 569, session '07..... | 22,483.95      |                |
| Totals .....                | \$6,734,927.55 | \$7,386,578.04 |
| Increase '09 over '07.....  | \$ 651,650.49  |                |

\*With Agricultural college.







## With Kansas Bards

### *Someday*

The heart will be light again  
And pain will go away  
The smothered ache will be gone  
Some day.

Joyous laughter will ring out  
And life will be so gay  
Hearts will happier be, and love,  
Some day.

Poison words will be forgot  
Faithless hearts hide away,  
Inherent Love will know its might,  
Some day.

Blinded eyes will see again,  
Lips sealed once for aye,  
Will break their silent bonds and speak,  
Some day.

Knowledge—how to love and live  
A long sweet beauteous day,  
Will come—For God so wills—  
Some day.

—Avis Hinshaw.

### *Sunset*

The curtains of the day are drawn,  
And over hill and stream and sky,  
A golden hush, serene and still,  
Doth there, in gleaming beauty, lie.

Yon mass of purple mantling cloud,  
Immeshed with rose-light, over tipped  
With beads of ruby, sparkling bright  
Live some fair wood nymph, coral-lipped.

A path of violet lava stone,  
Outlined in silvery thistle hedge;  
Leading upward to Night's throne  
Above, beyond the mountain's ledge.

The curtains of the Day are drawn  
Upon the Stage of Yesterday;  
The foot-lights of the sky appear  
Like silver stars, and then—the Play.  
—Myrtle McConnell.

### *The Postman*

Last eve he passed me with a cheerful air  
That froze me to reluctant dull despair—  
Today, with joyous smile and gesture droll,  
He sought me out and stabbed me to the  
soul.

—Roy Temple House.

### *Where Mother Lived*

There is a place so sweet and dear, and great  
beyond compare—  
It lives and glows on Memory's walls, a  
living picture there;  
A tumbled house with mossy roof, and roses  
near the door,  
The sunlight making little flecks across the  
oaken floor.

The humble rooms are low and bare, but  
Love its treasures tie,  
Into a chain of Hope and Faith that reaches  
to the sky.  
O, Heart of gold! and gift of love, price more  
than Kings can give,  
That made a sacred place called "Home;"  
where Mother used to live.

—Clara Humphrey Crowder.

### *Yesterday and Today*

Along the dry, deep-rutted prairie trail  
The dusty oxen swung, with toiling tread;  
Behind, the prairie schooner, in full sail,  
With creak and rumble followed as they  
led,  
Heaped high with all the settler called his  
own,  
The household treasures of the pioneer  
Who left behind the settled and the known  
And faced the unknown west without a  
fear.

Over a brick-paved, clean-swept city street,  
Where once the creaking, ox-drawn wagon  
went,  
By deafening horn and gong's quick clanging  
beat  
Far heralded, and circled 'round with scent  
Of gasoline, the motor car now speeds.  
With whiz of whirling wheels, with search-  
light's glare,  
With dizzy haste that no obstruction heeds,  
The settler's son enjoys the evening air.

—J. M. Metcalf.

### *The Lesson of the Leaf*

A little leaf falls, silent, like a breath,—  
A few short years, man yields his life to  
death;  
The one, unmarked, in paths where lovers  
stroll,—  
The other's print, eternal, on the soul.

By Anna R. Manly.



*As We Dream*

Together, at rest, contented,  
 When the golden day is done,  
 We wooed the world—peace about us  
 Till our spirits blent as one.  
 Then, my sister of dreams, we drifted  
 Out from our cozy nest,  
 And the night was a beautiful woman  
 And she bore us on her breast.  
 Her face was the face of a mother  
 Who gazes in vast content  
 On the child of love in her bosom,  
 As over us, brooding, she bent.

Her robe was of spangled star-shine;  
 On her brow shone the crescent moon;  
 And the love of her great heart enthralled us,  
 As her songs of rest she crooned.  
 She wraps her soft night-mists around us,  
 A coverlet, downy and white,  
 And a wonderful peace enfolds us  
 As we dream on the breast of the Night.

—Sara Schmucker.

*The Real God*

The builders built a throne of fire and forged  
 a rod of iron.  
 Claiming for God a fiend's mad hate,  
 And words as cruel as the curse of fate.  
 Then cried to men's sons, "Bow, His anger  
 burns,  
 Grovel and cry or your souls are damned."  
 But the Real God bore a heavy cross and  
 lead a child by the hand.

The builders built a Hell of hate and peopled  
 that hell with men,  
 And gave their God no pitying eye,  
 No heart that answered Sorrow's cry.  
 Then called to the sinning souls of men—  
 "Away! Away!"  
 Shriek and moan for the hate of God will  
 pierce you to the heart."  
 But the Real God plead from a cross on  
 the hill, "My child, I die that we may  
 not part."

—George S. Fulcher.

*A Lullaby*

When my Mama rocks 'fore the fireplace  
 fire,  
 To wait till the time when my Papa comes,  
 She tells me a story a little while,  
 An' then she just sits an' rocks an' hums,  
 An' hums an' rocks an' hums.

It's a whole lot better to be close by,  
 So I lean my head on her elbow some;

I ain't 'tall sleepy, but she takes me  
 An' snuggles me up, an' I hear her hum,  
 An' hum, an' rock, an' hum.

An' then I just open my eyes right up,  
 When there's somethin' I want to say,—  
 But here it's all shiny an' light around,  
 An' I'm in bed,—an' it's day.

—John P. Shea.

*The Miser*

The miser worships his shining gold;  
 'Tis his God, his heaven, his all.  
 He hoards it away, whate'er the cost  
 Nor needs he a brother's call.  
 Gold blinds his eyes,  
 Deafens his ears,  
 Fills his life with woe,  
 His soul with fears.

But the blue of your laughing eyes, my sweet,  
 Brings more than an artist's delight  
 And I need not share with the gaping crowd  
 Their stars of love so bright,  
 So sweet when they laugh,  
 So dear with a tear,  
 Lighted with love  
 Never with fear.

But one of your sunny curls my sweet,  
 Outshines the world's hoarded gold;  
 'Tis a dearer treasure to mother's heart  
 Than a miser's e'er told.  
 Their touch fills my heart  
 With sweet content  
 And a holy joy  
 By heaven lent.

The lover adores his lady fair  
 Nor dreams of a passion more fine  
 Than fills his heart when she whispers, low,  
 "I am ever and always thine."  
 But love of a man  
 For a maid grows cold  
 Is oft forgotten  
 As soon as told.

The artist loves the blue of the sky  
 And its fleecy, drifting clouds,  
 He paints them on his canvas square  
 With a hope to please the crowd.  
 No beauty see they  
 In his sky of blue  
 Nor the sky above  
 When stars shine through.

The adoration of a mother true  
 For the darling babe on her breast  
 May be exceeded by heavenly love  
 Of all on earth 'tis the best.  
 A mother's heart  
 Is always true,  
 A wall of love  
 Surrounding you.

—W. E. Payton.





# What Our Friends Are Saying

Success to The Kansas Magazine.—Havensville (Kan.) Review.

Every magazine reader and every Kansan should read it. It talks Kansas talk and breeds Kansas thoughts.—Fayetteville (Ark.) News.

This new publication already has a good advertising patronage and is bound to succeed.—Marion (Kan.) Review.

The "Kansas Magazine" ought to be encouraged by Kansans for it advertises the state.—Cawker City Republic-Record.

It is a fine thing that Kansas can have a literary organ which will shout and roar Kansas and Kansas interests all during the year. But then, why not?—Oberlin (Kan.) Times.

"It improves with age" is an old saying that is proving true in the case of the Kansas Magazine, a strictly Kansas production that is worthy the notice of every loyal resident of the state. There is no charity about the request to help support it, for you get your full dollar's worth in the 12 numbers, and much more.—Alma (Kan.) Enterprise.

The October Number of the Kansas Magazine has just been received by its readers and contains much that is instructive and thoroughly breathes the Kansas idea. "Defects in our school system," by Ex-Governor Crawford contains a summary of the educational situation in Kansas while the article on the Santa Fe Trail calls attention to a historical landmark that is appreciated more as time goes by. All through it is an interesting number.—McPherson (Kan.) Republican.

You will find stuff that will please you and make you proud of what your state is accomplishing and the superior writers she is bringing forth.—Sabetha (Kan.) Herald.

The Kansas Magazine for October has reached our desk. It is full of good articles. "Genesis in Kansas" by Elizabeth M. Dinsmore alone is worth the price of the issue.—Winfield (Kan.) Free Press.

The Kansas Magazine, published at Wichita, is getting quite a large circulation in this part of the country, and everyone hopes to see it succeed to the fullest extent. It has made a good start, and is improving

as fast as any magazine has in starting. It is to be hoped the publishers will continue to improve the Kansas Magazine, until it will have a million circulation, and be the best seller at the news stands from New York City to the Western coast.—Dodge City (Kan.) Globe-Republican.

Throughout the magazine are short stories and illustrations of interest to all Kansans.—Havensville (Kan.) Review.

The magazine is worthy of the state, and will be a valuable addition to the reading of any home.—Lakin (Kan.) Advocate.

In a moment of rashness we once made fun of the Kansas magazine, but we have crawled into our hole.—Osborne County Farmer.

The contents deal strictly of matters and articles pertaining to Kansas, and should be read by everybody.—Caney (Kan.) Chronicle.

It is on a par with the best of the eastern magazines and contains so much of Kansas matter that it should have the preference over all others. It is not necessary that this magazine should be supported on the grounds of state pride, it is worthy of support on the basis of its real quality.—Wamego Times.

It contains many articles of interest, among them being several stories of Kansas during the early days written by men who live in the state and are true, without fiction. The Kansas Magazine grows better with each issue.—Farmer's Voice.

We are beginning to feel a pride in that magazine. It is improving right along, which does not mean that it is so much in need of improvement as that it is still in its infancy and improvement simply shows the life and vitality of it as well as the promise of a truly Kansas magazine that will live.—Enterprise (Kan.) Push.

The "Kansas Magazine" comes to our desk this week filled with good things, even the frontispiece is suggestive of prosperity, the wheat field with its burden of golden grain and then you have but to turn through the pages to find the kernels of thought, and besides all this it is a "booster" and we are in favor of anything that boosts for good things.—Caldwell (Kan.) Advance.

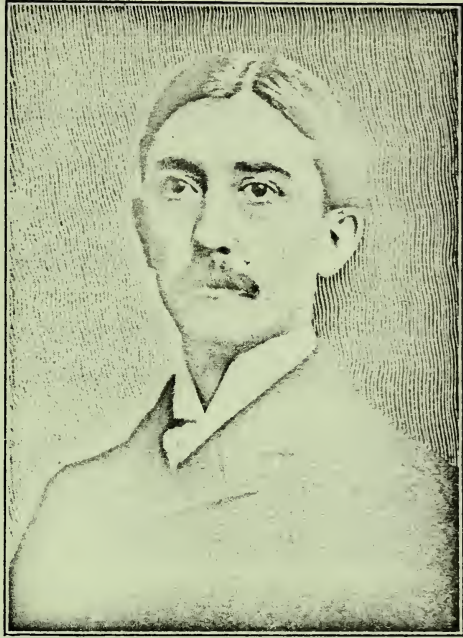


# Prominent Kansans



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**HAROLD CHASE**

The Able and Fluent Editor of The Topeka  
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**SEN. GEO. P. MOREHOUSE**

Distinguished President of The Kansas  
Authors Club.



**EVELYN BRIGGS BALDWIN**

The Arctic Explorer who First Proposed The  
Use of Siberian Horses in Polar  
Expeditions.





# THE APPLE



F, in the Distribution of her beneficence, nature had bestowed upon humanity no other fruit than the apple there would have been, even then, ample reason for thanksgiving.

*I*N a multitude of ways the apple places at the disposal of mankind the supreme blessing of happiness and healthfulness.

*I*NTO no other fruit has God placed such an infinite variety of fascinating flavors; nor has he given to another a greater degree of usefulness in providing for the gastronomic and medicinal needs of the human race.

*W*HAT is more pleasing to the sense of smell than the delicate perfume of apple blossoms? What more gratifying to the sight than the almost iridescent glory of an apple orchard in bloom? And what, indeed, more comfortable than to lounge contentedly upon the velvet sward beneath the spreading boughs?

*W*HAT is more attractive in the advancing days of summer than the golden green of the ripening pippin and, as the cooling breezes of late September give warning of the cooler days to follow, what can be more delightful to the vision than the unsurpassed magnificence of the Winesap tree laden with its flaming burden of health-producing and delicious fruit?

*W*HAT an ecstasy of delight there is in a draught—fresh from the spigot—of the demulcent product of the cider press.

*W*HEN, at length, winter has overtaken and placed upon the earth its mantle of snow it is the apple alone of all of nature's magnificent fruition that occupies the place of honor in the hearts of those who know the everlasting pleasure and benefit it confers.

—S. H. Brown



**Talk  
About  
Your  
Fine  
Bread!**



**“Wichita’s-Best” Flour**

**BEST FOR BREAD  
BEST FOR BISCUIT  
BEST FOR CAKE  
BEST FOR PASTRY  
BEST ON THE MARKET**

**The Kansas Milling Company**  
WICHITA, KANSAS





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IS THE MODERN BUILDING

REASONS

{ *It Will Stand for Centuries*  
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## FOR ALL KINDS OF BUILDINGS

You Should Specify MONARCH Cement

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Dealers

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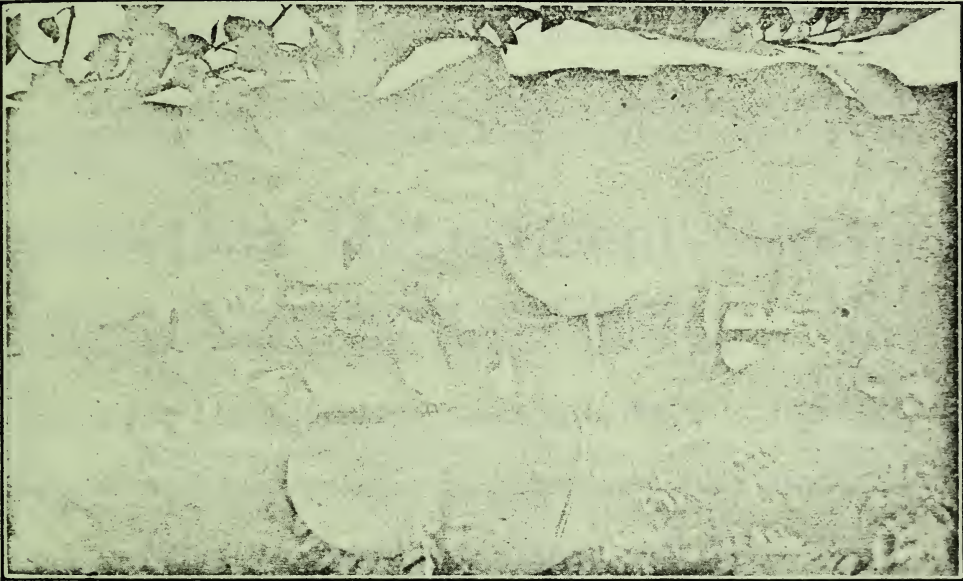
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# The Monarch Portland Cement Co.

*Mill at Humboldt Kas., Wichita Sales Office 105 West 1st St.*



## GET A HOME IN AMERICA'S GREAT FRUIT AND GARDEN PATCH AND BECOME INDEPENDENT



The **MAGNOLIA FIG AND ORANGE COMPANY** offer YOU a **RARE** opportunity to get a **FIG AND ORANGE** tract at a **REMARKABLE LOW PRICE**, and on **EASY TERMS**.

Heretofore the man or woman with limited means has been unable to secure a home in this rapidly developing country. The land has been held in large farms or tracts and the terms of payment have been so stringent that the person of **LIMITED MEANS** was denied the privilege of investing in this **NEW CALIFORNIA** and sharing in the profits from the rapid advance in the price of lands.

Our Land is close to good cities and good markets, needs no clearing and produces the **MOST WONDERFUL VARIETY OF TROPICAL AND SEMI-TROPICAL FRUITS AND VEGETABLES** of all kinds. The Climate, Soil and Salubriety are such as to insure a continued productiveness that promises to far exceed the Far-famed Orange and Fig Groves of California and Florida.

Our Plan is to place 5 acre orchard tracts within the easy reach of every person, and under our system of monthly installments, any person with an income, however small, can become a land owner in this **WONDERFULLY RICH AND DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY**.

Five Acres of land in our Colony intelligently and carefully farmed, brings the owner a greater profit than **EIGHTY ACRES** farmed under ordinary conditions. **THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME** to either secure you a home or make a profitable speculation.

**Agents Wanted, Write or Call on Us Today.**

**For Full Information and Particulars, Address**

### **MAGNOLIA FIG & ORANGE CO.**

**110 S. Lawrence Ave.,**

**Barnes Bldg. Wichita, Kas.**





# ORIENTA PARK Second Addition

The lots in this beautiful addition are being taken more rapidly than those of addition No. 1.

Although the value of lots in Orienta Park have actually doubled and several buyers have been offered a handsome profit on their investment, we will still continue

## Our Magnificent Offer

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 A \$75.00 Lot Adjoining Orienta Park, West  
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**All for  
\$18**

Terms—\$3 down  
 and \$2 per month  
 No Taxes. No  
 Interest. : : :

## Work on the Orient Shops will Soon Begin

The value of these lots originally depended largely upon the building of the Orient Car and Repair Shops. There is no longer any doubt as to the completion of these shops. Work on their construction will soon begin.

### THESE LOTS WILL CERTAINLY DOUBLE IN VALUE WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

The best evidence of the value of lots in Orient Park is the fact that the entire 1200 lots of the first plat are all sold—sold largely to people in Wichita who actually visited the ground and inspected it thoroughly before investing.

### SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS AT ONCE

#### COUPON

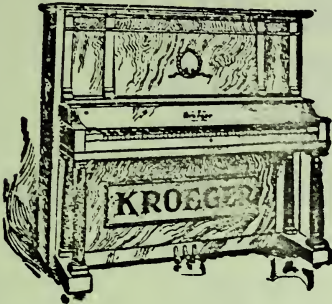
Fill Out, Tear Off and Mail Today to Bales and Conklin, 513-515 Barnes Block, Wichita, Kansas.

Date .....  
 Messrs. Bales & Conklin, Managers Premium Subscription Department The  
 Kansas Magazine:  
 Gentlemen:—Kindly Send Me Your Beautiful Large Art Poster, Copyright  
 Views of Wichita, Maps, Free Lot Offer—ALL FREE.

Name .....  
 Address .....  
 Town .....



## Cook and Peary in Reaching the Pole



Have nationalized the Missouri motto, "Show Me." We can do it. The largest line of FINE PIANOS in the state, at a price that will appeal to a shrewd buyer.

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Kroeger Pianos        | Cable Nelson Pianos |
| Kranich & Bach Pianos | B. Shoninger Pianos |
| Poole Pianos          | Capron Pianos       |
| Richmond Pianos       | Whitney Pianos      |
| Milton Pianos         | Crown Pianos        |
| Lyon & Healy Pianos   |                     |

## Barnes & Newcomb

THE OLD RELIABLE MUSIC HOUSE.  
415 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

## Try this Sunshine Dainty

They are so enticing and different, there is hardly a way to describe them.

Two crisp, square wafers with a deliciously flavored confection between.

"Clover Leaves" are baked in the world's finest bakery. They are always fresh, in protection tins, *new 10c size*—at the best grocers; also in 15c tins.

Sunshine

# CLOVER LEAVES

Try also

"Veronique"—The Wafer Sticks, in 25c tins.

"Perfetto"—Sugar Wafers, in 10c and 25c tins.

On receipt of 50c and dealer's name, we will send anywhere a large tin of assorted dainties.

LOOSE-WILES Biscuit Co.

Kansas City St. Louis  
Boston Omaha  
Minneapolis

Also distributed by  
Chicago Biscuit Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Brown Cracker  
and Candy Co.,  
Dallas, Texas.  
(7)



"Philopena"—  
Nut Shaped,  
in 25c tins.

## Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that



wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is

not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

J. J. Pope, P O. Box, No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes:—"I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years and 'Actina' is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:—"I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them; in a surprisingly short time, after using 'Actina,' I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes:—"Actina has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial, postpaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 205N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely FREE a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

## FREE

Fifteen different post cards, with three months subscription for 10 cents. Largest and oldest collectors, 100 page monthly on stamps, coins, post cards, curios, minerals, old books, relics.

PHIL WEST COLLECTORS WORLD

Superior, Nebr.





# **THE SECOND ADDITION** **TO ORIENTA PARK**

## **AND NEW ADDITION TO WICHITA, KANSAS**

Is now platted and offered for sale at the remarkably low price of

**\$75.00 PER LOT**

This new addition is situated directly west of addition Number One. The streets of Orienta Park are extended directly into the new plat. Double driveways and extra parking have been graded for Greenfield Avenue. Donations for church and school have been made and restricted factory site has been set aside. Four houses have already been started in this new addition and general improvements have been begun by our surveyors, graders and builders.

Although lots in the original addition of Orienta Park have doubled in value, lots in this new addition will be offered at a very small advance over the price of lots in the first addition.

## **ALL THE LAND IN THE FIRST ADDITION OF 1200 LOTS IS SOLD**

*And over 500 lots in addition No. 2 have already been disposed of*

As was originally stated the value of these lots depended largely upon the building of the Orient Car and Repair Shops. The work on these shops will soon begin. There is no longer any question as to their completion.

Write today for particulars and full information upon this remarkable offer.

Address,

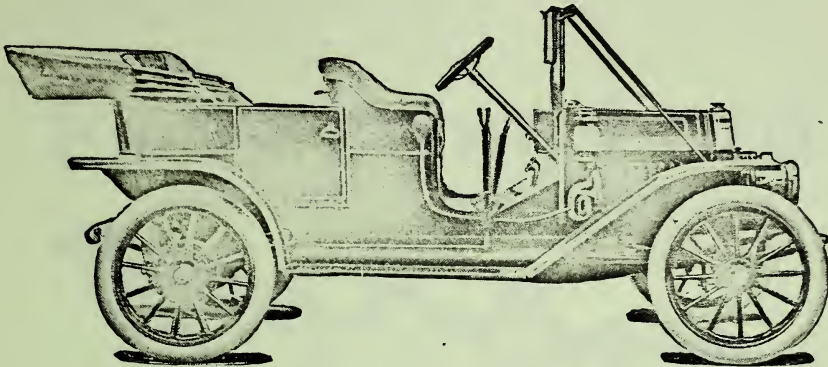
**Kansas Land Improvement  
and Development Company**

508 BARNES BUILDING,

WICHITA, KANSAS

**THESE LOTS WILL POSITIVELY DOUBLE  
IN VALUE IN A VERY SHORT TIME**





## D. W. BLAINE & SON

PRATT, KANSAS

General Agents and Jobbers for Moline Automobiles in South Central and Western Kansas. Also Northern Oklahoma.

Write for descriptive matter and terms to agents on the best selling automobile for this section of the country.

## Young Authors

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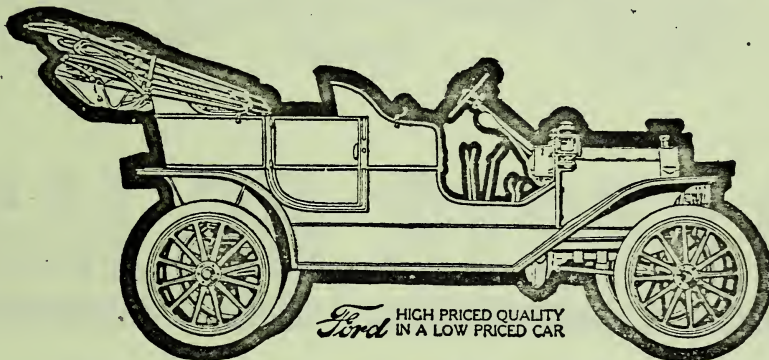
Don't overlook the rare opportunity held out to you by our Department of Criticism. Full announcement is made in another page. Young writers will receive great value in the assistance offered to them . . . . .





# Facts From Ford

Of Vital Importance to Automobile Buyers.



Model "I" Touring Car, \$950.00, Fully Equipped.

## QUALITY FACTS:

Quality, not quantity, makes strength. Light weight is expensive, not cheap, to build. Commodore Vanderbilt, that giant of railroad development, once offered a carriage builder \$1000 for each pound by which he was able to reduce the weight of a buggy. It is a mistake to consider low price as a result of light weight, or that light weight is a result of low price. Low price results from know-how, from specialization, from quantity buying and producing, from taking advantage of all cash discounts without paying interest, and from system in production and selling. Light weight is the result of Mr. Ford's conviction that quality and design, not quantity and cast iron, are essentials of strength.

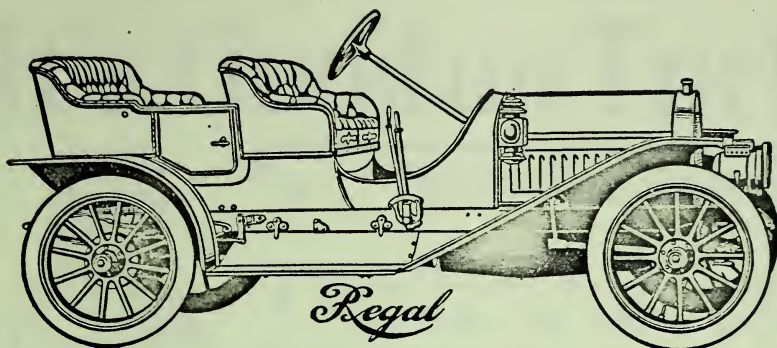
## WATCH FOR MAINTENANCE FACTS.

# The Jones Auto Exchange

District Distributors for Ford Motor Company.

We guarantee you courteous treatment before and after buying. Demonstrations at your convenience. Catalogues handed or mailed to you for the asking.





**REGAL 30, \$1250.00**

**MAGNETO INCLUDED**

**Regal Cars** represent the most advanced type of construction and design manufactured in the moderate price class. They are built for safe, comfortable travel and their efficiency has been amply demonstrated by their victories in the most grueling runs and hill climbs throughout the country.

**Specifications**—Four Cylinder, 30 Horse Power, Four or Five Passenger, Selective Type, Sliding Gear Transmission, Three Speeds and Reverse, Cone Clutch, Weight 1900 lbs., Wheel Base 105 inches, Speed 55 miles per hour. Magneto equipment, 32x3½-inch Tires.

**United Motor Co.**

**114 N. EMPORIA,**

**WICHITA, KANSAS**

**SEND FOR CATALOG**

Agents Wanted for Southern Kansas and Northern Oklahoma

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When Writing Advertisers, Please Mention The Kansas Magazine.





# It's Good on Turkey



## ↖ Prairie King Chile Sauce

THANKSGIVING Day is coming and that turkey won't taste "just right" unless it has a dash of *Prairie King Chile Sauce*. Ask your grocer to include a bottle or two in your next grocery order. *Prairie King Chile Sauce* is made after the receipt of an old Mexican Chile Maker and contains only the choicest selected tomatoes. The spices used are selected stock, imported from Old Mexico.

*Put up in Two Sizes. Pints 25 Cents. Half Pints 15 Cents*

## The Wichita Vinegar Works Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Table Condiments and Vinegar in the West.

WICHITA - - KANSAS



## ➔ Music Student ↖

We Make MUSIC a Specialty

We do not employ assistant teachers.  
We have all departments complete.

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC IN KANSAS

FREE.60 page illustrated catalog, booklets, etc.. sent to any address.

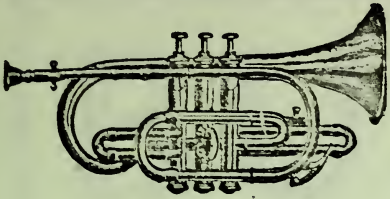
Wichita College of Music. 219 North Lawrence Ave.

"The Lindon" 316-18 E. Third four story brick building ladies dormitory the finest in the city.

Philharmony Hall Seating capacity 700. Pipe Organ, complete stage equipments, etc.

Address THEODORE LINDBERG, President 219 N. Lawrence Wichita, Kansas





## See Us Before Buying Band Instruments

Why  
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Save  
MONEY

BY ORDERING FROM A HOUSE WHO HAVE  
THE BEST QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES

We carry the most complete line of Brass Instruments, Clarionets, Flutes. Drums  
and Musical Merchandise in the West.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

We Sell <sup>THE</sup> CELEBRATED Holton Instruments

Our Band and Orchestra Music is complete.  
All publications carried.

**MARSH & NEEDLES,**

**132 N. Main Street,      Wichita, Kansas**

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES

### "MORGAN LINES"

Unexcelled Freight Service between the Atlantic Seaboard and South-  
ern, Southwestern and Western states.

Unsurpassed Facilities for handling All Classes of Freight.

The Fastest and Best Freight Ships in Coastwise Service.

Direct Connections at New Orleans and Galveston for All points in  
KANSAS and OKLAHOMA.

#### SAILINGS

Between New York and Galveston—Three sailings from each Port  
each week.

Between New York and New Orleans—Two sailings weekly in each  
direction.

We want your patronage and respectfully solicit a trial shipment.

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General Agent

901 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

**A. G. LITTLE**

Trav. Freight Agent

901 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY

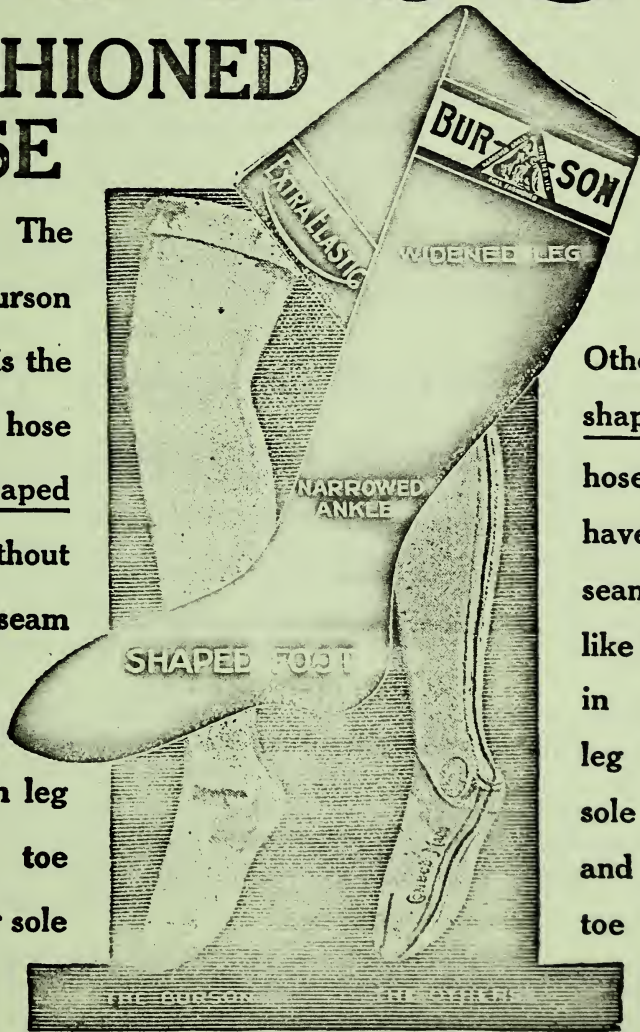




# BURSON

## FASHIONED HOSE

The  
Burson  
is the  
only hose  
shaped  
without  
a seam  
  
in leg  
toe  
or sole



Other  
shaped  
hose  
have  
seams  
like this  
in  
leg  
sole  
and  
toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—  
turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton*, *Lisle* and *Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also. Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributors, Wichita, Kans.



## GET A BACK FILE OF THE KANSAS MAGAZINE FREE!

After extensive advertising and special offers for the back numbers of the *KANSAS MAGAZINE* we have at last secured a limited number of each month's issue with the single exception of the First Number, January, '09. Our special offer of 30c per copy for single copies of the January number is bringing in a few of them also.

We are making this special effort to assemble previous issues in response to a continuous demand from both old and new subscribers.

### WHILE THESE NUMBERS LAST

We will offer *ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND A COMPLETE BACK FILE*—except the January number—for the price of *ONE YEAR'S* subscription only. Send \$1.50 and we will mail to your address at once a receipt for *ONE Year's* subscription in advance and a Back FILE of the *KANSAS MAGAZINE* dating from the February issue '09. The issue of January '09 will also be mailed to these new subscribers as fast as such numbers are received by us.

There are many sketches of early Kansas history, adventures of pioneers and thrilling tales of the frontier days recorded in these numbers of the *KANSAS MAGAZINE*. They will be a source of great satisfaction and valuable information in future years. These are "Kansas Facts" that have never been printed elsewhere and as the *KANSAS MAGAZINE* is copyrighted they cannot be published in any other form.

### TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS VERY VALUABLE OFFER TO-DAY

ADDRESS

*The Kansas Magazine Co.*

*Subscription Department*

*Wichita, Kansas*





# Suesine Silk 47½¢

## An Exquisitely Beautiful Silk for Dresses and Waists

To show you what Suesine Silk is like and the wonderfully brilliant and delicate colors suitable for negligee, house, street, carriage, calling and evening gowns of every description.

**we will send you, absolutely free, thirty-seven samples of Suesine Silk—more than 285 square inches altogether, equal in all to two pages of this magazine.**

We ask only, that, when writing for these free samples, you will mention the name of your regular dry goods dealer, and say whether he sells Suesine Silk or not. Please be sure to give this information in writing to us.

Suesine Silk IS Silk. We cannot emphasize that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, long silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detracting from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear. Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

Once you see Suesine Silk you will not be able to resist its charm—that is why we want you to see it. Send at once for the thirty-seven free samples, showing the cheerful, dainty, brilliant shades, and these new colors so much in demand:—Mulberry Wistaria Taupe Catawaba Sapphire Peacock Lobster Emerald

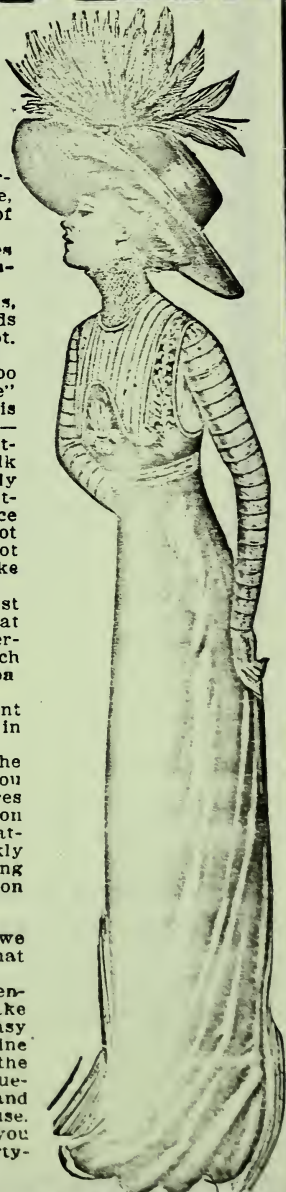
Suesine Silk is a fabric for dressy uses or for constant wear—for every week in the year, and for every day in the week.

If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and trading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name

### SUESINE SILK

stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine Silk except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in your city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47½¢ a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today, NOW.



**Bedford Mills** Desk 8 to 14 West 3d Street  
New York City

*Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine.*

2715-2926—This costume develops to advantage when made of Suesine Silk. To make it, use for waist 2½ yds. yards Suesine Silk (\$1.75) for size 36. And Butterick Pattern No. 2713. And for skirt, 6½ yards Suesine (\$2.97) for size 34. And Butterick Pattern No. 2926.





## ***Mr. Merchant!***

You want to increase your business, and no doubt spend hundreds of dollars yearly for general advertising.

The most effective place to advertise is in front of your own store.

A Pyro One Light Electric Sign, costing but one to two cents an hour to illuminate, will draw trade, because it is attractive day and night, and must be read by every one passing within two blocks of your place of business.

Electric Signs have come to stay, and we have solved the problem of economy in this mode of advertising.

Write today for price and terms.

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## **KAW SIGN & MANUFACTURING CO.**

**909 GRAND AVENUE, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**





# This Chilly Weather Makes Chile Business



Ask your grocer to include a trial can of **Dye's Celebrated Chile Mixture** in your next grocery order. Dye's Modern Chile Maker is made from the choicest selected chile peppers and spices and is extensively used for flavoring soups, vegetables, meats, sauces, etc. All leading grocers and grocery jobbers carry this in stock. If your grocer should happen not to have them in stock, ask him to get them for you.

Put up in ten and twenty-five cent fillers.

## W. A. DYE

**WHOLESALE CHILE SUPPLIES**  
107-109 Rock Island Avenue  
WICHITA, KANSAS

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

Start legitimate mail-order mercantile business of your own; possibilities unlimited; cash orders, good profits; conducted by anyone. We print your catalogs, supply everything; sell you merchandise at wholesale; small investment. Write for free booklet and sample catalog. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

**\$90** A MONTH, \$60 Expense Allowance at start, to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk 11-A, Chicago, Ill.



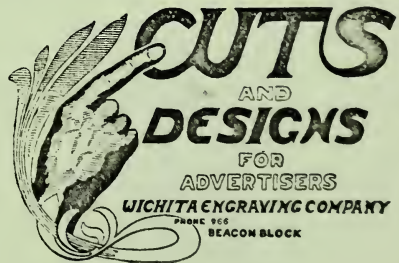
Bell's \$1.50  
Shirt Waist  
showing all the latest modes.

### SEND \$1.50 AND WE

will forward, charges prepaid, beautiful tailor made waist, early fall design like picture. Made of pure Irish Linen faultlessly tailored, perfect fitting; the biggest bargain you ever saw.

Write for free style book

**BELL'S SHIRT WAIST SHOP,**  
412-14 E. 11th St., Kansas City, Mo.



**\$3,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR**  
**IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS**

We teach you by mail every branch of the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business and appoint you **Special Representative** of the largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can begin making money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation and without any investment of capital. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution. A Commercial Law Course FREE. Write for 62-page book. **THE CROSS COMPANY, 8101 Reaper Block, Chicago**





## Mexican Rose Cream

THE ONLY SKIN FOOD



Why? Because it is made of absolutely pure goods, and contains no vaseline or oils that will cause the hair to grow. Try it and be convinced, 25 and 50 cents a jar.

**THE MEXICAN MFG. CO.**  
WICHITA, KANSAS

## FREE BOOK ON CANCER

Every person suffering from Cancer should read the new illustrated book recently written by a noted authority on this disease. Sent free to anyone interested. Write today. Address Dr. O. A. Johnson, Suite 868, 1233 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

**\$90** A MONTH, \$60 Expense Allowance at start, to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk 11-A, Chicago, Ill.

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Good Money--Good Positions--We Furnish the Positions

**Free**--Do you want to be Private Secretary, Stenographer, Book-keeper, Banker, Clerk, Penman, Court Reporter, or a College Instructor? You can win money, influence and rapid advancement. Young people come from fifteen states. Many new ones enroll every Monday. We will send full information and one of the best pens made free. We have the largest Business College in Kansas. Haysman's School of Penmanship (one of the finest in the world) and our free employment bureau in connection.

**CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY**

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P. O.....  
State.....  
Age.....

The Salt City Business College, Hutchinson, Kansas.

G. L. MOODY, Pres.



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Earn  
a Salary of  
\$25 to \$100  
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We will guarantee to teach you by mail the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world to-day. Learn the advertising business from the original school--the biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. If you are ambitious and energetic and have a common school education, we can teach you the business by correspondence and increase your income from 20% to 100%.

Send for our beautiful prospectus; it's free.

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ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE

618 Page Building, Chicago.  
Dept. 618, 150 Nassau St.



**Only \$1**

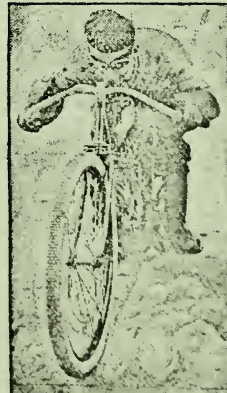
A Perfect Time-Keeper, calling the Hour and the Half-Hour. Nearly Two Feet High, 14 Inches Wide in Solid Walnut Case. So beautiful and useful an ornament for your den or your home--on such easy terms--mail us \$1.00 for one year's subscription to our magazine, then you pay \$1.00 a month for only 8 months.

**COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING CO.**

DEPT. 618, Page Building, CHICAGO



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For Business or Pleasure the Motorcycle is best. It Costs you nothing to get full information about our Complete Line. We represent the makers of the best motorcycles on the market.

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**K. C. S. RAILWAY**

*The Kansas City Southern Railway Co.*

The Popular Route to the South Through Kansas City  
Special Sleepers to Joplin and Fort Smith

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For Health and recuperation, visit **Sulphur Springs, Arkansas.** All Year Health Resort.

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***The Kihlberg Hotel and Bath House now open***

Illustrated folders sent free.

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**S. G. WARNER, General Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.**





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BY  
TEST**



## Peerless Princess FLOUR

Meets Every Requirement for Perfect Baking. Bread, Cake, Biscuits and Pastry from Our Flour Have No Superiors. Try a Sack.



**HOWARD  
MILLS  
CO.**

Wichita, Kans



## Cheap Alfalfa Lands

**\$22 to \$40 Per Acre**

Underlaid with soft water. Brights disease, catarrh and consumption unknown here. Raise 4 crops whether it rains or not. Two new railroads now laying steel through these valleys which will increase land 150 per cent. Best of soil clear through to water. No hard pan. More alfalfa seed shipped from this county than from any other in U. S. Sold every man this summer. Some tracts improved and growing alfalfa. We make a specialty of alfalfa and wheat lands and can show you just what you want. Railroad fare paid to purchasers. Fare from Wichita \$4.35. Write or call at once as lands are selling fast.

**ISRAEL BROS.**

125 N. Market WICHITA, KAS

**IF YOU** have *average*  
*ability* and an *inclination to draw*  
we can teach you one of the *best*  
*paying vocations* to be had.

THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN



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Both Day and Evening Classes & Autumn  
Term opens Sept. 28 & Illustrated Catalog  
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& SCHOOL of ART**  
WICHITA, KANSAS







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*Fine Poster Printing  
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Nifty Stationery Blank Books  
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IF WE GET YOUR CONTRACT FOR PRINTING YOU  
GET THE HIGHEST GRADE OF WORK AT  
THE LOWEST PRICES

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## The Interstate Marble and Tile Co.

Incorporated under the Laws of Kansas

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G. W. JACKSON Vice Pres., Joplin, Mo.  
W. H. FERNALD, Sec. Treas., Topeka, Ks.  
IRA O. HOWE, Topeka, Kansas  
W. M. QUINON, Topeka, Kansas

### I REPRESENT

Having consolidated the Joplin Marble & Tile Co., of Kansas City and Joplin, Mo., and W. H. Fernald's business of Topeka, we have opened stores and offices at

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By this arrangement we are enabled to buy marble and tile in car load lots making a considerable saving in first cost and freight. The active members of this concern are all thoroughly practical mechanics, having worked at the business for years, and are competent to undertake any job in this line.

We only ask you to write for our prices on building marble, slate and tile work of every description, and if we cannot give you as good prices as any one, we do not want your work.

**INTERSTATE MARBLE & TILE CO.**

MAIN OFFICE, TOPEKA, KANSAS

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We are Distributers for the World of



Send for our Free Souvenir and our Little Book About Roofing.

Write for our booklet "The Door Beautiful." Send us name of your lumber dealer. Better get your name on our mailing list and receive valuable "pointers" on building.

**THE OKLAHOMA SASH AND DOOR COMPANY**

N. S. DARLING, President

::

OKLAHOMA CITY, U. S. A.



Happy the Cook Who Uses

# Kelley's Famous Flour.....

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The only place in Kansas where real baths of this nature can be enjoyed, the water being taken from the famous salt beds of this section. These baths are highly recommended for rheumatic cure. All kinds of baths, including Turkish, Vapor, Electric and Swedish processes. Salt water natatorium in the building.

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**SOCKS IN A  
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*which contains 6 pairs of our famous soft and silky cotton socks.*

The colors are of rich, plain and popular shades, such as will please the most fastidious man—for whom this box will make a most acceptable gift.

Think now of those whom you would like to remember—our Christmas Box makes a big show and costs but a trifle.

Send us the names, addresses, purchase price and sizes. We will ship a box in time for Christmas and prepay the delivery charges ourselves.

**We  
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that you  
ask your  
dealer for  
*Shawknit***

**Socks** before  
ordering direct  
from the mill.

But when ordering direct be sure to specify size desired. These socks are made in sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive.

**A Word to  
the Retailer**

If you have not placed your order through your nearest jobber for the above Shawknit holiday package do so at once.

It sells on sight, makes a great display in windows and show cases and has proven itself to be a popular and profitable package to handle.

Our extensive advertising has created a universal demand for our goods.

Shawknit goods have been on the market for over 32 years and are without a doubt the most reliable socks made.

For further particulars ask your jobber or write to us.



We make no extra charge for the beautiful box, which is a work of art, lithographed in dainty colors, and the socks themselves are warranted fast color, seamless, and for durability and style are without an equal.

Our special Christmas package contains 2 pairs each

**Snow Black  
Navy Blue  
Ox Blood**

**known as special assortment No. 35BCR**

Sold at a uniform price of \$1.50 (box included), by leading retailers who carry the Shawknit line.

Our colored catalogue is a beauty and so useful that we want you to have a copy of it. Sent free for the asking.

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One of the Richest Valleys in the World

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Coming FRUIT and ALFALFA Country is now opening to settlement just ahead of construction of the biggest R. R. project in the U. S.

**SEE THE GAP CLOSING** 



Secretary Coburn of Kansas, went to see this land. He said: "The best of the lands here are certainly FAVORABLY SITUATED FOR IRRIGATION." They are being disposed of at prices and on terms attracting purchasers from all parts of the Union.

## BUYERS NOT ALL TENDERFEET.

Irrigation territory in other states is furnishing its full quota of WELL POSTED PROSPECTIVE SETTLERS, ATTRACTED BY THE MILD WINTER CLIMATE, THE ASSURANCE OF ABUNDANT DITCH WATER, THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL, THE EASE WITH WHICH IT CAN BE PUT UNDER CULTIVATION, AND THE PRODIGIOUS ALFALFA, fruit and other crops the more favored parts produce when judiciously treated. As in Kansas there undoubtedly are presented in some parts of the Texas country POSSIBILITIES and a FUTURE such as few scarcely CONCEIVE OF IN DREAMS."

W. W. Rockwell, head of the irrigation reclamation service for the U. S. went to this land. He said: "I feel that you should congratulate yourselves and your engineer for finding such a NATURAL RESERVOIR so closely located to this EXCEPTIONALLY FINE BODY OF LAND. If you were to hunt the length and breadth of the arid West I DOUBT if you COULD FIND so large a tract of land LYING SO NEARLY IDEAL FOR IRRIGATION."

John R. Lewis and a group of Colorado Fruit Growers, the Premier Irrigators of the United States, went to this land. They bought \$150,000 worth. Which is their way of saying that this is the best place to farm.

FRUIT FROM THE PECOS VALLEY OF TEXAS went to the World's fair at St. Louis. The judges said this fruit was entitled to the first prize.—Over everything in the United States.

Arthur E. Stilwell, President of the K. C. M. & O. Ry., and associates have personally put \$250,000 into this venture. That is what they said when our experts showed them that they had found, ahead of the railroad in this CALIFORNIA OF TEXAS, this rich irrigable land under a great natural reservoir.

Every experienced irrigator in the United States who has gone to see this land has bought some and so has nearly every other prospective investor and homeseeker. The reason is it is The Best For The Money AND The Best At Any Price.

## NOW READ THIS OFFER:

I WILL REFUND THE PRICE OF A ROUND TRIP RAILROAD TICKET TO EVERY BUYER OF TEN ACRES OR MORE WHO GOES DOWN ON THE NEXT EXCURSION (WRITE FOR DATE) OR WHO SENDS IN HIS APPLICATION FOR THAT MUCH LAND BY THE 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER. Get the land before that day. Your ticket will be ready whenever you want to go. Terms one-fifth down. \$60 per acre. Ten acres, a good living. Forty acres, a Fortune.

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# KANSAS MAGAZINE



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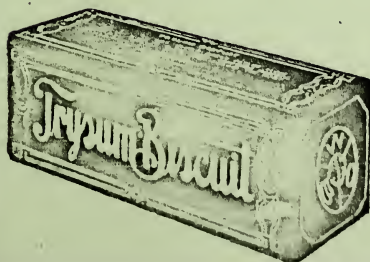




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*“Trysum”*



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The Western Biscuit Co.

WICHITA, U. S. A.



## A Christmas Memory

*By Frank L. Burns*



*Know that I am growing old,  
For now it seems to me  
The merriest Christmases I hold  
Are those of memory.*







DR. CHAS. BAYARD MITCHELL  
Pastor St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago.



# THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2

DECEMBER 1909

NO. 6

## Kansans In Chicago

By WILLIAM W. LOOMIS

Note.—The following is the conclusion of a very valuable article by Mr. Wm. W. Loomis, a distinguished member of the Chicago Press Club.

**T**URNING to the musical world, one finds the familiar names of Thomas Preston Brooke, composer and conductor. Mr. Brooke was born in Leavenworth, June 7, 1856, and although he left the state in his youth, receiving his academic education in Dubuque and his musical training in Boston, he insists that he is a real "blown-in-the-bottle" Kansan. He has composed the music for several comic operas and concert pieces and over 200 marches and two-steps, some of which have been played "across the states," but Mr. Brooke is probably best known as conductor of the Chicago Marine Band which became famous during the World's Fair.

Dr. Henry S. Perkins, dean of the music teachers of Chicago, will be remembered by former pupils and acquaintances during his five years as principal of the Kansas Academy of Music. He located in Chicago many years ago and has since been connected with various musical schools. He was instrumental in organizing the Illinois Music Teachers' Association of which he was president for ten years and last year the organization voted him an annuity as "a token of appreciation for his services as the prime mover in the organization and his exceptional and unselfish activity during the past twenty-two years in promoting the interests of the association." Such action was unprecedented and bespeaks the unique position which Dr. Perkins holds and his earnest efforts to raise the ethical standards of the profession.

### OTHER PROFESSIONS

Dr. Patricinne Joseph Hoshie Farrell has had a unique career and his biography reads like a lesson in geography. He was born in Calcutta, India, and attended private schools in that city, later going to Sandhurst College, England. After a course at Heidelberg he reversed the usual order of things by coming to the United States for post-graduate work at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. His next move was to the Blue Grass State, where he attended the Kentucky School of Medicine. Dr. Farrell was a captain of British cavalry, seeing service while in command of a regiment in Chile. He was a surgeon in the Spanish-American War and commanded a detachment of soldiers in the Philippines. Having visited all of the out-of-the-way places of the world, Dr. Farrell has settled down in Chicago as an oculist and is surgeon of the eye and ear department of the Cook County Hospital and professor in the Chicago Eye and Ear College and Hospital.

Edward B. Ellicott is a prominent electrical engineer who won his spurs in Kansas. Mr. Ellicott was electrician for the Salina Gas and Electric Company and superintendent for the Concordia Electric Light Company. Since coming to Chicago he has been superintendent of the City Telegraph and city electrician. He was chief engineer of the mechanical and electrical departments of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and installed the lighting and power service for the "big show."

Arthur J. Mason, one of the successful contracting engineers, was formerly engaged in engineering activities in Kansas and Gustaf H. Carlson spent a couple of years at stock raising in Kan-





sas before coming to Chicago to make a reputation as a civil engineer and surveyor.

#### KEEPS THE PUBLISHERS STRAIGHT

Paul Hull should be included with the newspaper fraternity for he has gone through the journalistic mill from country editor to star reporter on the

rival and he took a trip through the air that surpassed any of the recent performances of the Wright brothers. He landed safely but Mrs. Hull decided she did not care to have her son become an aviator at such a tender age and as soon as possible she returned to her eastern home. In later years Hull tried to locate the place of his birth and after

a diligent search learned that the cyclone made such a clean sweep that not even the name of the town was left. As the village gave promise of becoming a formidable rival of Atchison—the two towns were just seven miles apart—Mr. Hull has always suspicioned that the citizens of Atchison were behind that cyclone, but Ed Howe has indignantly denied the allegation.

Mr. Hull is a most obliging individual, but when the doctors sent him down to New Mexico to die a few years ago he obstinately refused to carry out their program. Instead, he returned North and now presides over the second-class mail matter division of the Chicago postoffice, making the publishers and editors of the city walk the chalk line. He is supposed to keep a watchful eye on every column of



PROF. JOHN HARPER LONG  
of Northwestern University

Chicago dailies. Mr. Hull was born in 1859 at Summers, Kansas, where his parents were running a hotel. An untamed cyclone happened along that way shortly after the young man's ar-

nearly seven hundred publications, printed in twenty-seven different languages and dialects. It is his duty to see that no article is printed that might give offense to Uncle Sam's sense of



propriety and to wield a big stick on all the advertising propositions, circulation schemes and get-rich-quick projects that conflict with the postal regulations—and it is no wonder his hair is white when one thinks that a thousand enterprising publishers and crafty advertising men are lying awake nights trying to devise some scheme for “putting one over” on him.

#### A TEMPERANCE WORKER

Edward Everett Blake, who was born at Burr Oak, Kansas, is a 33rd degree prohibitionist, and while he has lived in Chicago most of his life he looks upon his intense interest in the anti-saloon movement as a part of his Kansas heritage. When he has time for prosaic business cares he is connected with the Price Baking Powder Company, but he is always willing to sacrifice his personal interests for “the good of the cause.” In 1902 he was made manager of *The New Voice*, the national organ of the Prohibition party, and later he became field secretary for the party in Cook County and managing editor of *The People's Companion*. For a time he was president of the Young People's Prohibition Leagues of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Mr. Blake has been a candidate for the state legislature and three years ago he ran for congress against “Billy Lorimer.” That particular district was made to order and a prohibi-

tionist has about as much chance as a Republican in Texas, but Blake is a vigorous campaigner and made a good showing. To-day he is looked upon as one of the effective workers in the anti-saloon movement that is making such inroads upon the liquor interests in Illinois.



EDWARD EVERETT BLAKE  
Temperance Advocate

#### IN MARTS OF TRADE

In the commercial and industrial world one finds Kansas men without number. Their name is legion and many of them sit at mahogany desks with a row of electric buttons before them as insignia of their rank. Among





the commanders of the industrial cohorts is Samuel McRoberts, president of the Illinois Tunnel Company and treasurer of Armour & Co. McRoberts was born in Missouri and says so without apologizing. For several years he lived at Baldwin, Kansas, graduating from Baker University with the class of '91. Two years later he came to Chi-

ago and in a very short time gained recognition as one of the industrial leaders of the city. As treasurer of Armour & Co., he is identified with the world's greatest packing house and as president of the Illinois Tunnel Company, to which he was elected three

years ago, he is at the head of one of the most remarkable transportation systems ever built for handling the freight traffic of great commercial centers.

The Illinois Tunnel Company has "a past" and while Mr. McRoberts can prove an alibi the story forms one of the most diverting chapters in the history of the city—the story of how a franchise was secured for a telephone system using underground conduits; how an innocent looking clause was slipped in granting the company the privilege of carrying "packages;" how for months the work of excavating was carried on at night, the wagons being mysteriously loaded in a shed in the rear of a saloon; how miles of a great underground railway system were built long before even the vigilant newspapers knew what was going on; how the business men, instead of raising the expected hubbub when they finally learned what had happened, not only forgave the company, but rose up and called it blessed for freeing them from the tyranny of the teamsters and for bringing

the markets of the country two and three days nearer to them.

To-day the company is operating nearly sixty miles of underground subway, one of the greatest engineering achievements of recent years. The tunnels traverse all of the principal streets



JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM  
With The National Biscuit Co

ing the markets of the country two and three days nearer to them.



of the city; they cross under the Chicago River fourteen times, connecting all of the freight depots and the downtown business houses and with mile-long arms reach out to the manufacturing districts. This mysterious subway is forty feet beneath the surface of the streets and instead of a small tube for "packages" it is a great tunnel, six to fourteen feet wide and seven to twelve feet high. It is equipped with 250 motors and 2,500 cars and the system is in operation twenty-four hours a day, giving the merchants, jobbers and manufacturers transportation facilities unequaled in any other city. Aside from the freight and transfer business the company does a valuable work in carrying away the dirt from the excavations for new buildings at a great saving of time. Nineteen acres of land have already been added to the lake front from underground Chicago and are now being beautified as a part of Grant Park. The company does no passenger business and as its system is hidden far from sight and sound very few appreciate the extent of its operations or its service to the commercial world and the practical solution it offers for the handling of traffic in the congested centers of the country.

Among the business men who made a conspicuous success in Kansas and

then continued their operations in this city on a larger scale are the Kiper brothers. Herman and Julius Kiper moved to Kansas with their father in the 50's and Charles Kiper was born in Douglas County, Kansas, in 1858. The father, Louis Kiper, entered business in Atchison in '63 as a dealer in hides, wool, leather and saddlery. As



DR. EDWIN MORTIMER RANDALL  
General Secretary of the Epworth League

the sons reached the years of manhood they were admitted as partners to the firm and the business flourished as a green bay tree. They finally decided to move to Chicago and devote





themselves exclusively to a manufacturing business. This was in 1891 and the firm of Kiper & Sons now operates one of the substantial industries of the city. About a year ago the business was incorporated, Herman and Julius retiring. Charles Kiper, manager of the company, is one of the best known harness and saddlery men of the country and was president of the National

ging in Wisconsin; then rafting on the Mississippi, entering the retail field in Kansas in 1871. He started a lumber yard at Burlington and with S. A. Brown & Co., established a chain of yards following the lines of extension of the Burlington system, the Katy and the Leavenworth, Lawrence & Galveston railroads. When the firm dissolved in 1881 it was a regular octopus,

controlling 120 retail yards. The firm of G. B. Shaw Lumber Company was then formed and by the time it sold out, seven years later, it had acquired and was operating seventy-five yards in various parts of the state. Mr. Shaw is now vice president of the E. E. Naugle Tie Company and his name is found on the directorate of the American Trust & Savings Bank; the Farwell Trust Company; the Congress Hotel Company, the Guarantee Electric Company and the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railway.

William P. Carey, now vice president and manager of the Carey-Lombard Lumber Company, began his business career at Wichita in a lumber yard and since 1876 he has been identified with the lumber trade of Chicago, his present connection

having been made in 1889.

William L. Sharp was likewise identified with the lumber interests at Wichita, being for a time manager of the Huttie Sash & Door Company. Since 1891 he has been connected with the



PROF. SAMUEL W. WILLISTON, OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

Saddlery Manufacturers' Association.

One would not think of going to Kansas for lumbermen, but these interests seem to be especially well represented. Gilbert B. Shaw learned the business in all its angles, first at log-



firm of E. L. Roberts & Co., one of the largest wholesale manufacturers of sash, doors, blinds and mill work in the west. He is now vice president and treasurer of the company and president of Sharp, Partridge & Co., wholesale dealers in plate and window glass.

Edward D. Redington served with distinction through the Civil War and remained in the government service until 1871. He first went with the Kansas Pacific as paymaster and then became a member of the firm of Governor & Redington, lumber dealers at Lawrence. After several years he came to Chicago and for a quarter of a century has been prominent as a lumberman, life insurance underwriter and jury commissioner. He is a trustee of Dartmouth College and a member of the G. A. R., S. A. R., Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Sons of Vermont, New England Society of Chicago and Western Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Everyone has heard of the Mead bicycle and the man who organized this great industry is a typical son of the Sunflower State. True, James L. Mead was born in Iowa in 1863, but that hardly counts, for he moved to Kansas with his parents that same year and "grew up with the country." His father, James R. Mead, was a famous buffalo hunter and Indian trader, but in 1869 turned his attentions to more peaceful pursuits as one of the founders of Wichita. James, Jr., attended the public schools of that city and for three years was a student in the State University. Then he returned to Wichita and engaged in the real estate business for several years, going through the "boom" period. Mead came to Chicago in 1891, trying his hand at the real estate business with indifferent success. He finally came into his own when he started to manufacture bicycles, the "craze" then being at its height. The Mead Cycle Company is practically the only concern in the country that has continued its activities unabated through the subsequent years. The Mead company has not only held its

own but has steadily extended its trade, operating very largely through the mail order channels. An auxiliary concern, the Mead Motor Company, was organized in 1904 and is developing quite a business in the manufacture of motor-cycles.

One of the very prominent citizens of Chicago was engaged in the banking business in Kansas for a number of years. Lyman A. Walton was born in New York and began his business career in that state. Then he hearkened to the call of the West and came as far as Chicago where he tarried for a little while and then journeyed on to Kansas, having been offered the position of cashier of the First National Bank at Anthony. This was in 1885. His ability attracted attention and he was soon induced to go to Wichita as cashier of the Wichita National Bank, but after a few years his star of destiny led him back to Chicago to become vice president of the Equitable Trust Company. His name is found on the directorate of any number of large corporations, but he is best known as a member of the South Park Commission. For many years he has been one of the most efficient members of that body and was elected its president in 1905. Mr. Walton was also a member of the Outer Belt Park Commission and one of the most zealous workers in the development of what Chicago now boasts as the greatest park system in the world.

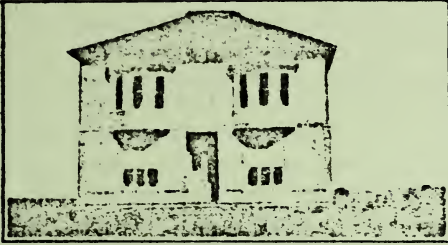
Franklin L. Whitcomb was in the purchasing department of the Santa Fe at Topeka for several years until he heard opportunity knocking at the front door and he accepted the invitation to come to Chicago with the Griffin Wheel Company. For the past fifteen years he has had charge of its sales department.

Fletcher B. Gibbs is another graduate of the Santa Fe offices, having been connected with the land department at Topeka for some time. He is now secretary of Shea Smith & Co., stationers, and has been president of the Chicago Stationers' Association and of the Na-





newspapers published in the town. About her site the yuccas grew thick and luxuriant and the water in the town wells was strong with alkali. Mingled with the whiskey of her six saloons it doubtless had something to do with the aggressive spirit of her early citizens. Cincinnati, her rival,



Court House, Ulysses, Kansas.

was also a flourishing little city, boasting of having nearly the same number of people. She made an attractive appearance on her higher and better location.

In 1888 when the struggle for the county seat took place both towns were in war paint and feathers and the feeling between the citizens thereof was intensely bitter. In both towns money was lavishly used for the sole purpose of buying votes for the county seat. Ulysses hired professional voters who came into the county and stayed the statutory length of time that they might vote for the location of the coun-



The postoffice building ready for the start.

ty capital. Cincinnati did the same but Ulysses knew better how to raise money and was able to buy more "professional" votes. It required a residence of thirty days to qualify a man's vote. The town paid for his board and lodging. And there were many of these

men who qualified to vote for Ulysses. On the day of election these men were paid for their votes as they left the polls, ten dollars being the usual price. The city council issued warrants to defray the necessary expenses. Old timers tell how the voting was done; how the "professionals" were herded into the building, voted and paid, as one local historian has said, "shamelessly and above board." The council had decided that Ulysses must win in the big fight for county seat; there was a future for the town that won and Ulysses must win. Money would win and with the thought that the end justifies the means, the money was found easily, readily and the future mortgaged heavily to meet the debts of war. On election day "professional" shooters were imported to terrify and intimidate



Section of Hotel Riverside; Court House on the left.

those who should express a preference for Cincinnati: the rival town made a good fight, she was a worthy antagonist, but when the battle was over it was Ulysses victorious!—a victory won by money and stuffed ballots and "shooters." Ulysses was the county seat of Grant County, a glory and distinction dearly won as subsequent years have proven.

Cincinnati died; the boom town rapidly faded away. Today nothing marks the site of the once thrifty city; her one time streets and avenues pasture herds of cattle. Nothing remains but some scattered bricks, and old cellars with crumbling walls.

After the excitement had subsided the people of Ulysses awoke to the fact that the winning of the county seat had cost them dearly. The city council



had issued \$36,000 in bonds and warrants on the city. This was spent with the sole purpose of securing the county seat—not a cent was used in permanent improvements. A school house was erected at a cost of \$13,000. School district bonds were issued to cover the amount. A court house was built that cost \$8,000.

Today conservative minded people would hesitate to burden the city and county with debts half the size of these; then it was thought they could stand such indebtedness: the town had 1,200 inhabitants, was county seat of a good county and had vast prospects before it. The city council, the county officers and school district officials who made such an indebtedness on city and county had the fever of speculation and felt that Ulysses was soon destined to be-

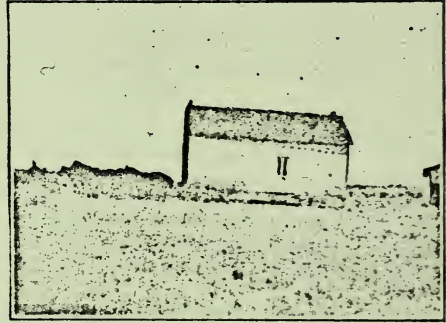


A store building on trucks.

come a great inland city and that the bonds could easily be paid. In twenty years what might not happen—they looked away to a bright future—to a county threaded with railroads and settled with prosperous farmers. Crops of immense yield would be an annual thing and money would be plentiful.

The early city fathers were not prophets. The year of 1893 came and with it the great money panic of that period. During these years crops in Grant County failed; banks closed their doors; cattle depreciated in value, and money grew scarce. The population of Ulysses fell from twelve hundred to four hundred. With the opening of the Strip in Oklahoma in the fall of '93 the town lost all but forty of her former inhabitants. Her dream was over; shorn of her people and her strength Ulysses sat bankrupt and forlorn. Sev-

eral years passed and all the while buildings were moved out of the town and the number of people decreased. But little real estate changed hands; the stores let their stock of goods run down. But few people came to town except on Saturdays when the farmers and ranchmen came to get supplies;



Office of "The Grant County Republican" on wheels.

most of these were bought at Lakin, Syracuse and Garden City, and but little business was transacted in the once busy town of Ulysses. Then came a change. People began coming into the County and land went up. Ulysses felt a stir of life again. Several new buildings were erected, old ones repaired and painted. The Grant County State Bank took out a charter, put up a neat building and began business. Some new merchants put in generous stocks



Part of Hotel Riverside.

of supplies and much of the old trade came back to the county seat. A Bachelor Club gave the county a boom and brought it before the world in a unique way. Interest in the place revived and everything looked prosperous. Then the bondholders wanted their money. The bonds fell due in





on "The Call of Kansas," which was read at the banquet of the society last January. While the references to the I. C. (Illinois Central) and other local allusions appeal especially to Chicagoans, the sentiment will be appreciated by all Kansans.

Sitting here at my window inhaling a strong  
perfume  
From the sinuous gliding river and from  
Bridgeport's belching flume;  
Stunned by the trolley's rattle and the gong  
of the blue patrol,  
The restless copper's whistle and the ele-  
vated's roll,  
I sit by my piled up desk and hear, above  
the loud I. C.,  
The voice of the prairie, calling,  
Calling me.

Sweeter to me than Bridgeport's breath, a  
fragrance that deeply pains;

Nearer my heart than my union suit are the  
wind swept Kansas plains,  
Dearer the sight of a jimson weed from  
which we extract the salve,  
Than all the blaze of electric lights that  
glitter on Michigan Ave.  
Gay as the bald Lothario is and warmer  
than pepper tree,  
I much prefer the co-ed girl whom we knew  
at the K. A. C.,  
And rising ever above the smoke and the  
roar of the loud I. C.,  
I hear the voice of the prairie, calling,  
Calling me.

Kansas, you dear old sweetheart, today I  
would hold your hand,  
And gaze in your eyes as blue as your skies  
and forget the wind and the sand,  
And as I dream of the boys and joys and  
friendships that used to be  
I am lifted above the city's noise and even  
the loud I. C.,  
By the voice of the prairie, calling,  
Calling me.

THE END

## Ad Astra

By Victor Oscar Freeburg.

Soft billows of silence far stretching;  
The grass waving fragrant and free;  
Horizon to farthest horizon  
The freedom and sweep of the sea;  
No scar of the plow or the shovel;  
Unmarred by civilized man—  
Ah, that was the pride of the prairie  
Ere the trail of the settler began.

The odor of loam from the furrow;  
The cottonwood sprigs in a row;  
The prairie dog fleeing his burrow;  
A meadow all ready to mow;  
A trail leading off to the market;  
The delicate rustle of corn—  
Ah, this was the hope of the settler  
Who toiled in the breezes of morn.

The satisfied hum of the reaper;  
A granary bulging with grain;  
The children sampling the orchard;  
The cattle crowding the lane;  
A voice in the laws of the nation;  
A hand in the federal fate—  
Behold the reward of the Kansan  
Who builded a prosperous state.





# Christmastide

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By Gladys Nelson

*Hark to the wind of December,  
From the land of eternal snow!  
His captive river is still as death;  
Shaken and swayed in his icy breath,  
The bare old trees moan low.*

*He sings o'er the wide, wide prairie,  
A dismal, wearying strain,  
From the gray, cold heavens at fall of night  
Come his legions of messengers pure and white,  
Rebarring the drifted lane.*

*And the boughs of the rough old cedars  
He garbs in immaculate white,  
Hither and thither the snowbirds, wee,  
He buffets like frail little barks at sea,—  
His own in the right of might.*

*But filled with the spirit of Christmas,  
The heart of old Earth throbs warm,  
For the message borne earthward by angel flights  
That christened that starriest night of nights,  
Is ours in a world of storm.*

*The angels on high are rejoicing;  
We sing with our hearts athrill;  
Forgotten are hatred and grief and woe,—  
For the rich and the poor, the high and the low,  
Are mingled in sweet good will.*







# Aunt Martha's Story of the First Mince Pie

By EMMA CARY JOHNSON

"GEE, but that pie tastes good! I say, Aunt Martha, you sure do know how to make mince pie. Who taught you how?"

"My mother," said Aunt Martha, smiling into the frank brown eyes of her nephew, Harold Elliott, who was interspersing his remarks with liberal bites from a quarter section of the aforementioned pie, "and I must say that I have never yet been able to equal my teacher in that art."

"She sure was a dandy, if she could beat you. Who taught her? Who do you suppose made the first one?"

Harold had come to visit his best loved aunt and to remain over the holidays, for the general family reunion that was annually held in the old homestead, where his aunt Martha still lived. This was the day before the feast and Harold had been making himself generally useful, in its preparation, by gathering eggs, bringing in the fuel, replenishing the fire box and playing errand boy in general. This had saved his aunt many steps and much time, and, knowing his fondness for mince pie, she had shown her appreciation of his service, by giving him a piece from the first one taken from the oven, and was now enjoying herself by witnessing the boy's evident pleasure in its consumption. Having finished the pie, he wiped his mouth and repeated:

"Say, Aunt Martha, do you know who did make the first mince pie? I guess you do; least ways you can most always tell a fellow what he wants to know, and I would like to know that."

Harold's propensity of getting at the root of things was well known, and his Aunt Martha smiled again as she answered: "I do not know for sure; but there is a story my mother used to tell to us, about that very thing and if

you wish I will tell it to you as I remember it."

"Go ahead," cried the boy, possessing himself of a big red apple from a basket that stood temptingly near.

Aunt Martha was an adept at story telling, and her nephews, nieces and the children in general thought it a rare treat when she told them one of the many she had in store. Harold, apple in hand, seating himself on a stool with his elbow on the table, slowly munched the apple and waited for his aunt to begin.

Aunt Martha deftly crimped together the edges of a pie crust, slipped the pie into the oven, pinched some dough from a mass in the mixing bowl on one side of the work table, sprinkled some flour onto the molding board, and rubbed it smoothly over the surface; and placing the bit of dough, began rolling it into shape for another pie; then she began the story.

"Well, Harold, I shall follow the old time custom and begin my story with 'Once upon a time.'"

"Let her go," said Harold; and Aunt Martha proceeded.

"Once upon a time there dwelt, in a far away kingdom, a king who loved dearly to eat and drink the good things from the pantry, field and garden. He was continuously planning how he might obtain the richest and most palatable of viands to grace his table and satisfy his appetite."

"I guess he was onto his job all right," broke in Harold.

Aunt Martha smiled, covered the bottom of a pie tin with the pastry she had rolled out, pinched off another bit of the dough, and, as she rolled it into shape, resumed her story.

"The king had an only son who was soon to reach his majority, and the father wished to celebrate the occasion



of his birthday with a royal feast such as had never been known in all the kingdom; he wished also to encourage the young maidens of the kingdom, to excel in the arts of housewifery, especially in cooking."

"What's housewifery?" queried the boy.

"Looking after and keeping everything in order about the house," answered his aunt, as she lined another pie tin with pastry," but if you ask so many questions I will never get through with the story."

"So the king sent a proclamation all over the kingdom, to every city, town, village, hamlet and country side; saying, that this great event was to take place at a certain time, and that the feast must be provided, from all over the kingdom; especially was each maiden, in his realm, to bring to the banquet the very best dish she could possibly present. Each maiden must prepare her own dish and bring it to the feast herself, and leave her name with the butler to whom she delivered it, that the king might know who made it, and the proclamation further said that, upon the maiden bringing the very best dish would be conferred the greatest honor; she should sit at the king's table, beside the king's son, and be in favor with the king; but, should any one refuse to come, or to bring something to grace the king's board, upon her would rest the royal displeasure and she should be punished for disobeying the king's commandment."

Harold, having finished his apple, reached for a doughnut from a large jar of fresh ones, that stood on a corner of the table near him, saying, at the same time, "You ought to have been there, Aunt Martha; I guess there couldn't any of those maidens come up to your cooking. You would sure have been the one to sit at the king's table alongside of the king's son."

"Think so?" queried his aunt, amused at the boy's evident confidence in her culinary skill. She paused long enough to fill the pastry lined tins

with the luscious mince meat ready for covering, then, as she began rolling out the top crust, she continued:

"The king's proclamation was sent, by courier, to the remotest parts of the kingdom, that every one might know about it. Then there was great excitement all over the realm, all the maidens were in a great flutter; they got out their cooking materials and began to try their skill at baking and brewing, frying and stewing, roasting and broiling. From morning till night, there was the sound of mixing, stirring, pounding, rolling and beating of good things together; it fairly made one's mouth water with eagerness to taste the good things in course of preparation, when they inhaled the savory odors that filled the land from the many homes all over the kingdom, and everyone was anxious for the eventful day to come.

"No, not every one either. Away down in a little hovel, in a remote corner of the kingdom, lived a poor widow and her only child, a daughter, just growing into womanhood. The mother just recovering from a long sickness, was as yet unable to work; her husband had lost his life during one of the many wars, waged for the preservation of the kingdom, and the mother and daughter had since earned a meager living by sewing for the gentry about them, then the mother fell sick, and the daughter cared for her and did what sewing she could, which afforded them but a miserable pittance.

"Returning one evening from carrying home some work for which the patron had refused to pay her that day, she found her mother weeping bitterly in great distress at the proclamation of the king which had only just reached her. 'Alas, my dear daughter,' cried the frightened woman, 'how can we hope, in our poverty, to prepare a dish fit for the king's feast? We may as well die now as then, for how can we hope to avoid the punishment if we disobey the commandment?'





"They were in a tight place," commented Harold. "They must have been sure scared; how did they get out of it?"

Aunt Martha ignored the interruption, and continued: "The girl kissed her mother and said: 'It does seem dark before us, but you know, though we are poor, God has always been good to us and he will not forsake us now. Let us trust him that some way may arise whereby we can meet the king's commandment. Meanwhile we will have some tea, and, after that, we will study out some way to escape the displeasure of our sovereign.' The frugal supper was soon over and the mother laid down to rest leaving the daughter to think out something to be done.

"As the maiden cleared away the remains of the evening meal she thought it all out, and found that she had the following on hands, out of which to make a dish worthy to compare with any in the kingdom: Here was a piece of roast beef brought in to them by a neighbor, here a few small apples, all that remained of the fruit of a small tree that grew in the dooryard; in the corner of the cupboard she found a handful of sugar plums and a small bag of spices; then there was a goodly piece of suet, a bag of barley meal and a cup of cider."

"Was that all she had?" interrupted the listener excitedly. "I don't see how she could make anything fit to eat out of that stuff, do you? What did she do?"

"Give me time, and I will tell you," and Aunt Martha stopped long enough to slip another pie into the oven, resuming her work at the molding board and the narrative at the same time.

"The girl peeled the apples and chopped them fine, then she chopped the roast beef into a finely cut mass and mixed the two together, adding to them, the sugar plums and spices, then the suet was chopped fine and added, the whole mass saturated with the cup of cider, sweetened to taste and set aside; that done she worked a goodly portion of the suet into a quantity of

the barley meal, added a pinch of salt and moistened it with enough water to make a paste; with this paste she lined a bake dish, filled into it the preparation she had ready, covered it over with another layer of paste which she pricked full of artistically arranged holes, or slashes, and put it into the brick oven, she had previously heated, and let it bake until it was a rich brown. It was then removed from the oven and set upon a shelf, ready for the feast.

"The dish being prepared, then came another serious problem; that of ar-  
ranging the maiden for the great occasion.

"The mother, in her maidenhood, had belonged to a prosperous family of the gentry, and had kept, through all their days of poverty, her wedding dress, with the slippers, fan, gloves and a few other trinkets she had worn with it. The dress was a beautiful brocade made after a long gone style, but the maiden looked very quaint and beautiful in it, when her toilette was completed and she was ready to start to the court.

"The mother insisted on accompanying her, and summoning all her strength, donned her widow's weeds and they started forth bearing their humble offering. Reaching their destination they delivered the dish to one of the butlers, and fearful that it might be rejected for its simplicity, they sought to hide themselves from view among the throngs of people who filled the castle grounds.

"Meanwhile the king's butler and his assistants were busy receiving, carving, cutting and examining the many rich and costly viands brought by the people of the kingdom. It seemed that nothing was wanting that would please the taste or gratify the appetite, each dish was received or rejected according to the judgment of the chief butler. Dish after dish had been tasted and pronounced worthy to be set before his majesty, when, at length, one of the assistants chanced upon the little



pie, and noting its savory odor, brought it to the chief.

"'Methinks, my lord,' he said, 'that the savor of this small pie promises something new and rare, and that it may be altogether pleasing to his majesty's taste. I also see that it bears this direction, 'To be served hot.''" The little pie was thrust into the great hot oven, whence it came out steaming. It was then tasted, to the great delight of the chief butler.

"The lords and ladies of the court were all assembled in the great banquet hall. The king, the queen and the prince royal were there, and the board was filled, except the seat beside the prince, where was to sit the maiden whose dish should merit for her the king's favor.

"All being ready, the chief butler was called to bring forth, to the king, the dish he had chosen as most worthy to grace the feast. He came bearing, on a silver salver, the pie made by the humble country maiden.

"'Here, most gracious king,' said he, making obeisance to his majesty, 'is the dish I have chosen; taste and see if it be not worthy this royal feast.' Here he placed the dish before the king.

"The king tasted, smacked his lips in approval, smiled and tasted again. He then called upon the queen and the prince to taste, then the lords and ladies tasted, and, in fact, the tasting lasted until the pie was all eaten and the king was calling for more, which of course he could not have.

"Then said he: 'Go bring hither the maiden who made this pie, and she shall sit in the seat of honor, beside the prince.'

"Then heralds went forth among the throngs of people, seeking the maker of the pie, for none knew whence she came nor whither she had fled. At length, the servant was found to whom the pie had been delivered, and he told of the beautiful maiden and her widowed mother, and revealed the name he had taken as the king had required. Then the heralds called the name,

among the multitudes of people, summoning its owner to appear before the king; and the maiden and her mother came, trembling with fear that their dish had merited the displeasure of his highness, and that its smallness had kindled his anger against them.

"Great then, was their astonishment when they came into the presence of the court, and the king, queen, and all the nobles arose to greet them. The king himself advanced to meet them, and as the maiden knelt at his feet he took her by the hand and bade her arise, and every one was filled with wonder at the beauty of the girl as she stood there beautiful and graceful, looking, in her quaint old fashioned garments, like some rare old picture come to life."

"I guess she was glad when she found out that the king wasn't mad at her," ejaculated Harold, who could hardly wait for the climax. "Is that all the story?"

"Not quite," laughingly responded Aunt Martha. "The king led her to the vacant seat at the table, and presenting her to the court said: 'Right noble lords and ladies, this is the maiden whose skill has provided for this feast, a dish unknown before, a dish so rich and savory that none in all the kingdom has equaled it; who then, is more worthy to sit beside the prince than she, who has shown such excellent skill in pleasing his palate, and whose beauty of face and grace of manner even exceeds her skill in cooking? So shall she occupy the seat of honor. Let the feast proceed.'

"Then the maiden was graciously received by all the court, and the prince could scarce refrain from gazing at her beauty, and after the feast she and her mother were kept in the king's palace, to instruct the court ladies in the art of cooking, especially how to make the pie that had won them the favor of the king.

"And the prince was often with the beautiful maiden and learned to love her more and more each day. After awhile he asked his father's consent to





marry her, which was readily granted, for the old king had learned to love her too, because of her gentle ways. And at the wedding feast the royal dish was the mince pie, and it has always been in favor since, and the beautiful queen lived many years, beloved by all the people; she had many daughters, and she taught them all how to make mince pie."

"That prince was a joe dandy," said Harold, "and I bet he had all the mince

pie he could eat. Is that the end?"

"Yes. Would you like another piece of pie?" asked Aunt Martha, pushing the plate toward him.

"Don't care if I do," responded the boy, taking a piece in his hand. "I think I'll eat it outside, for I hear the boys calling out there. We are going to the woods to look for nuts, you know. We'll be back before dark." And he rushed out swallowing his pie as he ran, eager for the trip to the woods.

## I Wonder Who Knows

On a Query at Christmas by Little Miss Lillian

BY LEWIS ALBERT HARDING

*I wonder who it is that knows,  
Just who or where old Santa is;  
And after Christmas where he goes,  
With those reindeer of his.*

*If I could see an Esquimau  
Who lives up north where it is cold,  
I surely think that he would know,  
For Santa lives up there I'm told.*

*He doesn't make a bit of stir,  
But always comes when I'm in bed;  
My mamma says he's dressed in fur,  
And papa says his nose is red.*

*I thought I heard him at our door,  
Or coming down our kitchen flue;  
And mamma saw him at the store,—  
I wonder who he is, don't you?*

*If I'd sit up I might find out  
But papa talks so much of him,  
And mamma's seen him too, no doubt,  
And so I think I'll just ask them.*



# The Kansas Penitentiary

By CHAPLAIN THOMAS W. HOUSTON

A POPULAR conception of a penitentiary is that over the portals should be written,  
*"Let him who enters here leave hope behind."*

The grounds in front of the Kansas State Penitentiary rest the weary and delight the eyes. Smooth swards, cooling fountains and well set flower beds invite the loiterer, and children trundle their hoops past the glint of the Winchester held by the impassive guard who ever faces the entrance. The ivy in green masses is trying to hide the somber sternness of the gray walls, but the walls are high and strong, and the bars at the windows and the click of

shops teeming with industry. The message he ought to hear is:

*"Leave the past life behind you, and take hope for the future."*

The first move toward the making of a penitentiary for Kansas was the appointment of a Penitentiary Commission, February 11, 1858. The state prisoners were kept in various places at Leavenworth for several years. The first site was bought by Commissioners M. S. Adams, C. S. Lambdin and Charles Starns, in 1861, and provision was made by the legislature for buildings. But the contract was not let until 1863. The site was changed in 1864. In 1866 Governor Crawford sold in New



THE PENITENTIARY "PIGGERY."

the lock as the big iron gate swings to its place behind the in-going man, make his heart and those of his friends as heavy and somber as the rocks. But once on the inside he finds the sun shining as brightly, the grass as green, the flowers as variegated, the trees casting as grateful a shade and the air as free and life-giving as on the outside. He is not in a gloomy fastness, but in a street running among great

York, Penitentiary bonds to the amount of \$60,000 at ninety-one cents on the dollar. The permanent buildings were begun, the north wing and part of the wall was built under contract by Flora and Caldwell.

George Keller was the first warden in 1863. Gideon Armstrong was the deputy. Warden Phillbrick came next in 1864, and in 1865 Major Henry Hopkins, fresh from the war, became war-

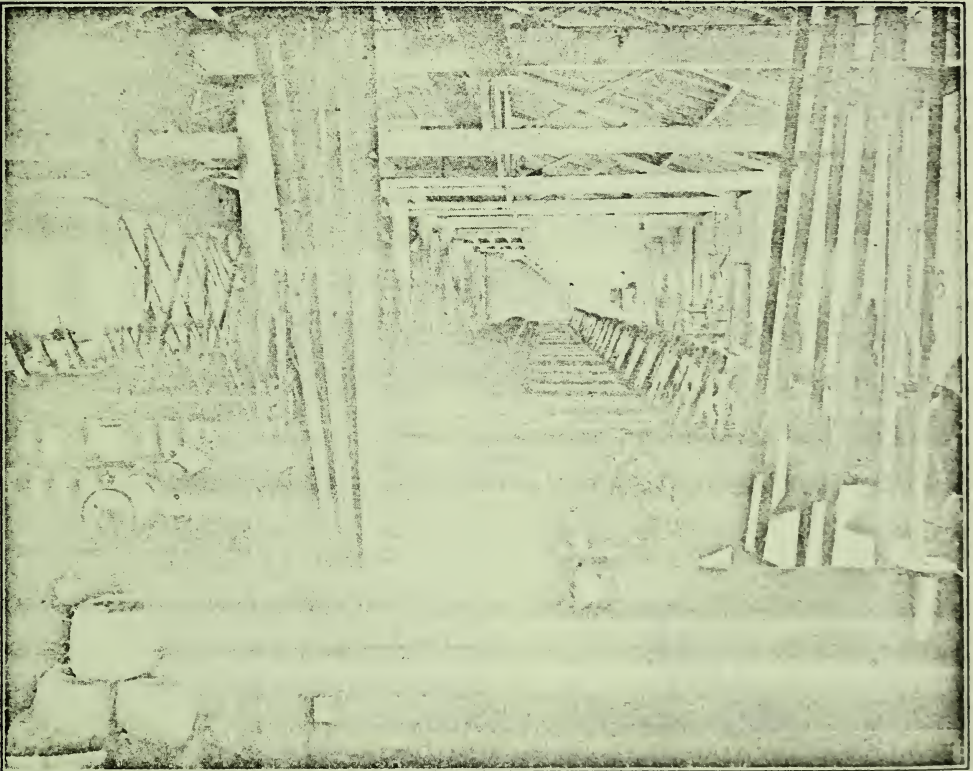




den and held the position for over seventeen years. During a large part of this time Major John Johnston, who had served in the same regiment during the war, was deputy warden. Hopkins completed the wall, built the central building, the south wing and most of the buildings in the yard, all with prison labor.

When the democratic party carried the state, W. C. Jones was made warden and Frank Gable became deputy. During 1879, Mr. Gable, then in the leg-

the prison was self-supporting. In 1885 John H. Smith became warden and John Higgins was made deputy. The latter continued in the same place while George Case was warden. In 1893 the populists carried the elections and "Dick" Chase and "Mike" Markham were appointed, but in two years the republicans won and Bruce Lynch became warden and he was succeeded by Harry S. Landis, under whom Gable became deputy again. Joseph Tomlinson was appointed next, then came E.



THE BINDER WHERE TWINE IS MADE.

islature, secured the passage of a bill authorizing the sinking of a coal shaft by the penitentiary. Hopkins began the work. During Jones' second year the mine was paying. Coal was supplied to state institutions and sold to others who would come after it. Several hundred prisoners were employed by contractors who were competing for the labor and they were paid good wages. For the first time in its history

B. Jewett and W. H. Haskell, with both of whom J. W. Dobson served as deputy.

On July 1, 1909, J. K. Coddling was appointed by Governor Stubbs and shortly afterward C. M. Lindsay was named for deputy warden.

There are some with more or less knowledge of that of which they speak who refer to the days during Hopkins' administration as the halcyon days of



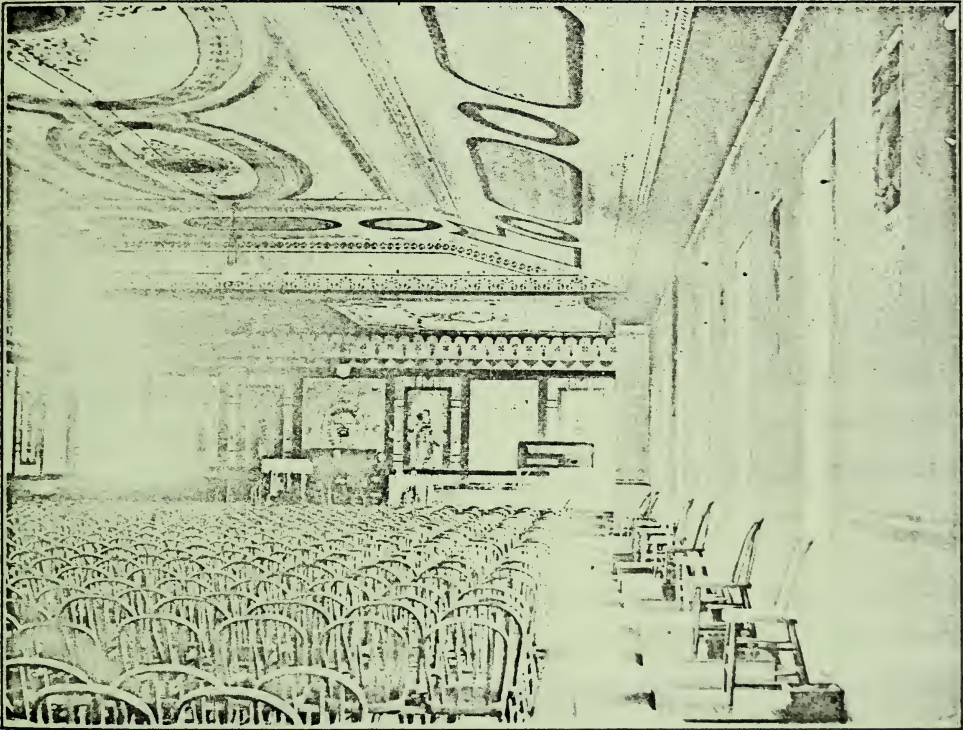
the penitentiary affairs. There was no financial scandals, no legislative investigations after the first contracts were settled, no question as to who controlled, the development went on in an orderly manner. Undoubtedly Major Hopkins was a man of probity, of executive ability, and of good judgment in the selection of his assistants. But it has not been proven that no man among his successors would have made an efficient warden for as long a time

being well managed are those which have been under one management for many years.

There are, at least, four theories as to the place of a penitentiary among the necessary institutions of a great state.

One of these is, that its best use is as a place where easy berths, with certain incomes, can be found for some men to whom ante-election promises have been made.

Another is, that it is a place of pun-



CHAPEL, WITH SIDE SEATS FOR GUARDS.

had he been allowed to remain in the position. Hopkins was given a free hand from the first and worked out his own ideas successfully. No other man has been allowed to remain in the position more than four years, while some remained only two years. The institution is big and the problems varied, requiring time for their mastery. Plans and discipline are always uncertain in changes of the head. In other states the penitentiaries and reformatories which have acquired the reputation of

ishment; every man who is sent there is a criminal whose punishment is in exact and just proportion to his crime, demanded by society in revenge for the wrong done to itself by the criminal, the old adage of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," which was branded by the Man of Nazareth as belonging to an obsolete age. Those who hold this view also point to the certainty and severity of retribution as deterring others from similar crimes, as do the Chinese when they exhibit heads of





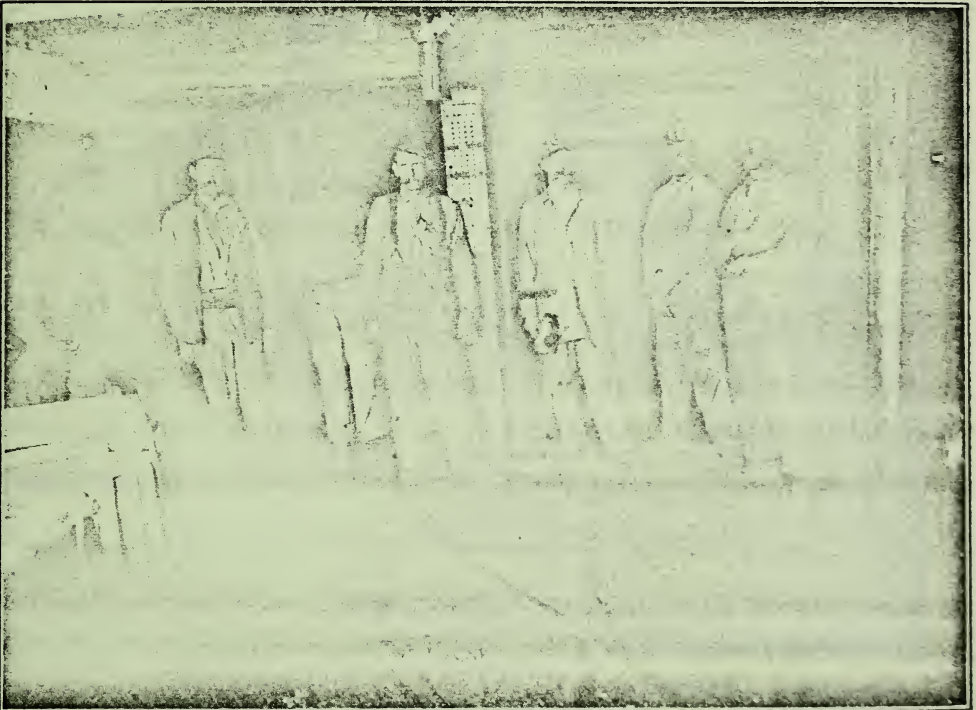


those who have been decapitated, in cages over the street until the flesh rots from the skulls.

A third theory is, that these lawbreakers are men of whom society is afraid or ashamed and who should be immured behind the walls that others may go on in peace and pleasure. What becomes of the men thus punished out of sight is not the concern of the righteous.

There is a fourth theory. It is similar

more patience and more skillful methods have made fortunes out of these refuse heaps. By placing the earning power of the average citizen at \$600.00 a year and computing the interest value of capital at six per cent., it is reckoned that every wage earner is worth \$10,000 to the state. If 250 men go from the penitentiary every year to become money earning, tax-paying citizens, the wealth of the state is increased \$2,500,000 each year. If they remain behind



IN THE COAL MINE.

to a development in the industrial world, epitomized in the saying of Armour, that while in the past there was certain useless refuse in converting the live hog into pork, now no part of him but the squeal is lost. It is well known that in the early days of California when men picked gold nuggets from among the grass roots and rocked out the golden sands with marvelous ease great piles of tailings were left around the mines, which have since been reworked by others, who, with

the walls they are charges on the tax payers. If they go out embittered, hardened, fixed in bad habits, they are a menace to society. While there is a certain element of truth in the first three theories stated, the fourth idea is the true one, and upon it the Kansas penitentiary is being conducted today, viz: The penitentiary is a work shop in which certain material (those who are convicted in the courts of offending against the laws of the state), is being worked over so that in the end the



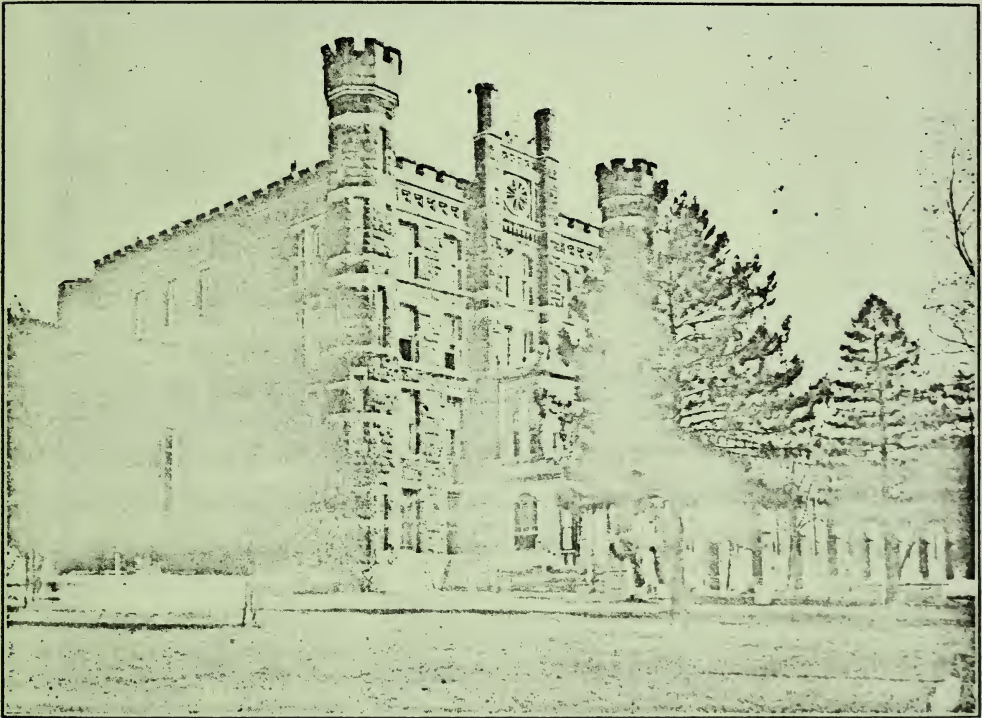
refuse matter (the incorrigible and incurable), shall be reduced to the very minimum.

The citizens of Kansas are splendid specimens of men and women. Most of them "show color" from the start. In some, virtue is undeveloped or perverted. These are grist for the penitentiary, where they are to be converted into valuable workers.

In the view to be presented three

name legibly, and many of those who can have learned it since coming to prison. Can you see the gold in them? But perhaps you are not an experienced miner.

The capacity of the plant can best be measured, possibly, by the number of cells, 1084. There is plenty of work and room in the shops for more. When Kansas was trying to care for Oklahoma's convicts, as well as her own,



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, CONTAINING OFFICE AND RESIDENCE OF WARDEN.

features are observed: The material, the plant, the methods.

On September 15, 1909, the material consisted of 810 prisoners. Of these 506 are white males, 262 are black males, fourteen are white females, twenty-one are black females, three are Indian males, one is an Indian woman and four are Mexicans. Most of them have indeterminate sentences of one to five years. The length of the sentence increases until there are seventy-seven who have life sentences. Ninety per cent. of them have had inferior education, seventy-six cannot sign their own

there were over 1300 prisoners at one time. The consequence was that nearly 300 cells had two men in each, and some work places were crowded, for the officers considered the arrangement a temporary one and did not make permanent provision for so many.

During the year preceding January 31, 1909, when the last of the Oklahoma prisoners were taken away, there were 1162 cases of punishment, or an average for each month of eighty-seven.

During the seven months following their going the punishments have averaged thirty-six each month. With sixty-





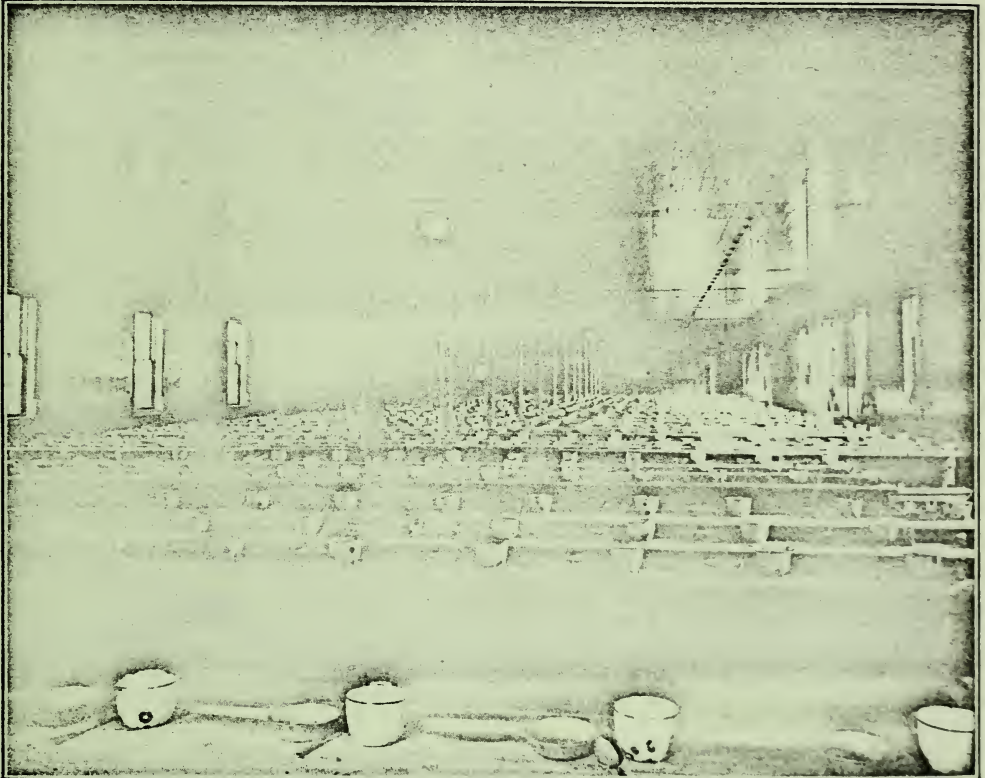
two per cent. of the former number of men there have been but forty-one per cent. of the former number of punishments. While there may be a difference in the character of the prisoners from the two states, it is plain that the discipline in crowded quarters cannot be as good as when each prisoner has a separate cell, nor can the prison be kept as clean and sanitary. There is no indication that the quarters will

the state has acquired the right to mine coal under a large area.

The methods will be presented under four heads: Industrial, physical, educational and religious.

Economy would demand that the state should require all the labor that these men can give. But the financial side of the management does not come into the limits of this article.

Work is an essential means of bring-



THE DINING HALL.

become crowded soon. It is hoped that the parole system will become so useful that the number of inmates will decrease, rather than increase.

The plat of ground originally enclosed by the walls was 666.66 feet square and contained ten acres. To this has been added, on the north, a walled yard containing the female ward and the coal mine sheds and the brickyard. To the east of the buildings and extending to the river is the farm with some 600 acres. Beyond these limits

ing out and building up the character and productive powers. If they had all been taught to labor industriously and skillfully and had done so after they were taught, fewer of them would be in the prison.

Absolute obedience to those under whose guidance they are is another side necessary in their training. Some do not take kindly to these imperatives. and, although the process of "breaking in" is always gradual and accompanied by a spirit of consideration, some men



will break out, until they find that the results of breaking out are more serious than the breaking in and submit to the inevitable. But that this is not the general spirit of the convicted man is proved by the fact that of the 800 Kansas inmates only 100 received punishment for any cause during the past year. The seven work willingly and well. The one works also, willingly or unwillingly, and generally well.

The last legislature said that no more contracts should be made to furnish labor of the prisoners to private employers. By the end of 1909 all such contracts will have expired. The state will be the only employer of convict

the clerks, more room for the warden; more room and higher ceiling for the kitchen; a new entrance for the dining hall; cleanliness and fresh paint on all sides; a new dynamo for the power house; these things have all been accomplished since July first.

The carpenter shop given more room; the school room changed and the tailor shop moved, are other matters that have required labor. The work in the various departments of the institution gives training—in kitchen and dining room, in boiler room and engine room, in barber shop and butcher shop, in clerical work, in photography and telegraphy, in hospital, dental work and



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF FRONT OF PENITENTIARY.

labor. During the last summer and fall an unusually large number has been employed in changing and repairing various buildings, owing to the expiration of the contracts and the plans of the new warden. Like Mr. Harriman, Mr. Coddington believes in dividends, but thinks that in order to get the largest dividends the plant must be put in good condition.

The men who do the work must be fed and given sanitary quarters, free from bedbugs. New quarters for the library and chaplain's office; new quarters for the chief engineer; new quarters for the deputy warden and officers ward room; new quarters for

drug department, in library and printing office, in stables and veterinary work, in laundry and bakery, in tailoring and shoemaking, in blacksmithing and iron working and tin shop; in carpenter work and masonry and painting, in quarrying rock and making roads; in plumbing and electricians work; in bookkeeping and teaching; in bookbinding and green house work; in coal mining; in brick making; in twine factory and in the "tinker shop," where a large number of queer and useful and ornamental articles are made for sale. General Grant complimented the army of Cumberland on having in its regiments men who could do any





mechanical or engineering feat which presented itself in their campaigns, and from among those confined in the penitentiary men can be found to do almost any work. To the list already given might be added the leading and playing of a brass band, playing in orchestra, leading and singing in chorus choir. Doubtless, if called up, men could be found to act as guard and chaplain and warden. The main trouble during the past few months has been to get men to do all that had to be done.

We read now in the olden times "every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented," gathered to David the fugitive at the cave of Adullam, and out of them came his mighty men of valor who set him upon the throne, and one is reminded of such history when he sees the cripples from the hospital smiling as they hobble around on errands, and the grins on the faces of the men from the "crank house" when they were permitted to help clean the cell houses. Perhaps, after all, the lame are to take the prey.

Housewives who know that it is no small task to provide meals for six or eight people will appreciate the meaning of the statement, that forty-three men prepare all the food, act as waiters and wash dishes for the institution, one man to every eighteen. One man does the laundry work for sixty; one man does the cell house work for forty; one man changes the library books once a week for all who desire a change, carrying the books to and from the cells to the library; one man receives and puts in the cells all the weekly and daily papers and the magazines, and a record is kept of every book and periodical.

Houses owned by the state and rented to the officers, are built by the prisoners, using prison brick and lime stone taken from the prison quarry. Fine roads, leading north and south from the gates, have been built and are under construction, material and labor furnished by the prison.

The farm is a beautiful and fertile tract of land, whose wooded hills border the Missouri river. In the last

biennial report among the items of produce furnished to the prison kitchen from the farm, are:

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Apples .....         | 190 bushels    |
| Beans .....          | 562 bushels    |
| Corn .....           | 158 bushels    |
| Carrots .....        | 51 bushels     |
| Lettuce .....        | 618 bushels    |
| Onions .....         | 280 bushels    |
| Peas .....           | 180 bushels    |
| Peaches .....        | 1,033 bushels  |
| Beets .....          | 13,285 pounds  |
| Cabbage .....        | 65,601 pounds  |
| Irish potatoes ..... | 3,744 bushels  |
| Sweet potatoes ..... | 290 bushels    |
| Parsnips .....       | 134 bushels    |
| Radishes .....       | 199 bushels    |
| Turnips .....        | 2,197 bushels  |
| Rhubarb .....        | 13,622 pounds  |
| Squash .....         | 4,500 pounds   |
| Pork .....           | 105,349 pounds |
| Beef .....           | 4,341 pounds   |
| Blackberries .....   | 454 gallons    |
| Milk .....           | 39,353 gallons |

It is unfortunate for the visitors that the piggery is so far from the prison grounds, for it is one of the sights and any farmer would get lessons in the art of producing pork by examining it.

In shop No. 2, seventeen tailors and three shoemakers make all the clothing and shoes worn by the prisoners and the uniforms for the officers. Here and in the last of the contract shops, the overall factory, the health conditions are the poorest. The largest proportion of tuberculous men are found, except in the "crank house." Whether this is caused by the nature of the work, or by the fact that weaker men were put at what was considered lighter work, is not stated. The new warden has provided for special exercise for these men, as will be shown.

The woman's ward is separate entirely, and there they have all facilities for house work, kitchen and dining room and laundry, where they do all their own work, making their own clothing and their spare time is given to other sewing.

Taking the place formerly occupied by the contract labor system are four departments from which the prison receives a revenue from sale of the products.

The coal mine furnishes work for 258 men at present. Before the Oklahoma



prisoners were withdrawn the number employed about the mines ran up to over 500. The production of coal has increased steadily from 504,304 bushels, having a value of \$37,979, in 1882, to 2,228,185 bushels, having a value of \$242,822, in 1908. Owing to the smaller number of men the production will be less this year.

Superintendent Fulton takes pride in the fact that no coal mine is safer or healthier than this one. When Dr. Emley made an examination of the prisoners for tubercular symptoms in August, the mine men were found to be among those who were least affected. All the underground workings are lighted by electricity and the foul air is sucked out through shafts with great fans at the upper openings.

A number of the men in the mine are employed in digging and furnishing shale to the brickyard. No better brick are made than those turned out at the prison kilns, and, in addition to those used locally, the report of 1908 showed that bricks to the value of \$14,831.25 were furnished in one year to other state institutions.

The twine plant, now under Superintendent Cline, is one of the problems for the new warden to solve. Not its efficiency, productiveness nor the quality of the twine, these cannot be excelled, and it will furnish employment for a hundred men. The difficulty lies in getting the farmers to buy the twine. Former managements have attempted to maintain the mail order system in disposing of the output. They have offered the twine at a low price to the farmers who would write to the prison for it and send the cash with their orders. The big harvest machine combines have offered twine to the same farmers, through the local dealers, at higher price, to be paid for after they got returns from their harvest. The prison made a million pounds a year and have not sold it all. The combine has sold twelve million pounds a year in Kansas. The present warden must solve the problem or cut out the twine. He is likely to do the former.

The fourth money making department is known as the "tinker shop." This is the spot from which the visitor carries away vivid recollections and probably some memento, leaving in lieu thereof his cash. It is the curio corner of the institution. It reminds the writer of the shops on the streets of frequently visited ports in Japan, where the curious half native, half foreign goods are displayed on the counter in front, and the merchant workman with his helpers are busy in the same room making his wares. Perhaps the effect is produced, partly by the sight of the polite little Japanese, Ganazato Oki, plaiting, always plaiting watch chains and fobs with shining leather strings. He does not look up if you watch the nimble fingers for a moment, but, if as you pass on you should say, "Sayonara, Oki San," he would jump to his feet and bow a bobbing countessy, with beaming smile. No one seems to know just what he is in for. He cannot talk English and had no interpreter at his trial. He will go out on parole soon. A one armed man tends the motor, a one legged man makes shoes, an old man and a lame man are making toy violins, a white haired man with bright eyes is making leather riding whips, a deaf and dumb boy with others, takes little pieces of various colored wood and glues them into squares and oblongs and diamonds and stars. Pass on and see them all as inlaid work on exquisitely finished tables and boxes and toilet articles. Canes made of old magazines which the men have discarded; pieces of slate, cut in shape of books and ornamented with drawings and writing, some reading "ora nobis," and hearts of the same material. They are colder, but I wonder if they are any heavier than the hearts which some of these prisoners carry around in their bosoms.

Ah, me! The stories, the thoughts, the memories that lie stored in the brains back of these pallid faces. If they might be told! Man is more interesting than his works, after all. But that must not be, so pass out, let the work go on.





All of these various forms of work are educational, industrially. It is a big technical school. Nor is the text book schooling neglected. As long ago as 1880 Chaplain McCreery wrote: "This prison represents the only graded school found in any prison in the world." At that time there were in confinement 691 with school attendance of 192. Lessons were assigned, and men recited once a week, on Sundays. In 1900, with 940 prisoners there were 248 enrolled as pupils. Practically the same methods were followed in 1908, with 1314 prisoners there were 396 pupils. As a result of the efforts of Warden Haskell and Chaplain McBrien an appropriation had been made which enabled them to hold the school during three evenings of each week for five months. Chaplain McBrien in his annual report, says: "The night school was a success, even beyond our highest expectations. I do not believe that any appropriation was ever made by the legislature that accomplished more good in proportion to the amount involved." During the winter of 1908-09 the appropriation proved insufficient to carry on the school and it was given up when the Oklahoma prisoners were withdrawn. The legislature has set aside \$2,000 for school purposes for the 1909-10 term and for the 1910-11 term. A practical reorganization of the work is under way. There will be about 300 pupils. They will be taught for three evenings each week for six months. Illiterates and those having little training will receive first attention. It is not the plan to attempt much advanced work this winter. Most of the men who attend the classes will not be here by another year. Comparatively few remain for more than two years. The work is planned to meet these conditions. Those who remain longer have, and often take the opportunity to improve themselves farther, generally by individual work with assistance from those in charge. Some have become good penmen; some have studied stenography and typewriting; others have learned Spanish; some have become

good bookkeepers and many have learned to read. The long, quiet evening hours encourage this. If every man can be so taught that no one need go from the prison who is not able to write a simple letter, to read ordinary papers and to figure out the common arithmetical problems that come in every day life, a long step will have been taken toward making an honorable citizen. The authorities encourage the prisoners to read by furnishing a good library, and each man is allowed to draw one book each week. In addition to this the men buy papers and magazines. Six hundred and thirty-two daily and weekly papers and 196 magazines are being taken in the prison at this time. Each man is given an allowance of three and three-fourths cents for each day on which he works. From this fund they may buy periodicals.

The physical condition of the men is looked after by the prison physician, Dr. Sherman L. Axford.

On the first day of the prisoner's arrival he is examined thoroughly by the officer, and an exact record of the findings is kept. The place where he is to work is decided largely by his physical condition, partly by the previous training.

The daily clinic, the hospital for sick, the surgical department, the dental department, the optical department, the insane ward, the isolation ward and the dead house are under the physician's charge. Since August 1, 1899 to September 15, 1909, there have been 194 deaths in the prison, during which time the inmates averaged 1200. During the past summer there have been many intervals when there would be no sick in the hospital. There are always some in the surgical ward, most of them on account of troubles originating before they were committed to the prison. The majority of the men have gone out from the prison in better physical condition than when they came in, and this is true of a still larger proportion of the women. Both men and women who enter the prison addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, opium,



cocaine or other "dopes," and to smoking, are at once cut off from the indulgence of these habits and become stronger in body, cleaner inside and outside. They come with gunshot wounds and decaying bones and old sores and chronic diseases, and all receive treatment, and generally, healing. One great advantage which a physician in such a work has is, that it is his business to keep the men well. The men know that consulting the physician will not cost them anything. Whatever medicine is necessary is free. They are willing to stop work even at the physician's orders. Hence he catches any indisposition in its incipency. But it requires a wise man, as well as a good physician to meet the conditions. A prisoner's ability to work is not left to himself to decide. There are those who could persuade themselves to rest frequently. The physician's judgment must decide. He must see through shamming, giving every man his due. It is no easy task. In his department also, are found two of the problems of the institution. The insane ward, the "crank house" in the local vernacular, and the tuberculosis patients—what shall be done with them. Those who have mental delusions and those who because of the "White Plague" need special care, both classes are a menace to other inmates, both needing facilities which are not provided in the prison at present. State insane asylums will not receive the criminal insane. These are problems for which there are solutions. These solutions will be found.

Of the proportionately large body of men found to respond to the test for tuberculosis, made under the direction of the State Board of Health, the majority will possibly never develop active tuberculosis. But there is a sufficient number who have now or will eventually have active form of the disease to endanger others under past conditions. Those conditions are being changed. Dr. Axford is studying carefully, both the tuberculin and the mercury treatment. He is using both

guardedly. Doubtless he himself will make the result known when he is ready. In regard to the few cases of insanity which have developed in the prison, the cause of some can be traced to well understood physical habits, which are being struck at. A question which is well worthy of consideration is—is the rule of silence which is upheld among the convicts, and the consequent brooding, in any way responsible for any of the insanity?

Aiming at preventing this brooding and getting some fresh oxygen into their lungs, it has been the custom for many years to allow the men all out on the grass plot under the shade trees inside the walls, on occasions. Through July and August of this summer they were out thus on each Sunday, except one wet day, from nine until eleven or eleven-thirty in the forenoon. Their walking and talking on the plot, were entirely untrammelled. Also on July fourth and on Labor Day they had this privilege with added zest of some athletics. And the men from the two tailor shops, before alluded to, have now half an hour on each work day in which they play with baseball and football and basket ball. If the people of Kansas could see those men as they fall in ranks after the exercise and march off to work with heads up and with swinging stride, it might cause some, whose idea of a prisoner is that he must be pale and repentant and despondently sighing and downcast, to shake their heads ominously. It would probably cause others to rejoice that hope and vigor remains to the repentant and reforming lawbreaker. And a not insignificant addenda to the story is this: Although the half hour is taken from the working hours the amount of work accomplished is not lessened but the cases of punishment are. Insomuch does cheerfulness and good will prevail that it is found possible to withdraw one guard from each shop, thereby affecting a saving of \$130 monthly to the tax payers of the state. It is not impossible that the next move will be to provide for a recreation hour







on each Saturday afternoon for all the men. And it is not unlikely that if this is ordered that the men will respond so gratefully that the reports will show more coal mined, more brick made, more twine produced and still fewer punishments for failure to do the required tasks. Regarded merely as working machines it is reasonable to think that men who are fed sufficient well cooked food, provided with clean sleeping quarters, under healthful conditions and with cheerful minds will produce more than discontented, ill fed, restless men. With these conditions and sufficient work the penitentiary will turn back to the state able bodied workers, and men who are trained to work.

The fourth method in use in this making of useful citizens is religious work. The laws provide that the chaplain shall hold religious services for the men on each Sunday. He has charge of the library and of the papers and magazines, and is superintendent of the school.

During the hot summer days while the men were given the freedom of the inner yard on Sunday forenoons, open air services were held at one end of the yard, attended by those who desired to do so. From the time they commenced on July fourth, until the last open air meeting on September twelfth, the attendance at these voluntary meetings in the penitentiary increased steadily. Seated on the grass next to the south wing, or standing in groups they sang the old hymns and listened to the old story as some had not done since they were boys. Not a few of them, though, have been church members in their adult years. This is true of a larger proportion of colored prisoners than of the white ones. There are four white men serving sentences who have been preachers. There are six colored men who have been preachers, out of about half as many prisoners. When Joseph Woods, one of these, stands up to speak there is a ring of sincerity in his voice which makes every man listen to him. "I want to say," he said one evening, "that I was a preacher. I

ain't ashamed of that, but I am ashamed that I had to come to the Kansas penitentiary to repent for my sins. But I want to tell you one thing, I ain't in here for what no other man did, but just for what Joe Woods did. Whiskey got the best of me and I stole. But I have done learned since I come here what the Lord means when he said, 'Ye got to be borned again.' An' when the time come when He lets me outen here, I'm goin' to thank Him for sendin' me here to learn some lessons, an' for being good to me while I'se here." Not all of the ex-preachers ring true.

During the winter months the regular chapel service will be held at 9:30 Sunday morning, the men's league of Christian endeavor at 10:30, and the women's meeting at 11:30. The women's league meets on Thursday evening and the choir meets for practice on Friday evening. The first mentioned meeting is attended by all the men who are able to go, as the 11:30 meeting by all the women. The attendance at the league meetings is limited to the members and the membership is voluntary. The associate members take a pledge to obey the officers and the rules, and be honorable citizens after they are discharged. The active members add the profession of faith in Jesus Christ and the promise to follow His teachings.

A suggestion made early last summer by Governor Stubbs is being worked out by the chaplain. Public men of the state, men who know how to speak to men, are invited to speak to the men in the chapel service. Rev. E. C. Holcombe, of Topeka; E. T. Brigham, of Kansas City; Robt. Cartwright and Rev. H. E. Wark, of Leavenworth have given messages which have stirred the prison, prisoners and officers. Others who have promised to come this year are Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon, Bishop Thomas Lillis, Judge Garver, Judge Smart, ex-Mayor Beardsley of Kansas City, Missouri; Dr. Uhls of Osawatomie; Revs. Bollman and Smalley and Claypool, of Kansas City. The men are hearing of the outside world from



different angles, through strong leaders, and the effect is incalculable. There will be evangelistic meetings this fall and the result will be that men will have better thoughts, will be cleaner and will work better.

One of the impressive sights of the past summer was the Sunday afternoon meeting. All men who have to wear the stripes for punishment are debarred the privileges of the yard and from attendance at chapel with the other men. When the chaplain obtained the privilege of taking these men out in the afternoon that they might enjoy the fresh air while he talked to them, they hardly knew whether to be grateful for the privilege of getting out, or to feel resentful at being thus made prominent in their uniform of disgrace. But the former feeling finally won, and possibly the words spoken then entered as fruitful soil as has been found by any of the season's thoughts.

One of the orders which will cause the last Labor Day to be remembered was the warden's action in causing the gray suits to be restored to every man who had been wearing stripes. For one day there was not a man in the prison wearing that badge of dishonor. And the grace was most keenly appreciated. With tears in their eyes, some of them vowed that they would hereafter do their part to fairly meet the square deal they were receiving. Yet stripes have re-appeared on some men. The dark cells cannot remain empty always. Let these men be treated as fairly and kindly as possible, some will seek to take advantage of it. Ease up on the control and some will think they can ease up in conduct. Let a man be truly converted and he will most surely make a good citizen. But hypocrites are the most dangerous among law-breakers.

Whatever changes in the administration may have been made or shall be undertaken, it remains a prison. The deputy warden is as indispensable as the warden, and his work in the management is to maintain perfect discipline. The prisoner who has not yet progress-

ed in reformation far enough to have learned to obey orders, at once becomes acquainted with Deputy C. M. Lindsay, and the intimacy will deepen until the prisoner understands that he was not sent to the prison to show the officers anything. No inhuman, cruel, painful punishments are used, but solitude and darkness and hunger and the reproach of his fellow prisoners will affect the most contumacious. While the warden, the deputy warden, the chief clerk and the assistant clerk and the chaplain are new men in their positions, the old force remains on guard. Parole Officer John Higgins, than whom there is no better posted prison officer in the state, and who is equaled by few in the west in experience, has been in touch with the work for a quarter of a century. Chief Engineer Dan Storrs was with Hopkins and knows the secret of every pipe and connection and the capacity of every engine and the construction of every building on the premises. He has seen its growth while it added walls and shops and wings and sewer system and water works and electrical lighting and steam heating and steam laundry and coal mines and brickyard and twine plant and telephone system. He has planned them. His life is built into them and that is the reason they run true. Engineer Carey has been on duty in the big power house for nearly as long. Captain Knisely, who has charge of the east wing, is another who served with Hopkins. Through all the grades of guard's work and in every place in the institution he has served his state and he knows prisoners as few men do. Many of the officers have served for ten or twelve years. It would be difficult to find two men better qualified by loyalty and experience than Assistant Deputy Crouch and Captain of the Guards Hardman.

The people of Kansas can rest assured that if ability and zeal and intentions can avail to restore those who have broken the laws of the state, to self-respecting and useful lives, it will be accomplished under the present administration.







# Inspection of Colleges

By IDA AHLBORN WEEKS

**WE** LIVE in a day of inspection. Many kinds of business that used to be conducted wholly as the proprietors saw fit are now subject to investigation, provided for by law. It is well that this is the case, for the temptation to carry on business without due regard for the rights of all concerned is great and constant. Nor is this temptation confined to what is commonly called business, but it extends to nearly all forms of human activity.

In our educational system we have need of inspection. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction inspects the public schools; but who inspects the colleges of our land? In Kansas the State Board of Education examines into the condition of the college normal departments, and elsewhere there may be more or less state inspection of one kind or another. The various religious denominations controlling colleges usually have some standards which they require their institutions of learning to attain; but all this exists, so to say, "in the family," with the variety and leniency that family authority represents. Our national government does not provide for the inspection of the many institutions—about one thousand that carry on the important enterprise of higher education.

"But is such inspection necessary?" some will enquire. They believe that the grocery, the meat market, the bank need oversight, but they are inclined to think that the colleges ought to be taken on trust. Some assuredly do not deserve to be so taken.

The library equipments and regulations of a certain college are alone such as to condemn it in this day when a library is a laboratory, a workshop for students and professors. "If I had only a hundred books," said a trained librarian, "I would place them where they

could be used with the greatest ease and frequency." But this college is not so minded. To its miscellaneous assortment of books students have access on two afternoons in the week, two hours at each time. And there is little encouragement to browse in a library unprovided with almost every convenience. As for current literature, that save for denominational periodicals is evidently under a ban. The great magazines, those mirrors of current style and thought, are not to be found in the reading room. Think of an American college boasting of its years and lacking *The Atlantic*, the *Century*, *Harpers*, *The North American Review*! It stands to reason that such a library condition indicates other conditions equally at variance with modern educational methods.

And it also stands to reason that the college cited is not a solitary example of the kind. Hiding away in other obscure towns are colleges that are such only in name. They do not really educate their students, though they often saturate them with the idea that a small college confers some occult benefit that a large and well equipped institution cannot bestow. A college may be too small, too feeble to perform the functions of a college proper; but this, students drawn from a class with limited educational experience are not likely to discover. The ignorant need protection from shoddy and dishonest colleges. To bring such schools into the broad light of skilled inspection would either destroy them or would compel them to reorganize on modern lines. Supervision of our "educational trusts," both great and small, is due to students, teachers, parents, to the rich men who endow colleges, to the Carnegie Foundation,—to the people in general; for finally it is the public that pays the penalty for defective college training.



# The Old Place

By George Wallis

*I wandered back the other day to my old boyhood home,  
Thought I'd go out by myself and just kinder roam  
Over the old farm here and there, and look around and see  
If things were now in any way like they used to be.*

*Hadn't hardly reached the place till it began to dawn  
Sor'ful like upon my heart that the Old Place was gone.  
The path itself that led up there from the big road to the lane  
Was gone;—and I hoped to stroll along again  
The same old way, up by the field, and along the meadow's edge;  
And rest a minute in the shade of the old row of hedge.  
But the hedge was gone, and the meadow too, looked lonesome and forlorn;  
Where the grass and Johnnie Jump-ups grew, stood a dead field of corn.*

*The orchard too had disappeared, and down where we used to play  
Under the old Ben Davis trees didn't look the way  
It did a score of years ago, for the ground was bleak and bare,  
And just one lonely apple tree was left a standin' there.*

*And as I stood a thinkin' on the scenes of other years  
I jest couldn't keep my eyes from fillin' up with tears.  
Seemed like that lone apple tree was an old boyhood friend,  
And that we'd met together there to jest kinder lend  
Some comfort to each other by callin' back our own  
Sacred memories, while we were there alone.*

*As I turned to go away my heart was filled with pain;—  
First time I'd ever realized that ne'er could I again  
Behold the scenes of boyhood as they were in days of yore;  
For the Old Place, like old friends, was gone for evermore.*







# Kansas Jobber Rates

By O. P. BYERS

THE KANSAS State Railroad Commission has given wide publicity to a suit that it has recently brought before the Interstate Commerce Commission against Kansas railroads for the re-adjustment of jobber rates. This suit is the outcome of a resolution passed by the last legislature, instructing the commission to investigate, make comparisons and ascertain if Kansas interests are being discriminated against. It brings up an old subject that has been threshed out many times and contains no new features. That such discrimination does and has existed for twenty years is undisputed. A strong rivalry is bound always to exist between the Missouri River jobber and the interior Kansas jobber. There is little hope that an adjustment of rates will ever be had that will entirely harmonize these interests.

It has long been the rule of the Interstate Commerce Commission not to disturb rates upon which large commercial centers have been built, except in extreme cases. In every instance it has held long established and undisturbed rates are prima facie evidence of their reasonableness. This opinion was recently confirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Missouri River rate case.

All of the rates and adjustments in the controversy of the present instance having existed in their present form with little variation for many years, and large distributing centers having been built up under such conditions, will necessarily have great weight with the Commission. In fact it will have to reverse every decision it has ever made on the subject if it goes beyond a slight modification of present adjustment.

In its petition the Kansas Commission sets out the discrimination against

Kansas distributing centers on class rates from the Atlantic seaboard to final point of consumption as existing to a flagrant degree.

The three principal distributing centers of Kansas, viz: Wichita, Hutchinson and Salina, are fairly illustrative and show following comparisons:

|                                                | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th. | 5th. |
|------------------------------------------------|------|------|------|------|------|
| New York to Mississippi river.....             | 87   | 75½  | 58   | 40½  | 35   |
| Mississippi river to Missouri river ....       | 60   | 45   | 35   | 27   | 22   |
| Missouri river to Wichita and Hutchinson ..... | 66   | 58   | 50   | 40   | 36   |
| Total .....                                    | 213  | 173½ | 143  | 107½ | 93   |

|                                                   |      |      |     |      |    |
|---------------------------------------------------|------|------|-----|------|----|
| New York to Mississippi river.....                | 87   | 75½  | 58  | 40½  | 35 |
| Mississippi river to Wichita and Hutchinson ..... | 119½ | 98   | 81  | 64   | 55 |
| Total .....                                       | 206½ | 173½ | 139 | 104½ | 90 |

|                                          |     |      |      |     |    |
|------------------------------------------|-----|------|------|-----|----|
| New York to Mississippi river.....       | 87  | 75½  | 58   | 40½ | 35 |
| Mississippi river to Missouri river .... | 60  | 45   | 35   | 27  | 22 |
| Missouri river to Salina .....           | 56  | 50   | 42½  | 32  | 27 |
| Total .....                              | 203 | 170½ | 135½ | 99½ | 84 |

|                                    |     |      |      |     |    |
|------------------------------------|-----|------|------|-----|----|
| New York to Mississippi river..... | 87  | 75½  | 58   | 40½ | 35 |
| Mississippi river to Salina .....  | 116 | 95   | 77½  | 59  | 49 |
| Total .....                        | 203 | 170½ | 135½ | 99½ | 84 |

It will be observed this entire alignment of rates is in strict accord with the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission that rates made through a basing line should not exceed the combination upon such basing line. This principle of rate making is also affirmed by the court in the Missouri River case. Thus we find so far as the inbound class rates to Kansas distributing points are concerned the adjustment is everything that could be desired.

In fact by reason of lower graduation produced by short line mileage of the direct lines from St. Louis to the south-



west, Wichita and Hutchinson are shown by this illustration to have exactly what the Interstate Commission ordered and the Court of Appeals granted an injunction against in the recent Missouri River rate case.

This comparison of class rates carried to a point in the trade territory of the interior jobber, however, yields a very different result:

|                          |     |      |      |      |
|--------------------------|-----|------|------|------|
| New York to Salina.....  | 203 | 170½ | 135½ | 99½  |
| Salina to McCracken..... | 49  | 40   | 35   | 23   |
| Total.....               | 252 | 210½ | 170½ | 127½ |
| New York to Kansas City  | 147 | 120½ | 93   | 67½  |
| Kansas City to McCracken | 78  | 68   | 61   | 55   |
| Total.....               | 225 | 188½ | 154  | 122½ |

It is at once apparent from these comparisons of class rates that the disability of the Kansas jobber arises from the well established principle in rate making of scaling down the basis with increased distance.

In this particular instance this theory is further augmented by the influence of the Colorado common point rate as a maxima to the extent that in extreme western Kansas the disparity is so great as to absorb in some cases the entire profit of the interior jobber in meeting Missouri River competition.

This comparison is, however, misleading. But a small per cent of inbound jobber goods move under these class rates. The great bulk moves under fifth-class and commodity rates. One of the greatest obstacles the interior jobber has to contend with is the fact that many articles move into the Missouri River on low commodity rates while the same article from the same point of origin if destined to a point west of the Mississippi River takes class rates all the way through. It was one principal purpose of the legislative resolution to eliminate this inequality. With this exception a careful comparison will disclose that on all inbound movement the Missouri River jobber and the interior jobber are upon an exact equality up to the Missouri River.

The disparity as will be seen later on between the two conflicting inter-

ests in the movement from original point of origin to point of final destination occurs almost in its entirety within our own borders. Without going into a long series of comparisons the result of which would be practically the same in each instance in the one item of canned goods which probably more than any other affects the jobber, we find the following comparison:

|                                                      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Baltimore to Kansas City, car loads.....             | 53  |
| Kansas City to Dodge City, less than car loads ..... | 49  |
| Total .....                                          | 102 |
| Baltimore to Hutchinson, car loads.....              | 77  |
| Hutchinson to Dodge City, less than car loads .....  | 28  |
| Total .....                                          | 105 |

These are commodity rates both carloads and less than carloads, also both as to Missouri River and interior.

It may be briefly explained that by classification a very large percent of the heavy and staple articles of the jobber not provided for by specific commodity rates inbound take fifth-class rate in carloads. Outbound in less than carloads the same articles are classified fourth-class. Illustrated we find:

|                              |           |     |
|------------------------------|-----------|-----|
| New York to Wichita.....     | 5th class | 93  |
| Wichita to Ashland.....      | 4th class | 30  |
| Total .....                  |           | 123 |
| New York to Kansas City..... | 5th class | 57  |
| Kansas City to Ashland.....  | 4th class | 63  |
| Total .....                  |           | 120 |

In 1904, upon complaint of the interior jobbers the Interstate Commission reduced the carload sugar rates to Kansas distributing points eight cents to equalize rates to final destination carried through the Missouri River. The railroads put in the rates ordered by the Commission and immediately issued a commodity tariff applying the carload rate on sugar in less than carloads from the Missouri River to Kansas points which completely nullified the Commission's order and left the Kansas jobber in exactly the same relative position he occupied before.

The Commission has repeatedly held that it has no power to order a carrier to desist from reducing rates. There is





therefore, ample precedent for the statement that any reduction of inbound rates ordered by the Commission in the present instance will be promptly counteracted by the lines terminating at the Missouri River making a corresponding reduction to the Missouri River.

The question then arises by what means if any, can these discriminations be removed and Kansas jobbing interests placed upon an equality with their Missouri River competitor.

The answer simply stated is to so adjust the outbound rates from Kansas distributing points as to maintain an exact parity with the Missouri River combination. Since the discrimination originates and exists almost entirely upon Kansas soil the remedy should be in our own hands.

No doubt the railroads would refuse to adopt any schedule of rates ordered by the Kansas Commission. An amendment to the constitution of the state empowering the Commission to fix rates and classifications similar to the

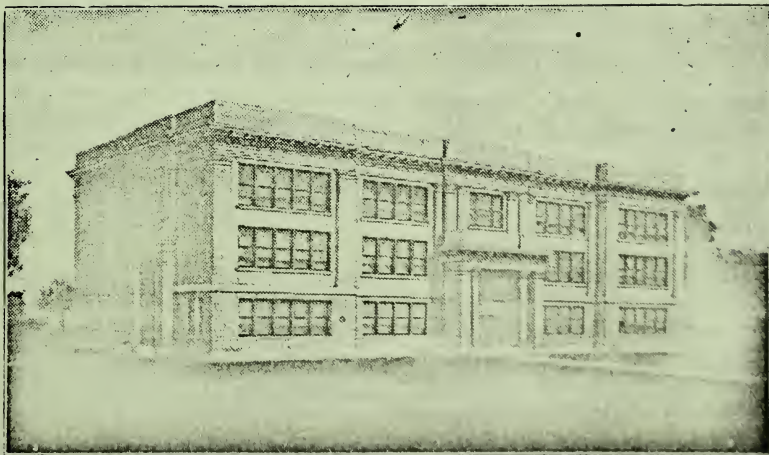
power and scope of the commissions of New York, Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Texas and other states will have the desired effect.

The Texas Commission, for example, has for years protected its milling industry by maintaining a five cent arbitrary over wheat rates on all flour shipped into the state. A Texas miller can buy wheat in Kansas, ship it to his mill in Texas and ship the flour to any point in Texas at five cents less than a Kansas miller can grind the same wheat and ship the flour to the same destination. Several times the railroads have proposed to remove this arbitrary and apply the wheat rate on flour. In every instance the Commission gave notice it would reduce the local flour rates to equal any such reduction to maintain existing basis.

This same remedy applied to Kansas jobber rates will forever end a subject that has now been before Kansas people for more than two decades and is today without the remotest prospect of solution.

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## Winfield's New High School Building



Winfield, Kansas; recently dubbed the "Little Athens of the Southwest," has decided to add to her excellent educational facilities by constructing the most modern high school hall in the state. The new building with site is to cost \$75,000, and will be equipped with every modern facility necessary to a complete and thorough high school education.



# Poetry

By L. T. WEEKS, Ph. D.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter."  
—Keats.

IN THIS world the spiritual must ever run on material feet. It is only on rare occasions of transfiguration that the soul of man rises into the realm of the purely spiritual; then it is conscious of the unheard melodies, which we others can get no adequate notion of except through the agency of form. This world with the life that now is, is God's sprouting bed, a sort of nursery where he gets love started to grow in the human heart. To each of us, the world of Nature, including our fellow men, is a vast tapestry hung between us and God. On the further side God is working out his bright designs, and letting them filter through on us to draw us out by suggestion, and to fine us down to what we must be before we are ready for the perfect symphony under the perfect Master. Henry Drummond's essay on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is just diametrically wrong. All we know of law, not speaking of statute law, is of Spiritual Law in the Natural World. So the poet, who is the finest spiritual organism among men, goes to Nature, including, as has been said, his fellow man, for suggestions of Melody and Harmony, climbing by them to the unheard melodies.

It is the poet, who, in the billowy motion of the wind over the grainfields, and in the ripples and waves on the water, sees the rhythmic trail of the feet of the fair Camilla. It was Chaucer, "The Father of English Poetry," who could kneel by the opening daisy, and remain there kneeling,

"Till it unclosed was  
Upon the small, and soft, and sweete grass."

It is no wonder that in primitive times the whole world was one poet, and peopled the woods and streams with fauns, satyrs, nymphs and fairies. Shall we quote our own great Lowell on this subject, changing a tense?

"They say the fairies trip no more,  
And, long ago, that Pan is dead;  
'Tis but that fools prefer to bore  
Earth's crust inch-deep for truth instead."

In that early day Nature was not the common meeting ground for God and man that it now is, though Paul did give us a hint: "The invisible things of God since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." Paul understood what the patterns on our side of the tapestry meant. When Homer walked by "the many-sounding sea," to him it was merely a vast pagantry. When the modern poet walks by the sea—"My heart," he says, "that is the sea."

Here, then, is the world of Nature, the world of the heard melody that is sweet, and here on the other side of this tapestry of Nature is the parallel world of the unheard melody that is sweeter. Let us steadfastly believe that, as the sounding-board gives amplification and sweetness to the vibrations of the guitar strings, so the proximity of this parallel spiritual world gives to the lines of the poet that unheard over-tone of melody that we may all enjoy in proportion as we rise into the upper and finer atmosphere of culture, where the inner ear is not deafened by the clatter and clamor and grossness of life.

Still, as has been said, in this world the spiritual must ever go on material feet. Once, in derision, a man asked Abraham Lincoln, "How long do you think a man's legs ought to be, any-





way?" After due reflection, Lincoln replied: "Well, I think they ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground." So with poetry, it must get its feet on the ground. Remember, then, that poetry depends on form for its melody and harmony.

"For the soul the body form doth take;  
For soul is form, and doth the body make,"

So wrote the author of "The Fairie Queen." But, if the soul is the informing force that determines the body of the poem, then, too, the brain, which is the soul's tool, works on this same body from without, carving, polishing, draping, beautifying it. So the indwelling spirit of poetry, and the outer garment, the work of the brain, are interactive; and as poetry rises in the scale of artistic beauty, it carries the reader higher into the realm of the unheard melody.

The spirit of youth and fun and frolic gives to this poem a body for rapid, excited movement:

"Rabbit in the cross-ties—  
Punch 'im out—quick!  
Git a twister on 'im  
With a long prong stick.  
Watch 'im on the north side—  
Watch 'im on the—Hi!—  
There 'e goes! Sic 'im, Tige!  
Yi! Yi!! Yi!!!"

Another spirit gives another body:

"Leisurely and lazy like, we'll jostle on our journey,  
And let the pony bathe his hooves and cool them in the dew,  
As he sidles down the shady way, and lags along the ferny  
And green, grassy edges of the lane he travels through."

In poetry the forms and usages that appeal to the eye and ear are: accent, rhythm, foot, meter, line, stanza, rhyme, assonance, alliteration, repetition and iteration, blank verse, pauses, slurring, tone-color, and the poetic order of words. Matters that appeal primarily to the artistic sense, and only secondarily to the eye and ear are: elision, trope, poetic diction, and as an outgrowth of all these, style.

Accent, the ictus, is a stress of voice on certain syllables. In prose it always occurs in reading where it occurs in the dictionary. In poetry, to make lines scan, the accent is sometimes placed where it does not come in using the word in prose; it is then said to be a wrenched accent. Sometimes it is divided equally between two syllables, when it is called a hovering accent. "Paradise Lost," and almost all blank verse, is written in five-stressed, iambic lines. To scan the following from "Paradise Lost," we are compelled to accent the second syllable both of "evil" and of "into."

"Evil into the mind of God or man  
May come and go."

The law is that the foot one chooses for his norm must be followed. Here the norm is the iambus, but both "evil" and "into" are trochees. A skillful reader usually glides so smoothly over these sins against melody as to hide them.

Rhythm, meaning measured motion, is the recurring at regular intervals of similar groups, similarly related, of stressed and unstressed syllables. That is, if the lines are in the iambic movement, rhythm is the study of these lines as groups of iambs, and so on.

There are but two general kinds of movements—iambic and trochaic. In the iambus there are but two syllables, the unstressed preceding the stressed: as in "salute;" in the two syllables of the trochee, the stressed precedes. Out of the iambus grows the anapest typified by the word "interrupt;" out of the trochee grows the dactyl, as in "melody." There is a third foot of two syllables stressed equally, as in "New York;" this is the spondee. These two-syllabled feet give rise to double movement. Tripple movement may have four sorts of feet.—the anapest, the dactyl, both illustrated above, the amphibrac, as in "tornado;" the amphimacer, as in "Toll the bell." Quadruple movement has two sorts of feet, first as in "Feath-er-ing the wil-lows." Here the stresses come on the



first and fifth syllables, making the first foot a stressed syllable followed by three unstressed. Then there is the quadruple movement with first and last syllables stressed, as in "Out in the rain."

Meter is the division of verse into lines. We have all the way from monometer to octometer. Meter is affected not only by the number of feet to the line, but also by the handling of the end of the line. If there be a break in the thought at the end of the line, it is called an end-stopt line; if there is no break, it is a run-on line. The more skillful a writer becomes the more will the break in thought at the end of the line disappear, the verse thereby gaining in melody. A line ending in an accented syllable is said to have a strong or masculine ending, while one ending in an unaccented syllable is said to have a weak or feminine ending. There is a gain in melody by the introduction of feminine rhymes. German and Italian poetry is replete with feminine rhymes, while the paucity in the English language of words with weak endings makes such lines more rare in our poetry. In the second selection from Riley, used above, the first and third lines have feminine rhymes—"journey" and "ferny." The first, third, fifth and seventh lines of the first quotation from Riley, have feminine endings.

As has been said, if the writer chooses the iambus, trochee, or whatever for his norm, he must stick to it. That is, he must not make such changes as will throw the poem into a new category; but a poem gains in melody, a poem of any length, by introducing an occasional anapest into an iambic movement, or an occasional dactyl into a trochaic movement. Every child knows this, and relieves the monotony by walking by an occasional hippety-hop.

There is such a multitudinous variety of stanza that it is useless to mention any only the more common. When a writer wishes to pack close he compresses his thought into a couplet, trip-

let, or quatrain. The quatrain is by far the most common of all stanzas, in lyric poetry is almost universally the ballad stanza. One may choose almost at will any number of lines for his stanza, providing he choose or originate a suitable rhyme scheme. The longest stanza form in common use is that of the sonnet. The requirements of the sonnet are—fourteen five-stressed, iambic pentameter lines, divided into octave and sestet, the octave subdivided into quatrains, the sestet into tercets. The rhyme order of the pure Italian octave is always ABBA ABBA. English sonneteers have added thirty-two combinations of rhyme order to this. The Italian sestet commonly followed one of these two rhyme orders—efg efg or efe fef, though a great deal of liberty was allowed. The rhyme order of the Shakespearean sonnet was ABAB CDCD—efe fgg.

Rhyme is a leading source of melody. Besides the well known end rhyme, is the internal rhyme, "And all the glossy horses tossed their flossy mains and neighed." Sometimes an internal rhyme rhymes with an end rhyme. Several examples of both kinds may be found in "Wind of the Prairie," last month's issue. Alliteration is an initial rhyme and occurs properly only on accented syllables: "The pearly pebbles below the pool, Where the ripples rumple the mosses cool." Here the p's and r's alliterate in "pearly—pebbles," etc. Assonance is harmony of tone-color in words. Riley is a skillful and exuberant rhymers, and has some of the most perfect examples of melody that may be found. A single rhyme is monosyllabic, double and tripple rhymes, are of two and three syllables. Browning is replete with double and tripple rhymes.

Only after the most strenuous effort at perfect melody should a writer allow himself the benefit of poetic license, and use imperfect rhymes. It is admissible only when the beauty of the thought or of the melody of other stanzas will compensate for the jar.

Want of space forces me to close by





saying a word or two on the lyric stanzas of Tennyson's "The Brook," which I heard a professor at Oxford University say is the most perfect bit of melody and harmony in the English language.

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern  
To bicker down a valley, etc."

Note the verbs that give the idea of diminutiveness, of liveliness: Sparkle,

bicker, chatter, bubble, babble, fret, steal, slip, slide, gloom, glance, curve and flow. Note the same effect of adjectives and decorative epithets: Sudden, little, stony, eddying, fairy, lusty, foamy, silvery, etc. The same is true of the substantives: Coot, hern, sally, fern, thorp, trebbles, sharps, pebbles, etc. Tennyson had a heart that beat like the surge of the sea; but he had a brain that was like the rocky shore that holds the surge forever in check, and beats it back in music.

## The Baby Show

S. H. Brown.

"The very idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown  
As she gazed at this sign with displeasure.  
"The only real good looking baby in town  
Is my little red headed treasure!"  
"None other is in it—  
No, not for a minute."

"Well, wouldn't that get you!" cried Mrs.  
McSpill  
As soon as the sign crossed her vision.  
"The prettiest baby on earth is my Phil!"  
And she laughed a gay laugh of derision.  
"My Phil, I declare,  
Has beauty to spare."

A Chinaman solemnly stopped and averred;  
"Me muchee no thlink gottem all."  
And big Injun chief Notafraidofhisword  
Bawled: "Heap fine papoose make 'em  
squall!"  
"Papoose and the chink  
Put 'em all on the blink."

Melindy Jane Washington stopped for a  
look  
And said as she stood by the sign:

"I reckon the fustust prize sure would be  
took  
If I'd show dat 'Rastus ob mine!"  
"He's black as a ace  
But he hab a sweet face."

"By gum!" muttered Simpkinson glancing  
askance  
At the picture show box office wicket,  
"If my kid was here there'd be narry a  
chance  
Fer this bunch that's marked on the  
ticket."  
"Fer she is a beaut  
So cunnin' and cute."

Sing ho! (if you know what that means) for  
the show  
Where babes and their mothers hold sway.  
Our babies bring joy to our hearts as they  
grow  
More clever and sweet day by day!  
So toss up our lids  
And sing Ho! to the kids!





# With Kansas Bards

## *Birds of a Feather*

Two birds of a feather  
Floating together  
On a quiet stream,  
With never a dream  
Of clouds or bad weather  
To ruffle a feather.  
The clear sunlight o'er them  
And the bright ways before them  
Woo the well mated pair.  
Earth, water and air  
Hold all that is best for them,  
Their world and a nest for them,  
Their life work and rest for them—  
Two birds of a feather  
Floating together.

Their kindred, the human—  
The young man and woman—  
Souls lifted above  
By the magic of Love  
In a realm of quiet,  
Unreached by the riot  
Of men and their madness,  
Are dwelling in gladness—  
A well mated pair.  
Hope beckons them onward,  
Joy is lifting them sunward,  
And life is worth living  
When hearts are receiving  
The measure they're giving.  
O Love, on this earth  
More than gold are you worth.  
—Margaret Lucy Wood.

## *Hope*

Goddess of life. I sit enthroned on high  
Watching the weary way of earthly souls  
Guiding them on as waves of trouble roll  
Upward until the storms of life pass by.  
Bidding them not to rest nor quiet lie  
Lest in the race some other attain the goal  
That which on earth completes the perfect  
whole  
That for which men will quickly, gladly, die.

Thus I lead on; enduring for all age  
For without hope a heart is sad indeed,  
I write the book of life from page to page  
And help the souls of mortals in their need.  
I grant them their just due of earthly wage—  
And last, unto the gates of Heaven, lead.

—M. E. Abbott.

## *The Wise Man's Choice*

Once a wise man wanted a wife,  
For his companion all through life.  
He looked and looked most everywhere,  
Searching with the greatest care.

He wanted, first, an "A1" cook,  
One who would be sure to look  
Well to all her household ways,  
And in sweet labor spend her days.

He wanted goodness, wealth and style,  
He wanted an ever present smile;  
He wanted health, he wanted beauty,  
And above all, one true to duty.

At last he found his fair ideal,  
But alas for the realness of the real!  
Though she was everything he sought,  
And did all things just as she ought;

Though after marriage he found her more  
Than all he thought of her before,  
One sad want—not the least her fault—  
Spoiled all; he couldn't love her as he ought!

Emma Upton Vaughn.

## *Reverie*

The blackbirds southward wing their flight,  
The morning-glory's dead,  
The brown leaves whisper as they fall:  
"The summer days have fled."

We too, like leaves shall drift away,  
Like flowers be seen no more,  
Like birds we'll sometime wing our flight,  
When life's weird dream is o'er.

—Hubert Childe.

## *To a Firefly*

Curving the silver river's rim,  
Over the glimmering marsh's brim—  
Whence comest thou with torch so trim?

There in the meadow's red, red clover,  
Where all day the pirate bees hung over—  
What seekest thou, O wild night rover?

Like some buccaneer of old,  
In quest of fabled faery gold—  
Where goest thou, so brave and bold?

—F. L. Pinet.





*What Might Be**Felix McNeal.*

If perchance, there lived in Kansas,  
 So gifted a poet as E. A. Poe,  
 One who by lucky circumstances  
 Should write another "Man with the hoe,"  
 How long 'twould be before we'd know?

As some things are, 'tis hard to tell,  
 For budding genius cannot grow  
 If it is hidden; ah well! ah well!  
 The wondrous beauty of words unspoken,  
 Of songs unsung, of dreams untold;  
 Are only known when freely spoken,  
 When tongue, and lips, and pen unfold.

All hail the glorious innovation,  
 With open arms we welcome thee;  
 The Kansas Magazine our blessing,  
 At last our thoughts and words are free.  
 Free to be written as we will,  
 And who can tell but some good day  
 The poet's mantle will fall on me?

I hear the bumptious critic say:  
 "Fie, fie, for, such bum poetry!"  
 But that's where he is not au fait;  
 He might have discovered  
 But now its too late.

*The Artistic Temperament**By Elizabeth N. Barr.*

Art for art's sake—and art is long  
 On everything but pay,  
 So bleak December finds me clad  
 In the duds I wore last May;  
 But though the winter strikes us hard  
 I shall not mind it's blows,  
 I'm going to paint a winter scene  
 Upon my summer clothes.

*The Recompense**(Dedicated to F. F.)*

He has known the wrath of a jungle sun;  
 He has wooed the spot where the fever  
 lurks;

He has courted death—has looked upon  
 Warriors of Cuba and wild Luzon,  
 Cunning as swarthy Turks.

He has given aid to a race oppressed;  
 He has done the same as LaFayette  
 Did for our country long ago,  
 When Freedom's lights were burning low.  
 He has paid our "honor debt."

He has seen the world and its toilsome ways,  
 He has ridden the ocean's briny foam,  
 And has, after years of duty done  
 Under a fiery torrid sun,  
 Returned to his KANSAS home.

*—J. L. Simpson.**A Letter*

You're wantin' of a letter,  
 Well, writin' ain't no fun,  
 But since you are insistin'  
 It 'pears it must be done.  
 I ain't no hand at spellin',  
 Ain't got what folks call style,  
 But maybe I can tell you  
 What'll interest you a pile.  
 When I'm a sittin', dearie,  
 Of an evenin' all alone,  
 A watchin' of the stars come out  
 Or hearin' storms that moan,  
 It seems as if you'd have to come  
 And be there, too, with me,  
 For nothin' ever seems just right  
 When you ain't there to see.  
 The stars they shine so sadly  
 'Stead o' twinklin' as they should,  
 The storms they groan and skeer me,  
 'Stead o' sayin' somethin' good.  
 And now, I've been and told you  
 How I feel when you're away.  
 So I'm goin' to close this letter  
 For there's nothin' more to say.

*—K. B. T.**The City or the Prairie*

With clang and shock of never ceasing tread  
 The city's iron wheels their roads repeat,  
 With crash and rattle steel and granite  
 meet,  
 While buzzing trolleys whistle overhead  
 And thoughts of rest and peace long since  
 have fled  
 From whirling brain and weary dragging  
 feet,  
 Worn by the hot, hard pavements in the  
 street

Where jostling thousands toil for gold or  
 bread.

To feel the prairie breezes sweep once more  
 With glad free breath across the bound-  
 less plain,

To hear the lark his happiness outpour  
 And see the rippling green of growing  
 grain;

What riches has the city in its store,  
 To call from these, that must not call  
 in vain?

*—J. M. Metcalf.*



# A Twice Victorious Team

BY MARCUS J. LEHMAN

**T**O WIN the championship of Kansas in an athletic contest is no easy thing for any team to do. For the team representing a small town to accomplish the feat is doubly dif-

High School basketball team. During the year 1907-8 this team besides defeating almost every high school team of note in the central and western parts of the state, together with several small



CHAMPIONS OF THE STATE OF KANSAS, 1908-1909.

ficult. When, however, a team from a small town wins two successive championships, the feat becomes little short of marvelous.

Such is the record of the Halstead

college teams, went to Lawrence in the spring and returned home with the championship cup awarded by the State University to the winners of the interscholastic tournament.





The record for the following year was merely a repetition of the former accomplishments. With several new players in the team it won, out of a schedule of twenty-one games, nineteen, thus proving that it was indeed a "happy combination." Among the defeated teams last year were those from Wichita and Lawrence Y. M. C.



Championship Cup Awarded to Halstead Basket Ball Team,

A's, the Hutchinson, Rosedale, Iola, Topeka, Dickinson County and Eudora High Schools; the latter four being the teams defeated at the Lawrence tournament. Eudora forfeited the game by playing a man from another school, the score at the time being in favor of Halstead, 19 to 9.

How is such a remarkable record to be explained? For it is a remarkable record when we stop to consider the fact that Halstead is merely a village of a thousand inhabitants and at no

time has been able to furnish more than six or seven men large enough to figure as possible candidates for the team. Such triumphs are explained on the basis of psychology rather than of physiology.

The greatest factor in the preparation of these teams for contests has been the school spirit. When a team starts out to win at any cost it is almost sure to win. To be sure, the Halstead team had had good coaching, but have not the other teams? Without the long and tedious practices, the cross-country runs, proper diet—all of which make demands upon the exercise of will-power and self-control—without these things, I say, the coaching would have amounted to little. It was school spirit which urged the boys to meet these tests.

The other great force back of the Halstead team has been the encouragement inspired by large and enthusiastic crowds. The team never lacked support. After the first victory at Lawrence the boys were greeted and given a large banquet to which all were invited alike—doctors, merchants, citizens and preachers. At this banquet the members of the team were each presented with a beautiful signet ring bearing the letter "H." The next victory was followed by a big banquet at which the boys were given fine white sweaters bearing the initial "H." Such has been the loyalty of the town.

And so it is we say that the basis for the triumphs of this team has been psychological rather than physiological. Halstead this year will have several new players but they will go in to win and they will be supported with enthusiasm, for which reason, if for no other, they will figure in the state championship next spring.



# Historic and Biographic Sketch

BY JOSEPH G. McCOY  
(Founder of the Abilene Cattle Trail.)

**B**EFORE the advent of canals and railroads, every country, old and new developed lines of travel and commerce. To this day, though less than in earlier centuries, internal por-

ket in northwestern cities, transporting their rich products and spices upon the backs of camels, often called the ships of the desert, traveling in long extended caravans.



JOSEPH G. McCOY

He gave to Wichita a commerce equal to \$6,500,000 and to Kansas a commerce amounting to \$150,000,000.

tions of Asia seek traffic and travel over well marked routes, to tidewater, or established commercial cities or seaports. For centuries the commerce of Central Asia, the Indias, and large portions of Arabia and Persia, and islands of Indian Ocean, sought a mar-

By reason of the building of railroads, and the Suez Canal, the overland traffic has been greatly reduced, but not altogether abolished. In the lapse of centuries, many cities succeeded each other, as the favorite of this overland commerce, each one waxing





rich in brief time, only to be overthrown by a successful competitor.

Damascus alone, outlives other favorite cities, and yet thrives upon the commerce arriving at her gates upon the backs of homely camels, which may have traveled over any one of a half dozen routes or trails across the interior deserts of Asia.

So in the New World, before the iron horse won his way to the border of, and across many states and territories of the Union, Canada and Old Mexico as well; travel and traffic were along specific routes, in these latter days called trails. The Federal Government in the early half of the Eighteenth Century projected and partly built a broad highway, grading and macadamizing it to great smoothness, which was projected from the Potomac River to St. Louis, and completed it across Maryland, western Virginia, Ohio, and into Indiana, establishing and securing the broad right of way across Illinois, to the banks of the Mississippi River, but the western portion was never completed. River transportation, a superior southern demand for western products, and impending railroad development, called a halt on the completion of the "National Road," as it was called and widely known.

Old men who lived in the decades of 1840 and '50, upon the line of the eastern end of the National Road, tell wonderful stories of the long lines of four, six, and eight horse teams that, attached to stout wagons, loaded with the products of the interior—wheat, corn, bacon, flour and other products—to be sold or exchanged at tidewater, for such articles as were sold in grocery and dry goods stores in the interior. In later years that great highway would have probably been called the "National Trail." But the East alone did not have all the great, almost international trails. Perhaps the earliest, most notable western trail was that known as the Santa Fe Trail, extending from Independence, and West Port, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico. This great historic trail bore

a mighty commerce for almost, if not quite a half a century, between the Missouri River and the vast southwestern region, then known as New Mexico. Over it in spring, summer and fall seasons, trains of numerous freight wagons, drawn chiefly by oxen, and mules, wended their weary way, going east loaded chiefly with sacks of wool and bales of hides and west with dry goods and groceries. Mostly owned and operated by Mexicans, whose native drivers using a short handled, long lashed whip, became so expert in its use, that they prided themselves on their ability to kill a large, black horsefly at ten to fifteen feet distance, without the whip hitting the animal, upon which the luckless fly was feasting.

The Santa Fe Trail followed pretty closely, the divide between the waters of the Kaw and Smoky Hill Rivers on the north; and the tributaries of the Great Arkansas River on the south, descending therefrom near the present site of Great Bend, thence following in a general way the Arkansas River Valley, until the point for a more southerly route was reached.

The next notable trails established were those reaching from the states to the Pacific coast country. There was one route via the Santa Fe Trail, thence over the deserts of Arizona into Southern California.

But the most notable, and most used was one from several points on the Missouri River, converging on the Platte River, and crossing the Rocky Mountains, at the South Pass, and after reaching the basin of Great Salt Lake, dividing into two trails, the main one passing directly north of the lake and over the precipitous Cascade Mountains, descended into the valley of the Sacramento River near the city of that name. The other fork of the great trail, bore off to the northwest, from Green River or Ogden, Utah, reaching and in a general way, passing down the basin of Snake River, thence over a spur of the Blue Mountains, reaching the Columbia River a hundred







CAMP SCENE; HERD AWAITING BUYER ON KANSAS RANGE.

Sketch From Life Drawn in 1872 by Prof. Henry Worrell of Topeka.—By Courtesy of Franklin Hudson Pub Co. *Am. Hist. Soc.*





and more miles above The Dalles. Gold seekers followed the straight trail whilst prospective settlers took the Snake River route to Oregon.

A more recent but quite as notable and important a trail was the one established in 1867 between Texas livestock ranges and the state of Kansas, which trail was used for twenty-one years, until 1887. It was distinctively a livestock trail.

In order for the reader to have an intelligent comprehension of the reasons for the establishment and continued existence of this trail, it is needful to set forth the conditions resultant from the Civil War, relative to the livestock industry in the United States.

At the outbreak of the war, Texas ranges contained several million head of cattle, the chief market for which, in addition to local cities, were New Orleans, Mobile, and Havana, Cuba. Soon the Union gunboats so closely patrolled the Mississippi River that herds could not be taken across to feed the Confederate armies, nor could they be marketed at southern coast cities, nor at Havana for capture on the gulf would have been certain. They could not be successfully driven North or West, for confiscation would have been inevitable. So came the conditions that no matter how large a stock of cattle a ranchman may have owned, he could not, by sale of stock get enough money from his herds to pay the cowboys for marketing, and branding the annual increase; for, with the exception of isolated instances, when stock could be exchanged for dry goods and groceries at extremely low rating of prices for the cattle, and as extremely high prices for goods, there was absolutely no sale at any price for livestock for cash. Of course the stock upon the ranges continued to multiply and increase fully up to the Adamic command.

The war closed in 1865, too late to attempt driving North, but in '66 262,000 head, mostly grown cattle, crossed Red River, proposing to reach shipment at Sedalia, Missouri, to St.

Louis, but the inhabitants of southwestern Missouri and southeastern Kansas, being more or less lawless in sentiment, organized to prevent the cattle being driven into either state, compelling the drover to hold his stock in northeastern Indian Territory. The grass upon the prairie was of the blue-stem variety, and September frosts destroyed it for nourishing food, and fires soon swept large areas of the available ranges. The time prescribed by the Missourians and Kansans for the herds to be allowed to proceed to the shipping point, Sedalia, was December first. Ruin, and often personal outrage, even death, befell the unfortunate drover, that aimed to steal around by a circuitous route, thinking to evade the watchful obstructionist. His fate was always financially ruinous, for he was stripped of his stock, often tied to some convenient tree, and lashed with hickory withes, vigorously laid on by muscular enemies. If life was not extinguished, the drover became only too willing to mount his wretchedly poor, sore-backed pony, and ride direct to Texas and home, leaving his cattle to the avaricious mob. The pretext for the opposition of the settlers was a pretended fear of disease being communicated to the native stock. But it was noticeable when by outraging and robbing, and if needs be, by murdering the unfortunate drover, they became possessed of his stock, all fear of disease subsided.

So the attempt in '66 to market Texas cattle resulted in complete disaster, and loss to the Texas drover, although his herd cost him on the ranges of Texas only six or seven dollars per head, for grown steers weighing, when in the flesh thirteen to fourteen hundred each. For when permitted to pass up to and ship at Sedalia, to St. Louis, they were so poor in flesh that an Illinois feeder would not buy them, for he felt sure they would freeze to death in the cold winter, which fear was well founded. The butcher would not buy them for they were scarce more than skin and bones. The return-



ing drover had only a story of disaster and utter loss to tell his fellow ranchmen at home. And the blackness of a starless midnight settled over the Texas ranchman and his industry. Certain very intelligent, reliable Texas drovers told their neighbors that a present of one or two thousand head of the largest and finest steers that the country afforded would not be accepted as a gift to be driven north to market. This was the condition of affairs in the livestock industry, in Texas at the close of 1866.

In the then socalled northwestern states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, the war had so exhausted the supply of livestock by feeding the northern population, and the great Union armies, that the prices on all classes of stock rose to an almost prohibitive figure, and so continued for several years, after the close of the war. Common beef sold at forty and fifty cents per pound at retail butcher shops in eastern large cities, and was correspondingly high in the northwest, where five to six cents per pound gross weight was paid by feeders and grazers for stockers to be matured on pastures and grain, and when so matured were bought by eastern shippers at seven to ten cents per pound gross weight, at the feed yards. So this condition presented; the vast southwest rangers overstocked with four or five million head of cattle, unsalable at any price for cash, became articles of barter, seventy-five head for a good saddle horse, and a hundred head for a new two-horse wagon, exchangeable at infrequent points for family supplies, at enormous prices for the goods, whilst the cattle were rated at two to six dollars per head, owing to age. It is plain that such conditions could not long exist. But how to solve the problem became a difficult and daring task. But difficult situations have ever developed the man for the occasion, and so it was in this case.

Near Springfield, Illinois, there lived three brothers, children of a pioneer settler, who made the Territory of Illinois his home fourteen years before

it became a state. In mental make-up they were of sanguine speculative temperament. In the year 1867 they shipped to eastern markets 18,000 mature cattle, 15,000 fat sheep and 12,000 hogs, doing a business of \$2,500,000 with a single Springfield bank. The younger member of that firm an inexperienced, impulsive man with a speculative turn of mind, not contented to live quietly at home on a good sized, finely improved farm near the state capital, became aware of the conditions existing in Texas. He be-thought himself to solve the problem of how to let out to market Texas' surplus hundreds of thousands of livestock. To him it became a waking thought, a sleeping dream. Not being very familiar with the physical geography of the southwest, his idea at first was to build a shipping yard on the banks of the Arkansas River, near Ft. Smith, Arkansas, and ship by boat to Cairo, Illinois, thence by rail to the feed lots, and pastures of Illinois, there to be matured for eastern markets. But often seeing in the daily papers news items dated, "Kansas City," he became curious to see the town so often named in the papers. At that time there were two quick routes to reach the much advertised city, one via the Hannibal & St. Joe, and a short line railroad down the river valley to Weston, a river town then of considerable importance, thence by chance boat to Kansas City; the other route was via St. Louis and the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The latter route was chosen, as more sure and with less possible delay. Arriving at the then unsightly aggregation of bluffs, and almost canyon like gorges, bisected with deep cuts, and large fills, called streets, the Illinoisan climbed the deep cut, named Main Street from the levy, where the heavy wholesale business was done, to the upper area where the ambitious burg did a moderate retail trade. Soon meeting one of the inhabitants, he began making inquiry relative to livestock, and was at once directed to visit Marsh & Coffy's





wholesale establishment on the levy, who the Illinoisan was told, were trading goods for cattle in the Indian Territory and along Red River in Texas.

Mr. Coffy was then absent with a stock of goods trading for cattle, and his partner proposed selling the Illinoisan a lot of cattle to be delivered at Council Grove, Kansas, at such low prices that it seemed to the Illinoisan almost like stealing them. But the query at once arose in the mind of the Illinoisan, if he bought Marsh's cattle, how could they be transferred from Council Grove, Kansas to Illinois. Mr. Marsh said it was his business to sell the cattle delivered at the Grove, and it must be the business of the Illinoisan to take them where he wanted them. He said a railroad was built up the Kaw, and Smoky Hill Rivers, operating to Salina; but was astonished at the suggestion of shipping Texas cattle on a railroad, affirming the road would charge more freight than the cattle were worth, but gave the Illinoisan a letter of introduction to the general freight agent, whose office was at Wyandotte, Kansas. The general freight agent gave the Illinoisan a pass and return to Salina, and urged him to go over the road and see if a suitable spot could be found at which loading cattle facilities could be established.

On reaching Abilene, the following afternoon, the train awaited the repair of a bridge for an hour, during which time the inhabitants of the town of a dozen log cabins roofed with dirt, gathered about the delayed train. The Illinoisan began making inquiry as to the settlement of the country, both north and south, and when told that it was wholly void of settlement, especially toward the south even into the Indian Territory, and was a well watered country, it came upon his mind as the shadow of a cloud on a clear day, the conviction that Abilene was the place to establish a cattle shipping depot, and locate a trail thence to Texas. It was beyond any opposing settlers and presented an inviting

field for holding stock upon the vast vacant ranges.

Knowing the condition and imperative needs of Texas stockmen, the Illinoisan never for a moment doubted the ultimate success of his scheme, and to solve the problem of giving Texans an outlet, a market for their millions of livestock.

Returning to Wyandotte, the larger scheme was laid before the general freight agent, but it was too big a proposition for him to cope with. So he referred the matter to general officers of the road, located at St. Louis, and directed the Illinoisan to call there, whilst enroute to Springfield, his home. On reaching the general offices, the scheme was laid before the chief officials, owners and builders of the road, and, as was plainly visible, received with great incredulity, bordering on ridicule.

Leaving the proposed enterprise for their consideration for three days, the Illinoisan traveled homeward. Upon returning and asking their opinion of and proper co-operation in the undertaking, the president of the road said:

"Mr. Illinoisan, the executive committee of our company have discussed your scheme to build a livestock shipping yard at a point on the line of our road, and I tell you frankly and candidly that we regard it as the wildest, most chimerical, visionary and impracticable project we ever heard of, and we will not put a dollar in it, nor be responsible for a dollar that anybody puts into it.

"The idea of getting cattle to come from Texas and ship over our road, is to us preposterous and ridiculous, and I repeat, we will not invest a dollar in it, nor be responsible for any money lost in the project. Whilst we cannot give any conclusive, tangible reason why you may not succeed, we tell you frankly we do not believe you can.

"We want freight going east; we do not have a carload a month, and anyone securing us east bound freight, we will do the 'grand handsome by him,'







HERD ON THE TRAIL ENROUTE TO WICHITA.  
 Sketch Drawn in 1873 by Prof. Henry Worrell of Topeka.—By Courtesy of Franklin Hudson Pub. Co.





but we have no faith or confidence in your proposed enterprise."

Of a truth, the expressed opinion of the railroad president was in substance, the same as ninety-seven out of every hundred western men, freely expressed, when speaking of the Illinoisan's enterprise.

The Illinoisan nothing daunted, affirmed the utmost confidence in his plan, and its success, and proceeded to boil down the company's "grand handsome" into a contract to give him one-eighth of the freight money arising from livestock shipped from his proposed shipping yards. Having secured such a contract, the Illinoisan proceeded to Abilene, bought the town-site, 480 acres, it then being a county seat, at five dollars per acre, and at once began the building of a shipping yard, large and strong enough to hold three thousand head of wild Texas cattle, providing chutes sufficient to load four cars at a time, putting in large scales, building a three-story hotel costing \$15,000, and a barn that would hold over a hundred head of horses or ponies.

While the construction of these facilities were going on, an ex-county surveyor, with several men, a camp outfit, spades and shovels, and subsistence were dispatched southward to locate and mark a proposed trail by throwing up small mounds of turf, and dirt, varying the course to the right or left hand so as to pass water opportunities; and extending to and crossing the Arkansas River at or near the bridge now located in Wichita, thence bearing southward, crossing Sedgwick and Sumner Counties, in neither of which was a known settler, terminating at the Indian Territory line near the present town of Caldwell, Kansas, which prosperous burg was located to catch the first and last chance for trade with north bound and down home bound Texas drovers; and years later became a prosperous shipping point for livestock, when settlement of Kansas no longer allowed driving farther north. Then a shrewd, reliable

frontiersman was dispatched south-eastward, following in the main the course of the Arkansas River, instructed to hunt up every drover possible and tell him of Abilene, and its promise of aid to the drover. The trail was in later years extended south across the Indian Territory to Red River, thence in a southwesterly direction to Corpus Christi, Texas.

For notwithstanding the ruinous experience of '66, a few drovers came north the next year, with small droves of cattle aggregating probably less than fifty thousand head largely mixed stock, of all ages and both sexes. But no two of these drovers agreed as to just where to land their herds, and hence were driving as a blind venture. To them Abilene was an unbelievable promise of something good.

The courier of good news to the wandering drover piloted a large herd up the proposed trail, the owner of which drove died of cholera just after crossing the Arkansas River, but his herd passed on to Abilene. The first shipment of cattle was made from Abilene, September 1, 1867, and went to Chicago via Leavenworth, St. Joe and Quincy, Illinois, as did practically all of the first year's shipment. The Missouri Pacific Railroad's chief official in the earlier days of the business, grossly insulted the Illinoisan when he sought to confer with him as to freight rates. That insolent official was dismissed from his position by the board of directors, of the railway soon after it became known what a large block of business his stupid arrogance had driven off their road.

Wichita seems at present to be in a fair way to lose much business and good will of the people of the newly opening southwest by the conceited action of a swell-headed railroad official, whose chief business asset and qualification is that he is the son of his father.

From September 1, 1867, to the close of the shipping season of 1871, 10,000 earloads of cattle were loaded at the Abilene yards, and as many others



were there sold to be driven away. But the advance of the Santa Fe Railway and the settlement of the country immediately south of Abilene rendered it impracticable to longer reach that point with large droves of livestock. The last year 700,000 head arrived there, being the largest number ever received from Texas in any one year.

It may interest the reader to know how the railroad company treated the Illinoisan, after he had sent thousands of carloads of stock over their road. Upon his demand for settlement, and the payment of the eighth of the money, as per contract, received as freight charges on livestock shipped from his yards at Abilene, the president, after consulting the other members of the executive committee, said to the Illinoisan: "This cattle trade has proved to be a very big thing—a very big thing indeed, and we were ignorant about it; we didn't know, and it has proved to be a very big thing, so we have decided we made a mistake in making that contract, and we are not willing to live up to it." In short they repudiated their contract utterly, and so compelling the Illinoisan to appeal to the courts for its enforcement. It lacked just twelve days of being two years in enforcing the contract, at the judgment of the state supreme court. That repudiation of a plain, written agreement by a perfidious dishonest company, worked financial ruin to the Illinoisan.

But in May, 1872, the Illinoisan came to Wichita, a small town without other than temporary buildings, while the smoke of the construction engine laying the rails on the spur road from Newton to Wichita was just visible, looking north on Main Street, entered into an agreement with the citizens of Wichita to transfer the cattle trade that formerly focused at Abilene, to Wichita. The result of his effort is told in the fact that in 1872, 3,740 carloads of cattle were shipped; and in '73 over 4,000 carloads, making over 8,000 carloads shipped in two years, the value of which can be safely stated at \$3,200,000, be-

sides an equal amount of money changed hands for stock, sold on the range, and driven to ranches in Kansas and other states. A commerce aggregating more than six and one-half million dollars could, and did attract the attention of the western world, and served to give Wichita her first boost in the eyes of the nation. Genuine life in the wild west was seen and realized in Abilene and Wichita, where only brave, nervy, dead-shot, fearless officers could hold the law defying element in check, and so secure safety to life, limb and property. Such officers were Tom Smith and Wild Bill, of Abilene, and the Maher brothers, of Wichita and Caldwell; the disobedience of whose orders meant instant death to the lawless; where government by an iron hand, was imperative, and punishment was quickly administered by the deadly revolver in the officer's hands. In those days, the killing of a man created less excitement than a small dog fight will today in the streets of Wichita.

The fellow who attended strictly to his own legitimate business, had no trouble or danger, but the other kind of bipeds, who traveled the crooked route soon got snuffed out; or knowing existing conditions sung low, sawed wood, said and did nothing. The settlement of the valleys of the Arkansas and Ninnescah Rivers rendered it impractical to reach Wichita shipping yards after '73, and the loading of cattle was transferred to points on the railroad farther west, halting finally at Dodge City, where 1887 saw the end of the use of the famous original Abilene cattle trail.

But in 1887, enterprising citizens of Wichita decided to establish a livestock market, and as a concomitant auxiliary, packing houses. The yards were built and competent firms induced, by liberal aid from citizens, established large packing houses. But the typhoon of "business depression" that swept over the west during the following decade, coupled with bankrupting disaster, consuming fire and incompetent, if not imbecile management of the yards







and market, came very near bringing the whole enterprise to absolute failure and ruin. But a new era dawned when resolute citizens rallied to the rescue; burned houses were rebuilt, on much larger plans, a new and stronger firm secured the one engulfed in failure, adding much to its capacity; and new, competent management of the yards and market succeeded unenterprising, incompetent regime in charge from the beginning.

So that now Wichita is a livestock market, so large and complete, and so firmly established, that it must be reckoned with in the world's livestock industry. An enlarged capacity equal to 5,000 head of cattle and 7,000 hogs, showing aggregate receipts of 110,000 cattle, nearly three-quarters of a million of hogs, and over 12,000 sheep, nearly 3,000 horses and mules in the year 1908, with such increased receipts for '09, as will show a gain of 100 to 400 per cent over the last preceeding year. That Wichita will become a great, complete, and permanent livestock market, no man of sense and judgment, now for a moment doubts.

In the services of the census office, in 1880 and again in 1890, it became a part of the writer's duty to gather and collate the statistics of the number of head of livestock that had been driven north on the Abilene cattle trail during the twenty-one years of its use, and it was found that it aggregated fully 10,000,000 head, which valued at the over low estimate of \$15 per head, would show the enormous sum of \$150,000,000.

Few men other than the oldest pioneers, know that the old Illinoisan, who is daily seen upon the streets of Wichita was the founder, and for years stood at the head of and gave to Kansas so vast a commerce.

Stated briefly, it may be asked what are the results of his life's work? The truthful answer would be: He brought the stock ranches of Texas up from valueless property to be easily worth \$50,000,000. He caused stockers and grazing cattle to be put in the feed lots,

and pastures of the northwestern farmers at prices, their capital and credit would afford. He caused wholesome, nourishing beef to be placed daily upon the tables of the laboring millions of the East, instead of a stew of the cheapest cuts once a week, as had been the case for years, before he wrought. And last but not least, he created a depot of supply of stock or seed cattle from which were drawn stocks of breeding cattle with which the vast region o'er trodden by the buffalo and wild man for centuries, to be made to contribute to the welfare and comfort of the civilized human race, bringing fortunes to thousands, and nourishing sustenance to millions of God's plain people.

Having so lived and wrought, can it be said of him, that he has lived in vain; can it be said of him who lifted thousands to fortune and comfort and aided millions to secure more of the wholesome subsistence of life; who gave great value to innumerable herds, heretofore valueless; who brought the vast plains into rich producing areas; contributing largely to the enrichment of the northwestern states, and aided incalculably to the sum of human comfort and happiness, that the world, at least a large portion thereof, has not been greatly blessed beyond estimate by reason of his having lived and wrought?

And though to him be given in his declining years to walk the humble paths of material poverty, as the reward for his foresight, energy and executive daring—the usual portion received by him who, as a pioneer or inventor of great things—whilst others of duller minds following in his footsteps, along paths he first marked out, and with unfaltering faith trod, reap fortune's rich reward. Many have struck the vigorous blows, and endured hardship's relentless hand, that their own fortune might be secured, but who like the Illinoisan laid his private fortune upon the altar, giving manhood's best years of efforts, unselfishly, that



others might reap rich rewards of comfort and wealth.

True it is that his life and labor have not been wholly unrecognized and unappreciated. Five times he received Commissions from the Treasury and Interior Departments of the Federal Government. In the eleventh census, he had charge of the enumeration of livestock on ranges in all territories and states of the United States, which at that time—1890—comprised half of the

area of the Union. His statistical reports on the livestock industry upon the plains, in this and former censuses, served to call capital's attention to meat production in the grazing regions; and thereafter it became a widely recognized profitable field for investment and fortune. For nearly three decades he has been recognized by the Interior Department, as an expert on matters pertaining to the livestock industry on the Ranges.



A Typical Trio of Osage Indians, the Richest Pagans on Earth.





# Pratt, Kansas

BY THE OBSERVER

**P**RATT, Kansas, derives its name from the county of which it is the seat. Pratt County was christened in the name of the noted Captain Pratt of the United States Cavalry Service, so those who read should not be astonished at the dash and spirit of a town which had so noble a sire. So faithful to the spirit of its birth, that to suggest delay in a public undertaking

of Pratt was born—a healthy child and alive—and having come into the possession of the geographical center of the county, it has made itself the sinecure of south central Kansas ever since.

Fights,—it has had them; defeats, never. That word “defeat” is an anachronism in the vocabulary of any one born in Pratt. They don’t teach it in the public schools. But when you come



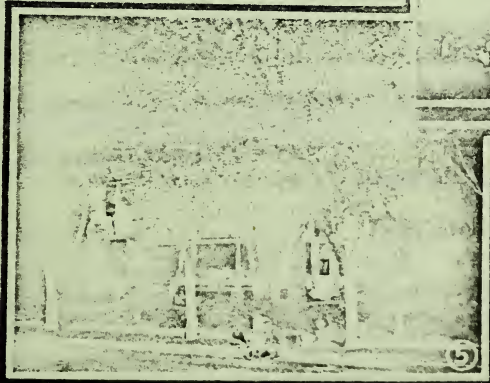
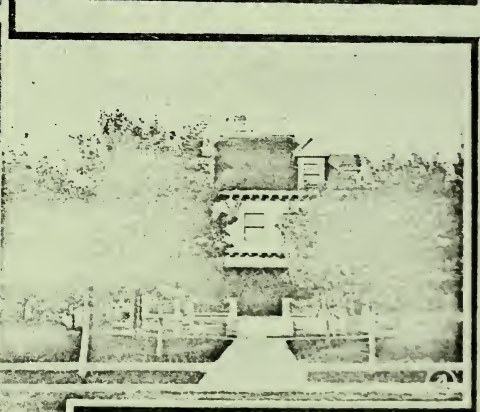
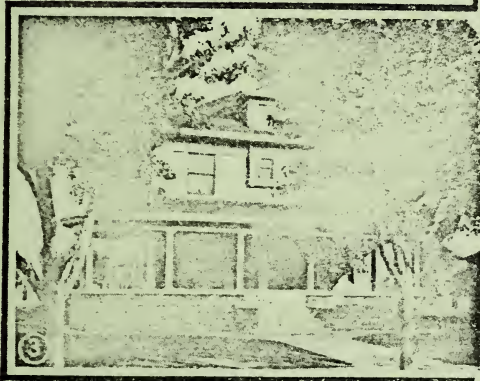
means the relegation of that author to the cemetery of “Has Beens.” So intense are its sons in preserving the traditional escutcheon that they are all entitled to a life membership in the “Do it Now” Club.

Along in the year of 1884 when the festive prairie dog barked his signal from mound to mound, and the sphynx of his household, the sleepless owl, sat blinking in the noon-day sun, the town

down to “hustle” one can find the word written in every sprightly step, flash of the eye, and bend of the body throughout the town. Aside from the fact, “that they all come back,” Pratt is known as a town of BEAUTIFUL HOMES, and the civic pride entails “quick action,” “fair delivery” and “WE-HELP-YOU-ON-THE-WAY.”

Pratt is not a city,— it is simply a big town of 3,500 people, that supports





Photos by F. A. Withers

(1)—RESIDENCE OF DR. WALKER.

(2)—RESIDENCE OF J. S. BARNES.

(3)—RESIDENCE OF G. S. SMITH.

(4)—RESIDENCE OF A. F. JONES.

(5)—RESIDENCE OF W. H. THOMPSON.





six churches, two ward and one public high school, and a library of 2,000 volumes. The revenue for this support is derived from eight business blocks mostly brick and two railroads—one a transcontinental line, and the other an important branch of the Santa Fe.

The city has a modern water works system and the supply of water is derived from six deep wells which are inexhaustible. It has seven miles of sewerage, ten miles of water mains and fifteen miles of modern cement walks.

County one will find by diligent perusal of the transfers of land that property has doubled in value in the last four years. Wheat, corn, kaffir corn, oats and barley are the principal crops, while horses, mules, cattle and hogs hold their own place in furnishing their productive returns to the farmer.

Pratt has two railroads. It is a division point for one and a branch terminus for the other. Their combined payrolls will exceed \$30,000 monthly and the receipts for freight will ex-

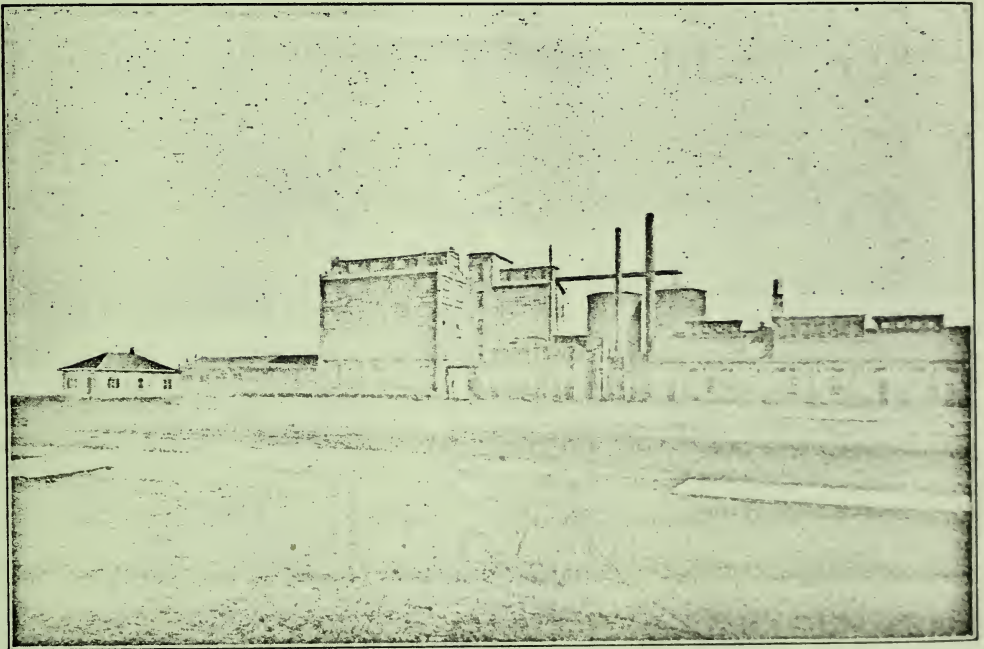


Photo by F. A. Withers.

VIEW OF THE PRATT MILL AND LIGHT CO.'S PLANT.

There are three newspapers published in the town—"The Republican," "The Union" and the "Daily News," which furnish the reading public with a news service that is greatly appreciated.

The postoffice at Pratt shows a greater per cent of increased business from last year's statistics than any other office in the state. Four rural routes are centered here and employment is given to five clerks in the local office.

In the office of the assessor of Pratt

ceed \$7,000 for the same length of time.

A \$75,000 court house is now in course of construction and a county jail is being erected at a cost of \$30,000.

One of the most thorough and best equipped high school building in the state was erected this year at a cost of \$36,000. The various departments are in the hands of capable teachers and instructors, and Pratt points with pride to its institutions of learning.

There are three banks in Pratt, having a combined capital of \$125,000. Their total surplus is \$12,000 and their



# Teachers of Pratt County High School



(1)—Edward H. Ellsworth, Principal of Psychology and Latin

(2)—Eva Emmett, English.

(4)—Edna Climer, History and Normal.

(6)—John G. Reynolds, Science.

(3)—Miss Carrie Anderson, Latin and Grammar.

(5)—Edward L. Troxell, Physics and Mathematics.

(7)—Vera E. Halloway, Domestic Science and Art



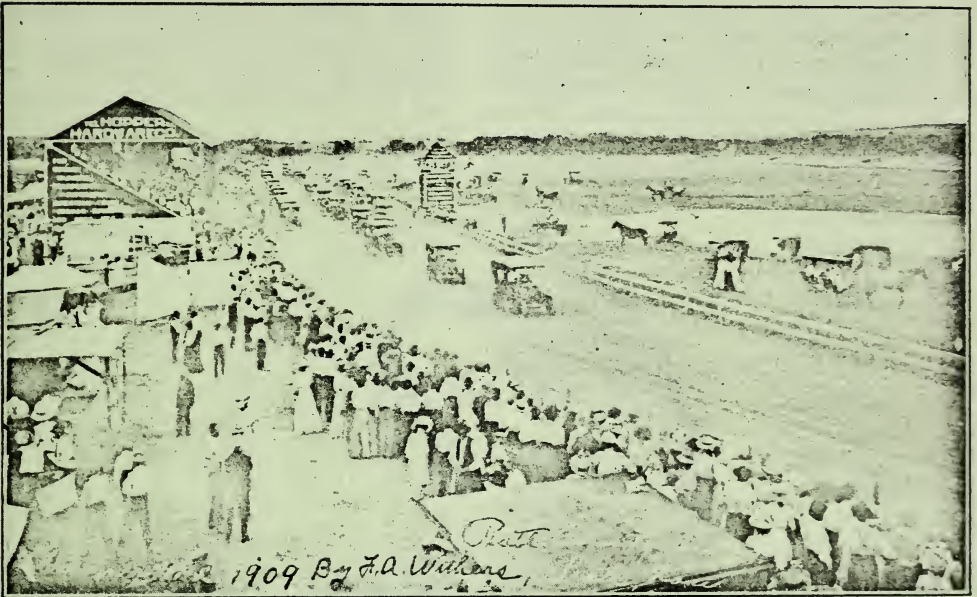


deposits aggregate over one million dollars.

A distinctive feature that entitles Pratt to a prominent place in the gal-

and that explains the pronounced beautiful residence districts.

There is, at this time, in course of construction, public and private build-



any of well-to-do municipalities is, that its citizens own and occupy their own homes. Few, indeed, are the houses built for the purpose of rent,

ings, which, when completed, will cost in the aggregate \$250,000.

The bonded indebtedness of Pratt is \$52,000. Of this amount \$50,000 is



Photo by F. A. Withers.

KANSAS STATE FISHERY, PRATT, KANS.



now being expended in the extension of water mains and other enter-prises. The taxable value of its real estate is \$2,723,291, which shows less than a two-mill taxation on bonds.

Pratt boasts of the youngest news-keeps busy. It has the welfare of its town uppermost at all times and personal differences are always sacrificed if necessary for the betterment of the municipality.

A write-up of Pratt would not be

W. L. Brown. His publication, estab-lished only a short time ago, promises to occupy a prominent place in the affairs of the community in which it is published as well as in the state.

The Pratt Mill & Light Company is probably the most important and most enthusiastic enterprise in Pratt. It has more capital invested than any other business institution of the com-munity and behind it are men of vim and intelligence.



HARLOW B. BROWN,  
Editor of the Pratt Daily News.

complete without personal mention of D. W. Blaine. He is a believer in publicity and he makes his belief a valuable asset to himself, to his com-munity and to his state. Everybody in Kansas knows D. W. Blaine of Pratt.

Pratt boasts of the youngest news-paper editor in Kansas. Mr. Harlow B. Brown, the 20-year-old son of Mayor

And this is the story of Pratt. Now history, but just as it is, in the every day walk of human kind—salubrious, energetic, faithful, consistent, holding out a hand to welcome the one who tarries within her gates, and embrac-ing one who adopts the spirit of honest push, which so much determines the destinies of mankind.







# Our Point of View

## OUR BIRTHDAY.

The January number of the Kansas Magazine will mark the beginning of its second year. The past twelve months have been full of interest to us. We have made many acquaintances throughout the entire nation until to-day we visit ex-Kansans in every state in the Union and many in foreign lands. We enjoy this friendly association; and, judging from the hundreds of heart to heart messages that we receive from our multitude of readers we have concluded that the enjoyment is mutual.

The speedy decline and final demise of Kansas Magazines before us caused some to despair at the very beginning. Others, prompted by state pride, predicted our success and even wished us God speed. We are by no means "self-satisfied," but we are willing to allow our readers to judge concerning whether or not we have made progress.

When it comes to financial success, we can say honestly and frankly to those who have joined us in our undertaking, that the Kansas Magazine will be upon a sound, profit making basis at the beginning of its second year. We do not make this assertion boastfully but we do make it honestly and we are ready and willing to back our statement with facts and figures. We want now to assure our friends who have stood by us during the trying times of our early existence, that if they will continue to give us the same loyal support we will give to the state of Kansas a publication that will do her justice and bring honor to her good name from the remotest borders of our splendid nation.

## JUST CARELESSNESS.

There isn't anything in existence that is bringing more real grief and discomfort to the race than common every-day carelessness. The direful consequences of carelessness are apparent everywhere. The bell boy affords an excellent example of this evil and the bank president is not an invariable exception. It's carelessness, carelessness all along the line. Nine out of every ten terrible disasters can be traced to carelessness. Some self-satisfied, shiftless fellow thinks that his work will be done well just because he's doing it himself. He falls asleep and somebody is killed because he didn't stay awake. The careless clerk gets his orders mixed and his employer loses the business of a good customer. The plumber promises to make the gas connections and straightway forgets his promise and as a result father contracts a terrible cold and the baby dies with pneumonia. The careless printer leaves out a

clause in a legal publication and some widow loses a fortune because of his neglect. The stenographer chews carelessly away at her gum; misspells every fifth word and thereby brings grief to all concerned. The joy rider, more careless than them all, rams his machine against a tree and instantly kills the friends who have been careless enough to accompany him. The bank cashier becomes careless with his fingers and takes from the till fortunes that belong to others. Carelessness is the direct cause of more trouble and genuine sorrow than all of the trusts and illegal combines on earth.

During all of this hubbub and hurrah about the bona fide finder of the North Pole we have failed yet to read any sound reason as to why this frigid core of the earth's axis should have been discovered at all. Wouldn't it have been just as sensible to have spent a million dollars and a century of time trying to locate the center of the Pacific Ocean? About the most practical feature of the whole frigid affair thus far, is the heated discussion that has followed the alleged discoveries.

Earl Bullock, the fifteen-year-old lad who recently made a record at bank robbing and then committed suicide, was one of the many boys who have nothing to do in early childhood but play "keeps" and loaf around on the streets. He began his youth in idleness and ended his brief life in crime. Idleness and crime are twin brothers; they can be found together always. The parents who are unable to find something for their children to do can well afford to adopt the policy of race suicide.

## MUNICIPAL INSOLENNCE

In this day of the square deal and general reform why wouldn't it be a wise thing to enact a few laws compelling the various and sundry clerks, superintendents, etc., of public service corporations to show signs of politeness semi-occasionally? When the ordinary layman enters a retail store with cash upon his person with which to make a purchase, he is usually received with much cordiality by the man who has wares to sell. When he steps into a bank with money to deposit the cashier receives him with open arms and a beaming countenance. Let this same man enter the office of a city water company or a municipal light and power company in a town of ten thousand population or over and meekly request service of some kind and in about nine cases out of ten he gets bald insolence. There ought to be some sort of redress.



**AN ELIXIR FOR THE STORK**

It is with much confusion and embarrassment that we are compelled to acknowledge the fact that over two thousand fewer births were reported in Kansas for the fiscal year of 1908-1909 than were reported during the same months of 1907-1908. In the fiscal year of 1906-1907, under the good reign of Theodore the Prolific, our crop of "little things" totaled 25,990. Despite a gain of over 95,000 population since that "bountiful season" our benign friend the Storkerino can only show a record of 23,850 calls during the fiscal year just closed. If this sort of "downward revision" continues at this alarming ratio it will take only about thirteen years to banish the long-billed, long-legged purveyor of peaches from our midst entirely.

Dr. S. J. Crumbine, who has been closely associated with the above named bird in a business way, declares "there's a reason,"

but his reason, true as it may be, is hardly proper for publication outside of mediums printed for the profession. The Kansas Magazine believes that the solution of the problem, if problem it may be called, lies entirely within the province of our versatile legislature. We humbly offer the following statutory suggestions which we firmly believe will at least render the situation less alarming:

1. Pass a law forbidding any individual, institution or company from employing any girl under the ripe age of 27 years.

2. Enact a statute making it a misdemeanor for any Kansas family to adopt a baby who has been shipped in from any other state.

3. Be it further enacted that it shall be a penitentiary offense for any landlord to place in any daily or weekly paper in Kansas a "For Rent" ad. with a "no children" clause attached thereto.

---

## Kansas Kernels

**SHY AT THE CASH.**

A good many people are red hot boosters until it comes to putting up the cash.—Mack Cretcher.

**ANTI RACE SUICIDE.**

The idea of fewer children and better attention to them looks good. There has been too much complaint about race suicide and too little attention given to taking care of the children that are born.—Lawrence Journal.

**SORELY DISAPPOINTED.**

That story about former President Roosevelt being killed in Africa was probably started by Wall Street. It was a sore disappointment to them that it was not true.—Canton Pilot.

**O YOU RAT!**

A Wichita man had occasion to look for a discarded automobile tire the other day and found that the hired girl had been using it for a "rat." Oh, these modern pompadours! —Stafford Courier.

**"CONSISTENCY THOU ART," ETC.**

We know a man who puts up a forceful argument in favor of the individual drinking cup but who doesn't hesitate to take a chew of tobacco from a plug the other fellow has been mouthing around.—The Kansas Optomist.

**"THERE'S A REASON."**

A Kansas school teacher whose boy pupils were poor spellers, has introduced an innovation says an exchange. When a girl misses a word and a boy spells it the boy is permitted to kiss the girl who missed. It has had a magical effect upon the boys, but now the girls are becoming poor spellers, so that teacher is in doubt as to the efficacy of her plan.—Stafford Courier.

**'TWAS VERY FOOLISH.**

The "Chautauqua salute" which consisted of waving handkerchiefs has been abolished because it is unsanitary. It ought to have been cut out years ago because it is idiotic.—Abilene Reflector.

**REPORTER EXONERATED.**

The Hutchinson News exonerates the reporter who wrote Sheridan Ploughe's name "Theodore Ploughe" on the ground that Mr. Ploughe wrote his signature for the reporter himself.

**MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**

An Iola farmer was working in his field on Sunday and was struck by lightning. It happens the farmer is a Seven Day Adventist and is of the opinion the Lord made a mistake in this particular instance.—Hutchinson Gazette.





# Suesine Silk 47½¢

## An Exquisitely Beautiful Silk for Dresses and Waists

To show you what Suesine Silk is like and the wonderfully brilliant and delicate colors suitable for negligee, house, street, carriage, calling and evening gowns of every description.

**we will send you, absolutely free, thirty-seven samples of Suesine Silk—more than 285 square inches altogether, equal in all to two pages of this magazine.**

We ask only, that, when writing for these free samples, you will mention the name of your regular dry goods dealer, and say whether he sells Suesine Silk or not. Please be sure to give this information in writing to us.

**Suesine Silk IS Silk.** We cannot emphasize that too strongly. Do not confuse it with the scores of "look-like" silks. Suesine is real silk. Woven inside the pure silk is a fine, strong, long silky filament of Egyptian cotton—giving double strength and double wear without detracting from the exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk itself. That is the "Suesine Idea." It is ours. Nobody can copy or imitate it. That is why Suesine, while costing much less than Jap or China silk, gives better service and holds its beauty longer. It proves its value better, not only at first sight, but by actual wear. Suesine will not crack or split at creases, nor will it develop pinholes like adulterated silk.

Once you see Suesine Silk you will not be able to resist its charm—that is why we want you to see it. Send at once for the thirty-seven free samples, showing the cheerful, dainty, brilliant shades, and these new colors so much in demand:—**Mulberry Wistaria Taupe Catawaba Sapphire Peacock Lobster Emerald**

Suesine Silk is a fabric for dressy uses or for constant wear—for every week in the year, and for every day in the week.

If your dealer hasn't Suesine Silk—with the name on the selvedge—don't be talked into buying a substitute or you will be sorry. Suesine Silk has tempted scores of stores to offer cheap flimsy stuffs masquerading and trading on the reputation of Suesine; these imitations are adulterated with tin, glue and iron-dust which make them quickly fall into pieces—don't be coaxed or persuaded into buying them, for you will sure regret it if you do. Insist upon the genuine Suesine with the name

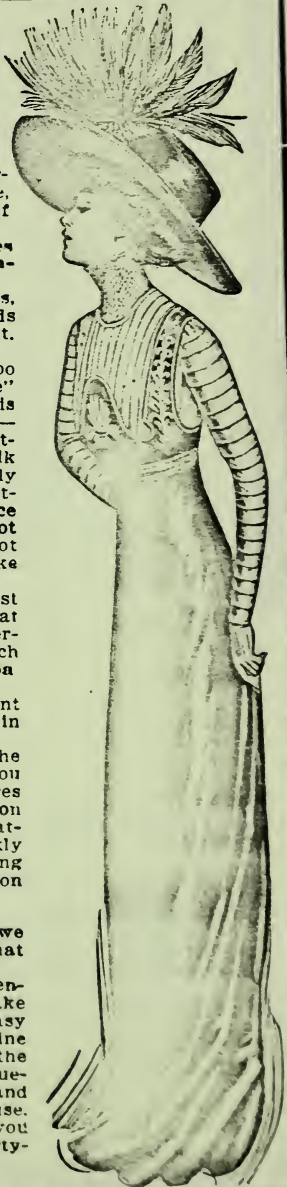
### SUESINE SILK

stamped along the edge of every yard. The fact that we stamp the name on every yard of Suesine Silk proves that we are certain that Suesine will please you.

If your dealer has not Suesine Silk, write to us (mentioning your dealer's name and address) and we will make it easy for you to examine and buy Suesine Silk—as easy as if you stood at the counter. We do not sell Suesine S. & except to dealers—but if we cannot send you the name and address of a dealer in your city who has Suesine Silk, you may send us the money—47½¢ a yard—and we will see that your order is filled by a reliable house. Suesine Silk will thus cost you no more than if you bought at a store in your own city. Write for the thirty-seven FREE samples today, NOW.

**Bedford Mills** Desk K  
8 to 14 West 3d Street  
New York City

*Always, when writing, be sure to mention the name and address of your Dealer, and say whether or not he sells Suesine.*



2718-2926—This costume develops to advantage when made of Suesine Silk. To make it, use for waist 3½ yards Suesine Silk (11.75) for size 36. And Butterick Pattern No. 2718. And for skirt, 6½ yards Suesine (\$2.97) for size 24. And Butterick Pattern No. 2926.





## ***Mr. Merchant!***

You want to increase your business, and no doubt spend hundreds of dollars yearly for general advertising.

The most effective place to advertise is in front of your own store.

A Pyro One Light Electric Sign, costing but one to two cents an hour to illuminate, will draw trade, because it is attractive day and night, and must be read by every one passing within two blocks of your place of business.

Electric Signs have come to stay, and we have solved the problem of economy in this mode of advertising.

Write today for price and terms.

---

## **KAW SIGN & MANUFACTURING CO.**

**909 GRAND AVENUE, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**





# The Fourth National Bank

United States, State, County and City Depository

WICHITA, KANSAS.

Condensed statement of its condition at the close of business, September 1, 1909.

## RESOURCES.

|                          |                |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| Loans and Discounts..... | \$1,696,386.94 |
| Banking House .....      | 35,000.00      |
| Redemption Fund .....    | 10,000.00      |
| Cash Resources—          |                |
| U. S. Bonds at par.....  | \$ 275,000.00  |
| Other High Class Bonds   |                |
| at par.....              | 166,291.82     |
| Cash and Sight Exchange. | 1,694,056.79   |

**\$2,135,348.61**

Total .....**\$3,876,735.55**

## LIABILITIES.

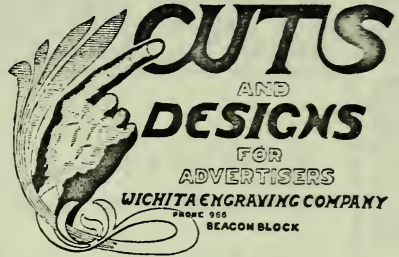
|                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| Capital Stock .....     | \$ 200,000.00  |
| Surplus .....           | 150,000.00     |
| Circulation .....       | 200,000.00     |
| Undivided Profits ..... | 21,326.27      |
| Deposits—               |                |
| Individuals .....       | \$1,986,737.55 |
| Banks .....             | 1,317,671.73   |
| Government .....        | 1,000.00       |

**\$3,305,409.25**

Total .....**\$3,876,735.55**

The above is correct,

V. H. BRANCH,  
Cashier.

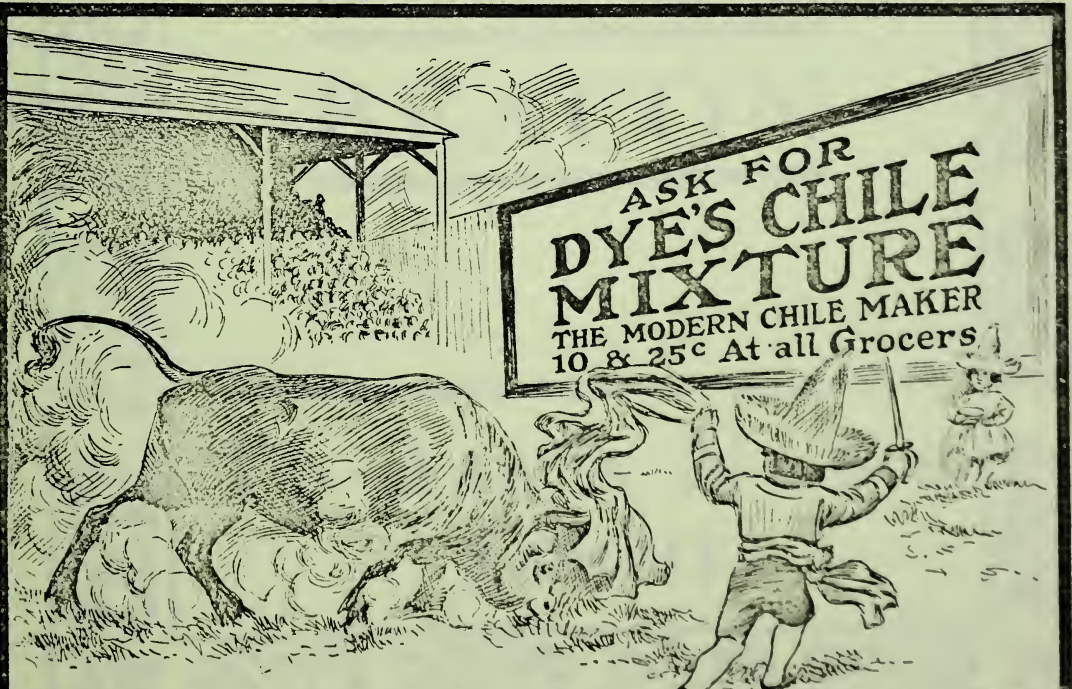


WALTER E. MAXWELL. JAS. B. HUNTER  
DOERS OF WORK THAT PLEASES



A Telephone Call will do it All.  
Short order work a specialty to transient  
or out-of-town patrons.

THE PARISIAN CLEANING & HAT WORKS  
Crawford Building, Wichita, Kans.  
Bell Phone 1400. Ind. Phone 1444.



W. A. DYE 107-109 S. Rock Island Ave. Wichita, Kan



"The Fastest Growing  
Thing in the State"

WICHITA  
DAILY  
BEACON

To-day's News  
To-day!







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We are Distributers for the World of



Send for our Free Souvenir and our Little Book About Roofing.

Write for our booklet "The Door Beautiful." Send us name of your lumber dealer. Better get your name on our mailing list and receive valuable "pointers" on building.

**THE OKLAHOMA SASH AND DOOR COMPANY**

N. S. DARLING, President

::

OKLAHOMA CITY, U. S. A.

## **K. C. S. RAILWAY**

*The Kansas City Southern Railway Co.*

The Popular Route to the South Through Kansas City

Special Sleepers to Joplin and Fort Smith

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Observation Cars Through the Mountains of Arkansas

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For Health and recuperation, visit Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. All Year Health Resort.

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The Kihlberg Hotel and Bath House now open

Illustrated folders sent free.

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S. G. WARNER, General Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

The Interstate Marble and Tile Company

Good Morning



Tile is Cheap

Cement
is Cheap

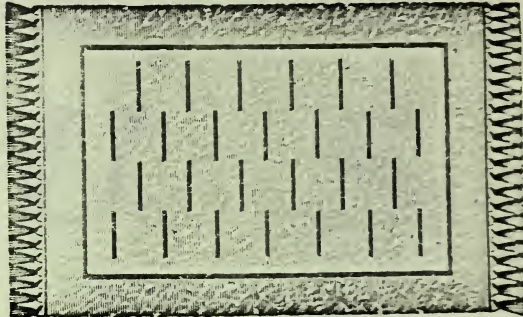
I Represent

We loaded up on tile when it was cheap last winter. If you own a bank, meat market, drug store, barber shop or hotel anywhere in Kansas, Oklahoma or Colorado, send us a plan of the space to be covered and see how little it will cost you for a tile floor.

619 Jackson St., TOPEKA, KANSAS

Wichita Rug Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF



HIGH GRADE **RUGS** HAND MADE

FROM OLD CARPETS

OFFICE, FACTORY AND WORKS

226 S. Main Street.

WICHITA, KANSAS

WRITE FOR CATALOG

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



We will guarantee to teach you by mail the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world to-day.

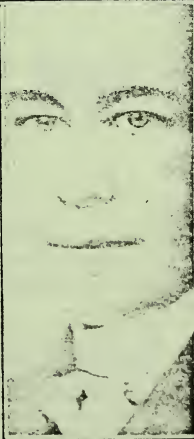
Learn the advertising business from the original school—the biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. If you are ambitious and energetic and have a common school education, we can teach you the business by correspondence and increase your income from 20% to 100%.

Send for our beautiful prospectus: it's free.

PAGE - DAVIS SCHOOL

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618 Page Building, Chicago.
Dept. 618, 50 Nassau St.



Only \$1

A Perfect Time-Keeper, cutting the Hour and the Half-Hour. Nearly Two Feet High, 14 Inches Wide in Solid Walnut Case. So beautiful and useful an ornament for your den or your home—on such easy terms—mail us \$1.00 for one year's subscription to our magazine, then you pay \$1.00 a month for only 8 months.

COMMON-SENSE PUBLISHING CO.

DEPT. 618, Page Building, Chicago



Do It Now!

Don't
Put Off
Buying
a
Motorcycle



When you know that you actually need it. The Motorcycle increases your earning capacity, facilitates business and is unequaled for pleasure.

We sell the best makes.

The Hockaday Motorcycle Co.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Happy the Cook Who Uses

Kelley's Famous Flour.....

For Sale by Most First Class
Dealers Everywhere
and Made by

The Wm. Kelley Milling Co.
HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

*After All!
Best of All!*

U. S. Flour!

The Hutchinson Mill Co.
Hutchinson, Kansas

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

E. L. MEYER L. A. BIGGER A. W. EAGAN
President Vice Pres't Cashier

ESTABLISHED 1876

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

.....\$250,000.00.....

Hutchinson, Kansas

The Hutchinson Lumber and Planing Mill Company

JAMES ST. JOHN A. W. McCANDLESS M. H. WAGNER
President Sec'y and Treas. Vice Pres't.

Offices and Yards, 1 to 10 Sherman West
Mill, Avenue A, West

HUTCHINSON : : : KANSAS

NEXT MONDAY WE WANT SOME YOUNG PEOPLE

Good Money--Good Positions--We Furnish the Positions
Free--Do you want to be Private Secretary, Steno-

grapher, Book keeper, Banker, Clerk, Penman, Court
Reporter, or a College Instructor? You can win
money, influence and rapid advancement.
Young people come from fifteen states.
Many new ones enroll every Monday.
We will send full information and one
of the best pens made free. We
have the largest Business Col-
lege in Kansas. Hausman's
School of Penmanship (one
of the finest in the
world) and our free
employment bu-
reau in con-
nection.



G. L. WOODY, Pres.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY
The Salt City Business College, Hutchinson, Kansas.
GENTLEMEN--Please send me free a pen
and full information.
Name.....
P. O.
State.....
Age.....

\$90 A MONTH, \$60 Expense Allowance
at start, to put out Merchandise and
Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house.
American Home Supply Co., Desk 12-A,
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FREE BOOK ON CANCER

Every person suffering from Cancer should read the
new illustrated book recently written by a noted author-
ity on this disease. Sent free to anyone interested.
Write today. Address Dr. O. A. Johnson, Suite 868, 1233
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The Largest and Best Equipped Plant in the State of Kansas
Out-of-Town Orders Properly and Promptly attended to.



Panama Hats Cleaned, Blocked, Retrimmed and Made to
Look Like New. Prices range from 75c to \$1.25.

WHAT? The Dry Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and
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The PEOPLE'S Cleaning and Dye Works

IND. PHONE 178

BELL PHONE 175

131 NORTH LAWRENCE AVE.

Wichita - - - Kansas

ALL HALF-TONES
IN THIS ISSUE

Engraved by

CAPPER ENGRAVING CO

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

J.H. Baird, Mgr.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES

"MORGAN LINE"

Unexcelled Freight Service between the Atlantic Seaboard and South-
ern, Southwestern and Western states.

Unsurpassed Facilities for handling All Classes of Freight.

The Fastest and Best Freight Ships in Coastwise Service.

Direct Connections at New Orleans and Galveston for All points in
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SAILINGS

Between New York and Galveston—Three sailings from each Port each week.

Between New York and New Orleans—Two sailings weekly in each direction.

We want your patronage and respectfully solicit a trial shipment.

L. J. SPENCE

General Freight Agent

366 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

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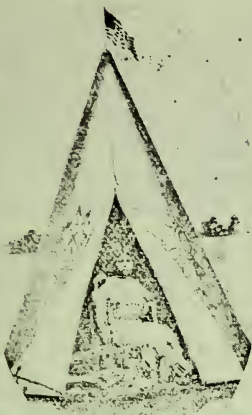
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901 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY

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Living in a Tent When Hunting Fishing or Outing

If it's one of our Tents, is just like being at home, with the fun added. We make tents of all sizes and kinds.

DO NOT FORGET US

We Make Anything in the Canvas Line

Ponca Tent & Awning Co.

WICHITA, KANSAS

**SICK PEOPLE
I Will Bring You Good Luck**



**AND GENERAL DECLINE
AND CURE WHAT AILS YOU. TRY IT**

30 Days Course \$5

**For Booklet
Call or Write**

LOPEZ REMEDY COMPANY

313 East Douglas

WICHITA, KANS

Tobacco Users

Cigar, Cigarette Smokers, Snuff User, why

Don't You Write Me

I can cure you at home and let you go right on with your work or business. **NI-KO** makes quitting a pleasure. **Simple, harmless, vegetable. Directions easy.** You can't forget. If you can't say it is worth ten times its price, it costs you nothing. **Let me show you proofs.** Send me your name before you forget it. **DO IT NOW.**

KING NI-KO,

Wichita, Kans.

FREE

Fifteen different post cards, with three months subscription for 10 cents. Largest and oldest collectors, 100 page monthly on stamps, coins, post cards, curios, minerals, old books, relics.

PHIL WEST COLLECTORS WORLD

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CHEAP ALFALFA LANDS \$22 to \$35 Per Acre

Underlaid with soft water. Brights Disease, and consumption unknown here. Raise 4 crops whether it rains or not. Two new railroads laying steel through these valleys, will increase land 150 per cent. Best of soil clear through to water. No hard pan. More alfalfa seed shipped from this county than from any other in U. S. Sold every man. Some tracts improved and growing alfalfa. We make a specialty of alfalfa and wheat lands and can show you just what you want. Railroad fare paid to purchasers. Fare from Wichita \$4.35. Write or call at once as lands are selling fast.

ISRAEL BROS., 125 N. Market, Wichita, Ks.



**HOWARD
MILLS
CO.**



"PEERLESS PRINCESS"

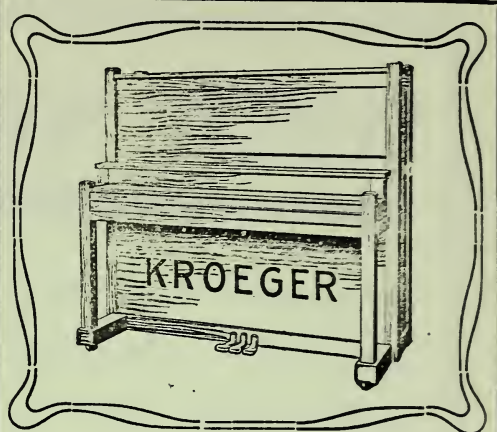
Best Patent Flour

Peerless and without rival in the requirements for the perfectly regulated cuisine. Superior and unexcelled for every kind of cooking or baking—without a peer for pastries

The chef who knows uses "Peerless Princess"
Try a sack and be convinced of its excellence.



**HOWARD
MILLS CO.
Wichita, Kas.**



Kroeger Artistry

Reprinted from MUSIC INDUSTRY July 1909

There are two kinds of fame, the one that, like a meteor, shines brilliantly for a moment, and then becomes a memory—the other, like the Sphinx, built to endure through all ages. It is of the latter kind that we have to deal with in making mention of the house of Kroeger. The foundations of this prominent factor of the American piano industry were laid upon the accomplishments of one of the greatest piano builders of his day, Henry Kroeger—a foundation built to last, by a man who was a past master in the art of scale-drawing and the development of tone. From its inception, the Kroeger product gained prestige for both quality and art as applied to the fundamental details of piano construction, and instead of developing weaknesses with the progress of time, its strength stands out today more prominently than ever, and is a source of wonder to those who have never given the Kroeger product careful study. The cornerstone of the Kroeger piano is its Quality, while the superstructure has been Progress along every line that could tend to perfection in piano construction. Its product is like the house, built to endure. It has always been the Kroeger slogan that their product is made not only to "look well but to sound well," all the time. The successors of Henry Kroeger have never deviated from the policy formulated by that illustrious piano maker, and have followed out the lines of development which he foresaw would come with succeeding years. The result is that the Kroeger piano of the present day, whilst possessing all of the exactions that were demanded by its inceptor, has kept pace with its competitors, and in many ways has shown them the way. Ably officered by men who are acquainted with the piano business, and whose identity has for years been merged in the name of Kroeger, this company has widened out its field of operations until its output is a familiar household name from coast to coast, and from the Gulf to well over the northern confines of this country.

Barnes & Newcomb

405 East Douglas Avenue
WICHITA, KANSAS

Five - Year Men

The Southwest needs more people. More people will make better home markets, better and more substantial land values and help to provide all the conveniences of life for town and country.

Have you lived five years in the Southwest?

If so, do you care enough about promoting its prosperity to write five letters describing your success—telling of the battles you have fought and won? Address four to your friends in the North and East and one to JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island-Frisco Lines, La Salle Station, Chicago, or Frisco Building, St. Louis. Do it to-day. Do it now.

The Rock Island-Frisco Lines pay cash for printing this communication to you.

The Rock Island-Frisco Lines expend thousands of dollars every year to acquaint thrifty producers in the congested sections of the United States with the advantages of the great Southwest.

You can help in this work. You can share in its benefits.

Your letter will be read by thousands. The story of your progress and success is of vital human interest. It will inform and convince.

Write briefly—

Why you located Southwest and where.

What the climate is like, the crops you raise and the present prices of land.

Tell what you have gained in comfort and security.

Tell what it has done for your children.

Tell what your neighbors are like.

Describe the character of schools, churches and roads.

Three hundred words is enough. Write letters today.

Our Department of Criticism

After closely observing for eight months the class and character of manuscripts submitted to the KANSAS MAGAZINE by young literary aspirants, we have decided that it would not only be profitable to these aspirants but also beneficial to the magazine to establish a thorough Department of Criticism. To this end we have secured the able services of Dr. LeRoy T. Weeks. Doctor Weeks graduated and took his master's degree at Cornell College. He taught some years in high school and college work, and then completed the work for the doctor's degree at the University of Chicago and at Denver University. Doctor Weeks was for a time a reader in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England.

Our short experience with manuscripts has taught us that there is much native ability in many of the younger writers of Kansas. A little more technical knowledge coupled with this ability will produce writers who will be recognized in Magazine circles. Our new department proposes to furnish this technical knowledge at the lowest possible price for critical work that is of a high standard. We will help the young author learn the "polishing business" and then help him to a market for his finished product.

Here is Our Proposition

Send us your manuscripts of prose or poetry, always typewritten if possible, but always, at least, in a very plain hand. We will go over them in a careful, painstaking manner, pointing out errors in composition, errors of spelling, punctuation, grammar, and rhetoric. In case of stories and novels, we will point out faults in name, plot, paragraphing, construction as to proportion, unity, coherence; we will give suggestions as to character handling, diction, style, etc. Finally, we will give the author a list of periodicals that handle the kind of material found in his manuscript, or if found available for publication in the Kansas Magazine we will make a cash offer for the manuscript submitted.

Fees

Fees must invariably accompany manuscripts.

Criticism of prose manuscripts of 5,000 words or under.....	\$5.00
Additional matter, per thousand words or fraction thereof.....	.50
Criticism of poetry, twenty lines, or under.....	1.00
For each additional line.....	.05

Typewriting

Typewriting, original and carbon copy; prose, with no dialect, per 1,000 words or fraction thereof.....	\$.60
For typewriting dialect the charge will be double.	
Poetry, for 25 lines, or under.....	.60

Few people realize how much depends on the way a poem looks to the editor as to whether he will use it or not. Our critical editor at the head of this department is an expert in verse forms.

All work will be handled promptly.

NOTE—Only manuscripts ordered criticised will be handled by our Department of Criticism. Other manuscripts submitted for publication in the KANSAS MAGAZINE will be carefully read and report will be made at once as to their availability.

Address, THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Department of Criticism,
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The Wichita Eagle

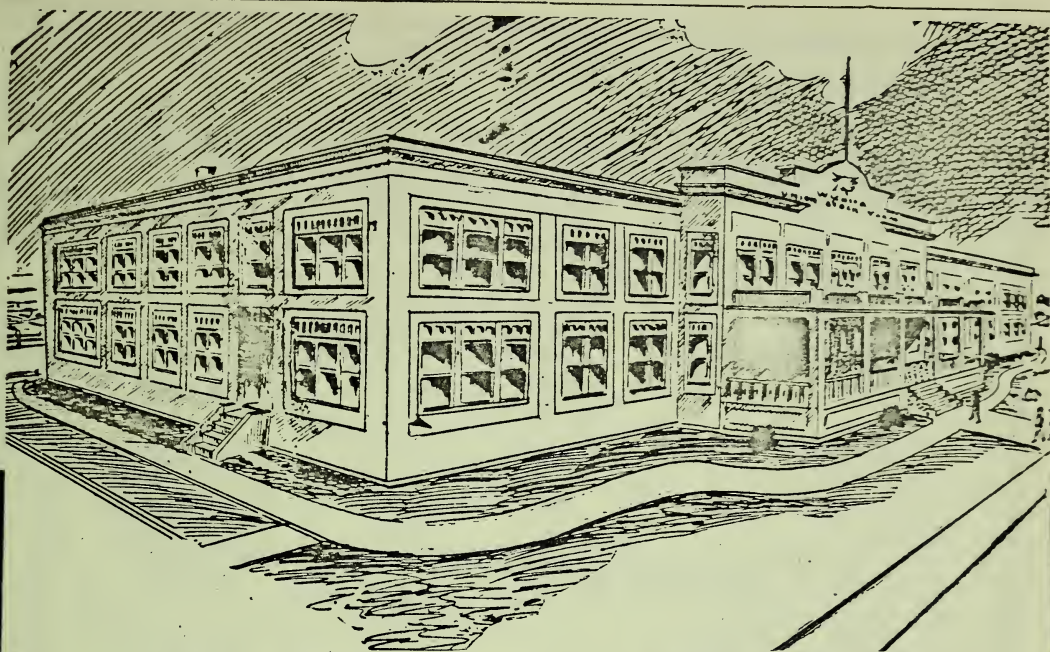
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1894.....	25,217	65,377	4,849	1,398	1,512	1903.....	33,287	265,216	14,093	1,836	4,268
1895.....	31,763	81,801	5,724	517	1,624	1904.....	29,144	312,423	3,053	2,897	4,564
1896.....	16,306	100,911	18,539	160	1,430	1905.....	43,397	293,491	7,201	1,617	4,804
1897.....	21,058	188,416	8,146	653	2,417	1906.....	46,789	301,649	11,288	2,155	4,970
1898.....	20,831	253,541	11,844	435	3,336	1907.....	95,666	436,119	7,464	1,686	8,211
1899.....	25,563	204,745	10,111	234	3,045	1908.....	109,414	741,341	12,066	2,734	11,818
1900.....	23,903	291,501	18,358	594	4,250						
1901.....	27,212	333,072	2,158	1,873	4,722	Total.....	646,937	4,143,581	144,265	21,410	66,215

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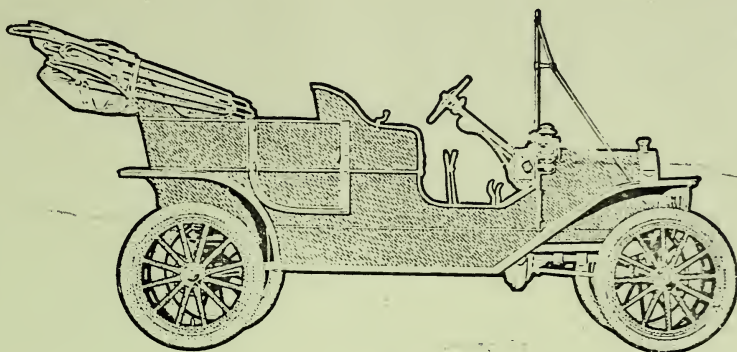
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